

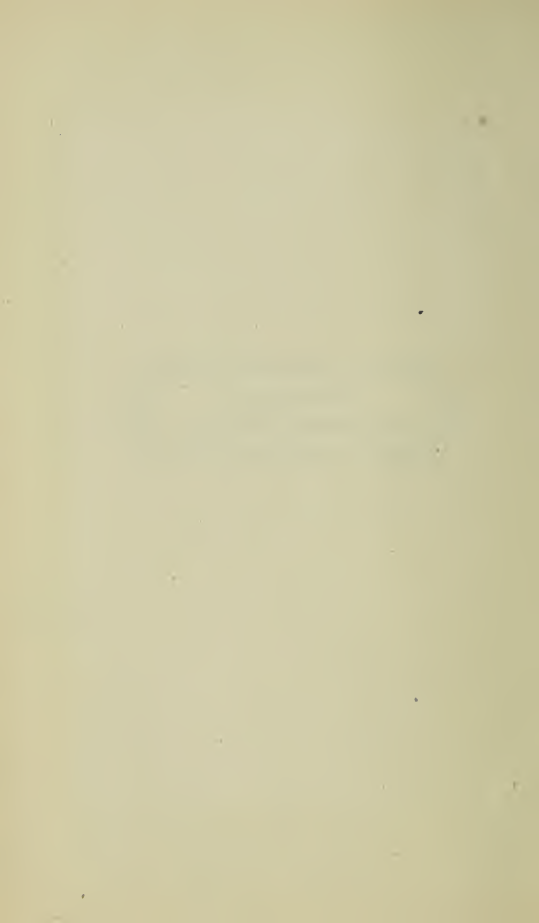


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ROSINA,
THE VIRTUOUS COUNTRY MAID.



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ROSINA;
OR, THE
VIRTUOUS COUNTRY MAID:
BEING
MEMOIRS OF
THE MARCHIONESS OF LEMINGTON.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,
TO WARN HER OWN SEX BY SHOWING THE DANGERS
ATTENDING SUPERIOR BEAUTY IN FEMALES OF
HUMBLE RANK, AND THE SECURITY AND HAPPINESS
IMPARTED BY VIRTUE.



LONDON:
WILLIAM NICHOLSON AND SONS,
20, WARWICK SQUARE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



ADDRESS.

THE life of every human being, if faithfully related, would be interesting; for the actions of rational beings, in the common relations of life, demonstrate irresistibly the mischievous consequences of vice and folly. In the same manner, the attractive graces of virtue are displayed in the most beautiful colours. Biography is pregnant with instruction and amusement of the highest order; but the life of a person circumstanced like the Marchioness of Lemington must be peculiarly interesting. It exhibits the most trying temptations to which a female can be exposed, and shows how the most heroic virtue may be combined with delicacy and feeling. The amiable motives that actuated her ladyship, in giving these memoirs to the world, will be best explained by the following letter, which she wrote a few months before her decease:—

‘TO JAMES WOODHALL. ESQ..

‘*Florence, April 15, 1816.*

‘My dear Sir,

‘After spending the winter at Naples, I have just returned to this fine city. The pure, delicious air of Italy cannot impart immortality to mortals. The motion of this wonderful machine is gradually becoming weaker and more irregular; and I feel as if I would soon sink tranquilly into my last, long sleep. But I have lived happily,—hope divine beams upon my soul,—my best beloved friends have departed in peace,—and why should I be reluctant to follow them?

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'About fifty-five years ago I left my humble paternal roof, and underwent such a series of trials and sufferings as very few have been destined to experience ; but which terminated in as complete a state of happiness as perhaps a poor mortal is capable of enjoying. The tongues that flattered me are now mouldering into dust,—my envied beauty has decayed, and my youthful vivacity has been succeeded by maternal gravity ; but the grand maxim of my conduct remains unchanged. That '*the paths of virtue are the paths of happiness*,' is a truth as permanent as the everlasting mountains. Oh ! that I could keep the eyes of my sex steadily fixed on this grand polar star through the voyage of life : then, even at their last hour, the pillow of peace would kiss their cheek.

'In order to contribute my share in effecting this desirable object, I desire that you will preserve the accompanying little packet until after my decease, when I earnestly hope you will put it into the hands of some one who can give its contents the widest circulation. I do not wish that my *Memoirs* should be published in an expensive, splendid form, as I do not design them so much for the drawing-room as the cottage. The daughters of the rich have many instructors, guardians, friends ; but the poor country girl is too often exposed to the most seductive temptations, and left to struggle alone in the midst of the severest trials. For the use of such I have written what I have written.

'When printed, have the goodness to send a copy to my dear niece, the Baroness Carillo, of Milan :—she will get it translated into Italian ; and the work may be also of use here. Receive, my dear sir, my blessing ; and, believe, me, I shall never forget your stern and manly virtues.

LEMINGTON.



ROSINA;

OR, THE VIRTUOUS COUNTRY MAID.

CHAPTER I.

VIRTUE alone imparts merit. From my earliest infancy this truth has been deeply impressed upon my mind; yet I cannot, even now, without extreme reluctance, own my extraction. I suppose that this vanity arises from the fear of being lowered in the estimation of persons of rank, whose prejudices it is improper to flatter. But I sometimes forget that the present opulent and dignified Marchioness of Lemington, was originally no other than Rosina, daughter of John Hawkins, wood-cutter in Sherwood Forest.

To this humble person I owe my origin. My mother was lady's maid to Viscountess Neville, near whose castle stands the cottage in which I first drew breath. My father was gardener to the viscount when my mother fell in love with him; and her passion overpowering the lady's remonstrances, she destined her a better provision, she married. My father, who was a stout, handsome man, felt affronted at the opposition to his marriage, and left his place. This act prevented him from getting another situation: he was obliged to relinquish his profession, and to become wood-cutter in the adjoining forest. I was the first-fruit of their marriage; and as their mutual affection triumphed over their poverty, my birth seemed to indicate happier days.

My mother having been a confidant of the viscountess, prevented a total separation. Nay, she was soon taken into favour again, was allowed a cottage and small garden rent-free, received many useful presents, and the viscountess did her the honour to name me, and to stand godmother, and prevailed on the Earl of Glenford, who was at the castle on a visit, to become godfather.

My mother, who had lived a few years with the viscountess in London, had acquired some experience of the world, which was of great service in my education. She was very shrewd, could discriminate characters with nicety, and had an excellent memory. Often have I listened with breathless attention to the numerous and interesting anecdotes which she related concerning people in high rank, and which were intended to imbue my mind with sentiments of virtue and discretion. She tried to impress religious feelings upon my mind; and she earnestly directed my love and confidence towards the beneficent Father of the universe.

Our family increased: a brother, a sister, and myself, spent our childhood in doing my father little services in his business. The delicate health of my mother hindered her from attending my father to the forest, whither my brother and sister went every day. I generally stayed at home with my mother, and I had to carry their dinner. This my brother and sister considered as my mother's partiality to me, and their ill-natured complaints were often seconded by my father. Want and hard labour tend to depress the mind; while my father, perhaps, secretly repented of having chosen a woman whose delicate health and refined notions rendered her an unfit helpmate for a hardy woodman.

To avoid bitter reproach, I often wandered amongst the sublime recesses of the forest. My youthful imagination was always captivated, in a still evening, by the silent and sacred charm which at that period pervades the forest glades. Often, also, at night, have I sat on the camomile seat in

our little garden, contemplating the silver radiance of the moon, and the sparkling brightness of the stars. Yet I knew nothing of poetry, or of cultivated taste.

At the age of fourteen I began to set some value on my own little person. I was sent one day with honey to her ladyship at the castle. She presented me, as her god-daughter, to a gentleman richly dressed. He appeared surprised, and exclaimed, 'Heavens! how handsome she is; She will prove a beauty:—what eyes, madam, when enlivened with love!'—'Take care what you say,' replied the viscountess; 'she will too soon become acquainted with things of this nature. Go, Rosina, don't mind him: he says as much to every one he meets.' I blushed and gladly withdrew.

My head ran very much upon what the fine gentleman had said. 'What can he mean,' thought I to myself, 'by saying my eyes will be, I know not what, when enlivened with *love*?' This *love* perplexed me. I fain would have met with it, to try its effect on my eyes. Neither simplicity of manners, nor tenderness of age, are proof against vanity: girls are ever apt to think themselves handsome; and whoever praised my beauty was sure to please me.

Returning from the wood one day, I perceived a company of horsemen coming towards me. Hearing that the king was in the neighbourhood, I hoped now to see him. The viscountess had been at his majesty's coronation a few months before; and her ladyship's maid had drawn such an enchanting picture of the king's person, his superb robes, and splendid court, that I was much excited. His majesty, I thought could be easily distinguished from his attendants. When the horsemen approached, I looked in vain for the king, whom I imagined must be covered with gold from head to foot. When they were nearly past, I ran up to one of the company, and anxiously begged he would show me the king, whom I never had seen in my

life. 'With all my heart, pretty maid,' answered the nobleman. 'That is he.'—'Which, sir?' cried I.—'Give me your hand,' said the nobleman; then, pointing with it, 'That is he who makes so grand an appearance on the white horse.'—'Yes, yes, it is the king!' I cried out, transported, 'Good God! how handsome he is! How happy I should be if he did not go so fast! Oh dear! he is gone already!' The nobleman smiled, and viewing me with attention, said, 'She is a lovely creature.' Then addressing me, he continued, 'Where do you live, my pretty dear?'—'In yonder village,' answered I, pointing to it.—'Will you give me leave to come and see you?'—'If it depended upon me, sir,' answered I, 'your visit would not be disagreeable to me; but I am not my own mistress.' 'Let me contrive it,' replied he; 'you shall have no blame.' Just at this moment, one of the company came galloping back, calling out, 'The king waits for you, my lord.' Then, eyeing me, he exclaimed, 'Oh! what a fine girl!' and offered me his hand; but, intimidated at the boldness of his manner, I pretended to take no notice of him, when he prepared to alight. This put me in such a consternation, that I took to my heels towards the village. 'Stay, stay, my pretty girl,' cried the gentleman, 'nobody designs you any harm.' My mother perceived that something had occurred, and she would be acquainted with it, and I told her all.

'I am willing to excuse your curiosity,' said she, 'for his sake who caused it: another time be more upon your guard: for the future, mind that you are never dazzled with empty show and the discourse of men. Ah! Rosina, you have given your eyes too much liberty; whereas in regard of men you ought not to have any. Their praises are justly to be suspected, as they always tend to promote their designs. Remember this.'

A neighbour happening to come in upon us, prevented my making a reply, which increased my uneasiness, and caused many reflections. I resolved

to be more reserved with my mother. Great caution should be used in the education of youth, lest in giving instructions they be taught those things to which they cannot be too great strangers, as it happened in this very case. I thought slightly of the compliments passed upon me by the courtiers; but my mother's admonitions renewed those bewitching ideas, and a new pleasure arose on recalling them to mind.

I had great perplexity of mind, my usual amusements became insipid, and nothing occupied my thoughts but the gaudy appearance of the court: our clownish neighbours created a loathing, though they had been agreeable enough; particularly a wood-monger's son, who had made some advances towards gaining my affections. Robert Danby was strong and athletic, remarkably neat in his dress, and had good manners. He neglected no opportunity of showing his respect; and as I was fond of flowers, he often presented me with nosegays; but I had no sooner seen the nobleman in the forest, than farewell Robert.

The nobleman's expressions were never out of my mind. Young as I was, I entertained them with a secret satisfaction: I even repeated to myself his words. Now four days were elapsed since my agitating adventure, when, being at church, I heard some horses stop at the door. Looking back, heavens! who should I see but my flatterer himself, entering so gracefully as quite charmed me, and drew the attention of the whole assembly on him. He presently discovered me, though in the midst of the crowd. It was evident he was a person of great distinction; for the vicar bowed to him. My eyes were rivetted on the stranger, and I felt transported with the deference paid to his quality.

On retiring after service, the nobleman whispered something to his valet. Then raising his voice, 'Stay in the village,' said he, 'till my retinue comes up:—I intend to dine at the castle.' His groom

was leading his horse before the church. He vaulted into the saddle, and rode off in a gallop. The girls, as we tripped homewards, descanted on the fine manners and gracefulness of courtiers. But I was silent, my mind being filled with jealous fears of the young ladies who might be that day dining at the castle. While my careless companions were chatting, the valet came up and joined our party. He soon gained the confidence of the girls, by telling them that he had been brought up a country lad, had worked hard in his youth, and owed his advancement entirely to the goodness of his master. He had a paper in his hand, which by a sign he made, I saw was intended for me, and he gave it unperceived by the company. I was no sooner withdrawn, than I found myself at a loss upon opening the letter ; my mother, it is true, taught me to read ; but I was a stranger to writing. At first I thought of applying to the schoolmaster of the village ; but this was running too great a hazard. There was but one expedient I could devise. It was to apply to Robert, who could both read and write.

I soon met Robert hastening along with a present of flowers, which I accepted with a trembling emotion that heightened the beauty of my features. ' Oh ! you are handsome to-day, my lovely Rosina,' said poor Robert ; ' faith ! you beat all the girls hollow. It is no wonder that your shape haunts me, go wherever I will. Aye, it is a fine one,' taking me about the waist.—' Robert, be quiet,' I cried ; ' can't you speak but your hands must be employed ?'—' Odzooks ! I am to blame,' answered Robert.—' Robert, you must do me a kindness.'—' I'll do you fifty,' exclaimed he ; ' what is it ?'—' Let us first get behind yon copse,' replied I, ' that we may talk without being observed.'—' What a happy fellow I am !' said Robert : ' Ah ! Rosina, how I love you ! and now I see you begin to make some return. It's true you have not a groat ; but what of that ? It is not money that makes people happy. You are

pretty and good-tempered, and that is fortune enough. 'Will you promise me to keep a secret, and do not be curious?'—'Well,' answered Robert, 'I would give you my bond, if my word was not as good. 'Yesterday I catch'd Matthews wife and great George in a corner: she made me promise not to tell her husband. Adsniggers! there would be fine work if I could not keep a secret.'—'I must acquaint you that a friend of mind has received a letter; but as she cannot read, she has employed me to know of you the contents.'—'Let's see,' said Robert, taking it out of my hand, 'that is soon done. Is it not from the gentleman who walked from church this morning with the lasses?'—'Right,' answered I, glad to find him on a wrong scent.—'I am glad of it. I was a little ruffled to see him so busy. I began to think he might have a design upon you.'—'There you would have been quite out,' answered I, 'for he never so much as spoke a single word to me.'—'That I am sensible of,' replied Robert, 'for I took care not to be far off. But I wish him well since it is so; otherwise, for all his finery, I would have made him know what is to tread upon people's heels. Saying this, he read as follows:—

'To R. H.

'This is the only method left me to acquaint you, my charming creature, with the deep impression you made on my heart the first moment we met. I was in hopes of seeing you again at the same place, and have been continually on horseback in quest of that happiness. At last, I thought of your parish church, where I might possibly see you. I shall not speak to you at present, but will order matters so as to do it without being observed. Be not wanting, my dear girl, on your part, to assist in what I shall contrive hereafter for your service. It is impossible to express how much I love you. 'L.'

I listened to what Robert read with the greatest attention; I even made him repeat it several times, and felt a satisfaction I never experienced before. To be beloved by so noble a person was a bewitching thing for a country girl. Robert, who easily

observed me, cried out, 'Why, Rosina, this letter makes you thoughtful. Gad! if it should be really so, I would tear it——' 'O! I am thinking,' said I, 'of my friend; she must be very happy to have such a person in love with her.'—'And who is this R. H. that is so charming a creature?' asked Robert.—'Why, Rebecca Hewit, to be sure,' said I, with sharpness.—'Aye, the girl's well enough: but who is L?'—'Now, Robert,' I replied, 'you are going to break your promise, and be too curious. How should I know anything about L? If great folks will not spell their names out, what have we to do with it?'—'Very true,' replied Robert: 'why, as *Becky* has been so lucky as to catch a gentleman, I would advise her not to stand so *shilly shally*, and be too coy.

'Now, Robert, I must go and tell my friend the contents of her letter, and know what answer she will give. I will be with you presently, and bring pen and ink for you to write the answer. Will you, Robert?' 'There's no need for such a hurry,' said he.—'Well, well, Robert,' I replied, 'we shall have opportunities enough. Adieu. I am under a promise; and a maid, you know, must keep her word.'

I rose and went to a warren, which had a retired place in one corner, I there threw myself on the grass, and run over the letter in my mind. Vanity had found the way into my breast, and betrayed itself on many occasions. My clothes were superior to any girl's in the village, and yet I often stayed at home under pretended indisposition, when there was any new piece of finery wanting to complete my dress. I found in myself an elevation of mind, and I could not stoop to a clownish life. My soul was on fire at the name of London; and when my mother gave me the history of any country girl who had there made her fortune, I imagined that I should be equally successful. Let any one judge, then, what an impression such a letter must make. I determined to answer it,

though the shame of owning I could not write vexed me; and yet I resolved to do it, that I might not be obliged to employ Robert any more, lest he should discover my affair. Besides he was become disagreeable to me since I fancied myself beloved by the fine nobleman. I had the precaution to furnish myself with the necessary implements for writing; and returned to Robert.

When he saw me coming, he ran to meet me. 'Dear Rose,' said he, 'you have made haste.'—'Yes,' I replied, 'I met *Becky* in the warren; she was in a great hurry to be gone after we had talked together, for fear of being discovered.'—'Ah, cunning baggage,' cried Robert, 'if ever she marries, she will be one too many for her husband.'—He took the paper, and, making a desk of the crown of his hat, 'Now,' said he, 'what must I write to this fine spark?'—'Why, she would have you tell him,' answered I, 'that she has not so good an opinion of herself as to imagine he can be so much in love as he seems to say: that, notwithstanding her mean education, she knows the duty she owes herself well enough to be sensible of the unsuitableness of the passion he aims to create: that she could wish he were sincere in what he says: that she cannot write, and is obliged to have recourse to another to answer his letter; but she will not run the same hazard any more, for fear——' 'Thank you for nothing,' said Robert, 'I'll write no such thing.' 'Why so?' said I.—'That is only to have done with me,' replied he, 'when you have no further occasion. No, no, the devil take me if I write it.'—'Come, come, Robert,' answered I, 'let us have no more words; we may be surprised before we make an end.' He complied at last, muttering something to himself; and my letter ended with grateful acknowledgments of kindness.

As soon as the letter was finished, I put it up and returned home, Robert accompanying me, which I was pleased with, lest my mother should take me to task. She approved of our connexion and

would gladly have had his father in the same way of thinking, there being considerable matters to be expected.

When I reached home, it was time to go to the afternoon service, whither I was followed by the valet, who placed himself close behind me. I easily understood that he waited for my answer. My prayer-book was the best conveyance for giving the letter, and which, by his dexterity, succeeded. Soon after, I retired, and saw no more of him.

We were sitting down to supper, when who should come in but the valet, followed by the curate of the parish. I no sooner saw them, than I had a fit of trembling and blushing. The stranger inquired of my father if one of his daughters did not sometimes carry provisions to workmen in the forest. 'Yes, sir,' answered my father; 'that is she. Come hither,' said he, speaking to me, 'how have you contrived to bring all this good company hither?' 'Do not be frightened, pretty maid,' cried the valet, seeing me in so much confusion; 'these gentlemen and I intend you no harm; and though it is by his majesty's orders, which my Lord Lemington has received, we shall say nothing to Miss but what is very agreeable.'—'Her name is Rosina, at your service,' cried my father, interrupting him; 'we have no Miss here.'—'If she has not had that title yet,' replied the curate, 'she may hereafter. This gentleman has something to say to you, and deserves your thanks for the pains he has taken to find out your lovely daughter. The first we inquired of was John Taplin, your cousin, then of James Roughhead, and after that we were with Thomas Ratcliffe; never dreaming of you, being of so little note. However, it is all come out, and I am not sorry for it.'

'My lord,' said the valet, 'has ordered me to make inquiry after a girl who was in the adjoining road leading to the forest last Wednesday, when the king passed by. He gave his majesty an account of the surprise with which she was seized at

his presence. The king was so well pleased with her youthful enthusiasm, that he has sent a gratuity by him. And since you are the person, Miss, I will go and acquaint my lord.'

'My lord,' said he, 'is intrusted with the execution of the king's orders, and to my knowledge will not be wanting in the least tittle. I will acquaint him with my good success, which will be very acceptable, as he is a man that very much delights in acts of generosity.' He gave me a tap on the cheek, bidding me 'be a good girl, and God would bless me.'

The adventure affected my father very much; and, as he did not want sense, he began to see through the little ill offices that had been done me. 'Good luck attends her,' said he, speaking to the neighbours that were present, 'and did so at her birth. She is good-natured enough; and with God's grace, and the parson's good advice, she may come to something.'

My thoughts were not idle. Simple as I was, I could so far unravel this adventure, as to see that it was owing to my letter, and that the story about his majesty's bounty was no more than a pretext for an opportunity of seeing me without giving umbrage. 'What a happy meeting!' said I to myself: 'who knows but my fortune is made, and I may one day bid adieu to the village?' But I was not without fears. 'Possibly this nobleman,' thought I, 'with all his protestations of love, may only design my ruin!' The adventure of a young woman who resided in our neighbourhood, which happened but a few years before, and with which I was acquainted, raised this suspicion, which perhaps would never have entered my head.

THE STORY OF CHARLOTTE DOUGLAS.

Alexander Douglas was a plain, industrious, Scotch gardener, who had lived some years in the service of a nobleman about three miles from our village. My father and he were very intimate; but Douglas being enterprising, he resigned his situation, and took the lease

of some gardens which had been attached to a gentleman's old hall, near Wycombe. His only child, Charlotte, was handsome, well shaped, and of so sweet a temper, as endeared her to all her acquaintances. Though her circumstances were mean, yet she had very advantageous matches proposed to her, the least of which was a very sufficient provision for life. But, through inexperience, she overlooked such favourable prospects. Her father, who judged better, pressed her very much to come to a resolution, and by a proper choice to advance herself in the world ; but the amiable temper of his daughter was an invincible charm, to hinder him from laying an absolute command, in opposition to the dislike she had taken to matrimony.

Going one day to sell fruit at Windsor, she heard somebody call to her from the window of a grand-looking house, and, on obeying the call, was met at the door by a servant, who showed her into an apartment very sumptuously furnished. She found a young gentleman sitting there in a rich night-gown. As soon as he saw her, 'Come in, sweetheart,' said he, 'let me see your fruit ; it should be good.' She readily uncovered the basket, and assured him no better could be bought. The young gentleman considered her very attentively.

Lord Fenton, the person who was talking with Charlotte, was now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and being much addicted to unlawful pleasures, dedicated a certain part of his large income to the gratification of his passions. He was a handsome, dark-coloured man, and his eyes were lively beyond description. The treachery and baseness so necessary in betraying innocence, he attributed to Whitfield his valet, the purveyor to his passions ; and thus, after ruining many simple girls, he still boasted that his *honour* was unstained!

Charlotte's beauty, neatness, and simplicity, enraptured his lordship. 'There is nothing about you,' said he, 'but what is charming. Your basket of fruit is what I take the least notice of.'—'Your goodness, sir,' said she, 'is pleased to think so ; but, from a country girl, you must not expect a suitable reply to such compliments.' 'How!' said his lordship, interrupting her, 'I see you do not know me. My sincerity was never questioned, for I scorn to say one thing and mean another ; but since you are pleased to be of a contrary opinion, I have done.'—'I do not pretend,' replied she, 'that you said any thing I can take amiss, or that you had any such intention.'—'No, certainly,' continued his lordship, unwilling to frighten her from coming again ; 'we will say no more of

that ; I wish to buy your fruit, that is the business ; I shall be glad to have more another time.' Saying this, he made her a genteel bow, and retired to his closet, after he had ordered Whitfield to take care of her. 'Show her,' said he, 'the larder, that she may breakfast ; and let her be paid.' A glance of his eye informed his valet how to behave. He treated Charlotte with great respect, paid her double the worth of her fruit, and, under pretence of enquiring where it grew, learnt her place of abode. He insisted on her promising to call again, and assured her his lordship would take her fruit as often as she came to town.

Her father was pleased with the profitable customer his daughter had procured, and, in a few days, sent her with another basketful of his best fruit. He was a shrewd man, and not ignorant of the vices so common in high life ; but then he had the utmost confidence in his daughter's prudence and piety.

The third time Charlotte called at Lord Fenton's house, his lordship himself opened the door. He was richly dressed, and was a handsome man. 'You seem surprised, my pretty maid,' said he, 'to see me come to the door myself. I think my servants are all lost. But they often serve me thus : they know my good nature, and are apt to abuse it. Come in ; they will be here soon ; we can chat in the mean time.' Upon this, he led her into a parlour fitted up in the most elegant taste. 'Dear me,' cried Charlotte, 'what a fine place !'—'Yes, my pretty one,' replied he, 'it is so whilst you are in it. Sit down, my angel : lay aside your basket. Come, come,' continued he, seeing her hesitate, 'sit down, I say ; you are at home here ; use no ceremony.' At last she was prevailed with to sit.

'My valet informs me,' continued Lord Fenton, 'that you live near Wycombe. As I go sometimes that way, I will call and eat some cream with you. I am fond of it ; but from your hand it will be delicious ; for, to be plain with you, Charlotte, the first moment I beheld you, my heart was dedicated to your service. Why do you not speak ?' taking her hand : 'why this silence ? It puts me on the rack.'—'Why my lord,' said Charlotte, 'your very strange talk covers me with confusion. I know not what to say. Your rank and breeding are too much for my simplicity.'—'That adorable simplicity,' cried his lordship, in a transport, 'is one of your greatest charms ! How much more preferable would the whole sex be, if adorned with that, as well as with your other ravishing graces ! All this while he grasped her hand, kissed and

bathed it with tears, and acted the part of a man overwhelmed with affliction. Charlotte was naturally tender; these gestures and expressions, different from what she had ever been acquainted with—the handsome person of her admirer—her young heart—all perplexed her exceedingly. ‘I am much concerned,’ said she, ‘that I should be the cause of you thus giving way to affliction. Had I foreseen it, I would never have come near the house.’—‘On the contrary, the sight of you can only afford me relief: those eyes must pronounce me happy or miserable. What would I not give, that you could view the inmost thoughts of my soul? You would see how you triumph there!’ Saying this, he attempted to take her in his arms; but she was too discreet to suffer this, so, rising up, told him with a blush she saw it was time for her to be gone. Walking towards the door, she was intercepted by his lordship, who exclaimed, ‘Stay, my angel, you are mistress here, and having nothing to fear. Stay, I will do whatever you require. I will settle you handsomely in the world.’—‘I am too young,’ she replied, ‘to make any answer to such things. In the name of goodness let me go.’ Saying this, she wept bitterly. Lord Fenton, convinced that he only lost his labour, endeavoured to pacify her, and with great difficulty succeeded. Nevertheless, she returned home with an unquiet mind. The scene she had beheld had its effect; her heart was entangled; and, in a few days, she longed as much to see his lordship as she was before desirous to avoid him. She grew very pale, lost her appetite, and sought solitude.

A month after, Lord Fenton unexpectedly entered her father’s garden. Here he loitered for some time, tasting the fruit, and chatting to the unsuspecting old man. During this time, Whitfield was in the gardener’s house, exerting all his eloquence to seduce Charlotte. He spoke at great length of his master’s birth, wealth, and person; he laid before her the great advantages that might be made of such an amour; but all to no purpose. He proposed the making her Lady Fenton, which he assured her should soon be brought about, if she would come into his measures. He told her that such an opportunity of aggrandizing herself was not to be neglected for an imaginary punctilio. Here her resolution began to fail her, love and ambition prevailed so far, that she promised to come the next day to Windsor, to see, as he had expressed it, whether there was any design of imposing upon her. Next day, therefore, she dressed herself with care, and walked to Windsor, without her father’s knowledge.

Whitfield was overjoyed when he saw her, and treated her with great kindness. He persuaded Charlotte, when introduced to his lordship, not to insist upon any thing; assuring her that nothing could secure his master's affections more than an entire confidence in his honour. 'Your compliance,' said he, 'with his request, will in a few days make you Lady Fenton.' And to satisfy her, he reckoned up several examples, 'which make the thing,' said he, 'evident beyond dispute.' Charlotte, incapable of deceiving others, could not see through the artifices by which this villain at last drew her into the snare. Yet she resolved not to remain without her father's consent.—Whitfield readily undertook to manage this business. He wrote, in the name of his lordship's mother, an apology for Charlotte's abrupt departure, attributed it to her fear of being denied the liberty of accepting her invitation, and that she had conceived a fondness for his daughter, and begging that she might be allowed to remain a few weeks at Windsor under her care. This letter lulled the poor father's suspicion, and he answered, that he conceived himself much honoured by her ladyship's kindness.

Charlotte was treated with seeming delicacy and respect. Rich dress, with ease and pleasure, she began to consider as the only ingredients of happiness. She felt an increased tenderness for his lordship, and became confident of his honour and sincerity. In this state of feeling, she one evening faltered, and her ruin was completed. For a short time she experienced his lordship's tenderness, and she conceived herself the most happy of mortals. At length, she began to reflect that he himself had never directly assured her of his intentions respecting marriage; and as she found herself with child, and heard that his lordship was about setting off to London, she demanded of his lordship when he intended to acknowledge her as Lady Fenton. His lordship feigned to be confounded with surprise. 'He had never thought,' he said, 'of such an impossibility. She must surely have been listening to some of his valet's nonsense!' She fell into a violent paroxysm of rage. She next wept, tore her hair, and appeared almost frantic. Lord Fenton retired without emotion; his passion was sated; and he threw himself carelessly into his carriage, ordered Whitfield to get rid of the *young fool*, and drove off to London, to attend parliament, and devise laws for the suppression of vice and the promotion of morality!

Charlotte appeared so determined on having her wrongs avenged, that the valet became seriously alarmed, and

wrote to his master an account of her unappeasable rage. Lord Fenton also feared the consequences, and directed Whitfield to offer her a thousand pounds to procure herself a suitable husband. Charlotte, after reflecting a few days on her irretrievable ruin and unprotected situation, accepted the money. She sent her father, who was almost broken-hearted, two hundred pounds to pay his debts, and one hundred pounds more to assist him in his business, reserving the rest for her own support. For some time she was confined at Windsor by a severe illness, caused by excessive grief and vexation. She refused to see her father or any of her friends. Her child died on seeing the light ; and when she was a little recovered, she took up her abode in a small neat cottage, about half a mile from our village. Here she lived, with an old widow woman, in a state of complete seclusion. She never stepped over the threshold of her door until nature was veiled in the darkness of night.

This sad tale occurring to me with redoubled force, I resolved to be more wary than the unhappy Charlotte. In vain did my inclinations side with my noble admirer, and set him off in the most favourable light. I determined never to swerve from virtue, and, as often as my heart should give occasion, to call it to my assistance. From that moment I have constantly adhered to this maxim, and have just reason to look upon it as the foundation of all my good fortune.

While thus thinking, my mother announced the approach of the noble stranger and the Viscountess Neville. A few other ladies and gentlemen, who were at the castle, attended them from motives of curiosity. As they drew near, the viscountess sweetly called out, 'Come hither, my dear Rosina, I am overjoyed that you begin so early to taste the sweets of your good fortune. Do not be afraid ; we know your education has been such as a village affords. How do you like my god-daughter, my lord ?'— 'Indeed, madam,' replied the earl, 'your ladyship must pardon me ; I think this pretty creature very well behaved : she wants but little improvement to be as you would have her.'— 'Do you know,' replied the viscountess, 'that Rosina

has the honour of having your uncle, the Earl of Glenford, for a godfather?'—'I did not,' said the earl. The company busied themselves in commending me; one extolled my beauty, and fancy in my country attire; another praised my complexion; in a word, every one contributed something to increase the perplexity I was in.

When the first volley of compliments were over, the earl, addressing me with great respect, said, 'I have the pleasure of presenting you with this purse, containing twenty guineas, from his majesty, which you owe to the lively satisfaction you expressed at seeing his person. I am glad that I mentioned the circumstance to my royal master, as I now find that, at your christening, you were taken under the care of my honoured friend, the Viscountess Neville, and of my uncle, the Earl of Glenford.—'That you may assure yourself of,' said the viscountess: 'but, Rosina, what do you say to his lordship? You must thank him for the pains he has taken.' I made him a curtsy, and acknowledged the favour, in a low voice, 'Come, Rosina,' said the viscountess, 'tell us what you will do with your money. How will you lay it out?'—'Since you are pleased, madam, to command me,' answered I, 'the best use I can put his majesty's bounty to, is to give it to my mother. 'How!' said the earl, 'will you not keep some for your own use?'—'Indeed, my lord,' I replied, not daring to look him in the face, 'I do not want any thing. I shall only beg of her to have me *taught to write*.' He was charmed with my answer, which he understood by my letter. 'Ah! madam,' cried he, turning to the viscountess, 'how commendable is this desire of improvement! It would be barbarous not to second it.'—'It is not my design,' replied the viscountess, 'to be guilty of any such thing. Rosina,' said she, 'I will take you home with me this evening if you choose. Are you willing to go?' I said to my mother, 'You are the properest person, dear mamma, 'to consider what answer we ought to re-

turn to my godmother's great goodness.' But my father saved her the trouble, telling her ladyship he thought himself much honoured by such a favour. The viscountess, turning to the earl, told him she undertook the charge of me, and would make me deserving of the honours I had received. 'Take your leave, Rosina,' said she to me, turning about and followed by the company. I embraced my mother and the rest of the family with tears in my eyes. I gave the purse to my mother, who told me in a whisper she would not fail to buy me some new clothes fit to appear in. Having taken my leave, I followed the company. My mother charged me to be always good, and never to forget that no true happiness could be expected without rectitude of conduct.

The earl often looked back. Coming up to me, 'How happy, dearest Rosina, am I,' said he, 'to have it in my power to see you! and from time to time to renew such a delightful satisfaction! I wish I could make you comprehend how dear so long an absence has cost me.'—'I am very sensible, my lord,' answered I, 'how much I am indebted to your generosity. I hope you will accept of the acknowledgements I make, though they are far short of what they ought to be. You must attribute this to my limited capacity, and the company I have been used to, who were no better than myself; and it could not be expected but that I should be much confused on such occasions. Perhaps when I have been some time with my godmother, I may learn more breeding.'—'Your good sense charms me,' replied the earl: 'it wants only a little improvement. But you must learn to distinguish your friends. And give me leave, my dear Rosina, not to lose this opportunity; to speak as the sincerest friend you have. You are beautiful, and will every day be more so: the viscountess sees much company, and consequently it cannot be long before addresses will be made to you. But remember, few young gentlemen are of the same way of thinking

with myself; they carry danger with them, and will leave no way untried to deceive you: if you listen to them, you must give me over for lost. In the mean time, endear yourself to your godmother, who is a good woman. I ought to ask your pardon for taking upon me to give you lessons; but the great share I must bear in everything that concerns you, makes me thus look forward into your affairs. Her ladyship has a daughter, who, as she is much your inferior in point of beauty, will be jealous of you. Her brother is a handsome young gentleman, and I have reason to think will be as little able to resist your charms as myself.' This gives me some uneasiness.

'I do not know,' answered I, 'what love is. I have hitherto lived very happy, unacquainted with any uneasiness but what arose from seeing my mother in affliction. There is nothing but your generous behaviour towards——' 'No more of generosity,' replied he: 'I am in pain when you bestow that name on such trifling marks of my friendship. I shall ever be happy in showing how tenderly I love you.'—'Lord!' said I, smiling, 'you are always talking of love: let it rest till I know what it is.—'I will teach you what it is,' replied he. 'No, my lord,' I cried; 'my mother has often charged me never to listen to men, since all they say only tends to impose upon us.'—'Take care,' replied the earl, 'that you never mention to her my passion. She is of a jealous temper.'—'Nay then,' added I, 'there must be harm in it, since you are afraid to let it be known.'—'No, my dearest Rosina,' said he, 'there is none; have a better opinion of me.' I was about to reply: I found a facility in doing it that surprised me. The viscountess, turning about, called to me, and said, 'How now?' said she to me: 'are you listening to the earl? What subject has he been upon? Love, to be sure. Remember, Rosina, it is poison, and oftentimes fatal.'—'I know nothing of the matter, madam,' answered I: 'my lord has been enquiring after our coun-

try amusements, and I have given him the best account I can.'—'It is true,' said he.

The viscountess, on entering her apartment, called for Miss Moore, her ladyship's maid, but who now acted as a sub-governess. She was about fifty years of age—lean and wrinkled—and very snappish ; but all her passions were ruled by avarice. To this antiquated piece of formality I was given in charge. 'I recommend,' said the viscountess, 'my god-daughter to your care for improvement. She is rather clever and good-tempered, and will make rapid progress under your direction. I am her friend. How will you dispose of her, Miss Moore?'—'Why, in my own chamber,' answered she, 'where can she be better?'—'Very true,' said the viscountess : 'see that she be first instructed in writing and accounts ; and your services shall be rewarded.' During this conversation, my heart misgave me : I dreaded my present situation.

The earl stayed some time at the castle, and continually tried to speak with me. But this was difficult, as I was always with my governess, or in the viscountess' apartment learning to embroider. I saw how disagreeable this restraint was to him. While he stayed, nothing affected me but the endearing reflection of being beloved by him : I apprehended no harm in amusing myself with this idea. Gratitude, methought, required it of me. Frivolous pretext ! fatal mistake !

Lady Lambe, the viscountess' daughter, was about sixteen years of age ; of a fair complexion, her eyes were large and dull, but she did not want wit. Her countenance was deceptive, being good-natured and engaging, whereas she was envious and sullen. My little experience did not prevent my discerning the uneasiness my arrival at the castle had created in her. She did not conceal her coldness, or her envy. All my attempts to conciliate her good opinion were repulsed with haughtiness. Her brother, the Honourable Thomas Henry

Lambe, who had just been promoted to the command of his majesty's sloop of war, the Viper, from the moment of my entering the castle, he showed me the most marked attention. He considered me an agreeable amusement during his short stay at home, while my innocent and unaffected carriage, flattered him with an easy conquest. He was tall and well-shaped ; he was very passionate, and, like his sister, haughty. Where he wanted to please, he would artfully disguise those ill qualities ; but if his efforts were unsuccessful, he was sure to employ both artifice and force. I had leisure enough to study both their characters ; and the treatment I met with from them taught me never to form an opinion of any one from first impressions.

The earl had the dexterity, the day before he left the castle, to get an opportunity of speaking with me. He addressed me thus :—‘ How happy am I, my dearest Rosina, in this opportunity of talking with you ! What would I not give to enjoy it every day ! May I not inquire, before I depart, what place I have in your affections ? Speak, my angel, do not refuse me this satisfaction. Life is a burthen to me without, at least, the hopes of gaining your affections. It is uncertain when I shall see you again ; and yet that is the only comfort left, in the situation in which my passion for you has placed me.’ He spoke with so much tenderness, that I could not forbear looking at him, deeply sighing. ‘ What means that sigh, my charmer ?’ said he, most affectionately : ‘ Am I so happy as to move your compassion ?’—‘ Ah ! my lord,’ replied I, ‘ leave me, I beseech you. Whenever you are near to speak to me, I am not myself. Why do you pursue a young creature of my low condition ? I know very well my distance ; yet I fear not to say, that, great as you are, if your designs are dishonourable, they shall never succeed.’—‘ God forbid,’ cried he, ‘ that I should have such a thought ! All I desire is to love you, and to obtain your favour.’—‘ Alas ! to what purpose ?’ answered

I: 'why does every gentleman say the same? I never heard so much of love as within the eight days I have been here.'—'How!' said the earl, in amazement, 'this is the first time I have had an opportunity of making my addresses to you.'—'As if you were the only one!' answered I, innocently: 'all the other gentlemen are ever on the same strain; but the viscountess' son never suffers me to have a moment's quiet.'—'Heavens!' said the earl, 'surely he is not in love with you.'—'I cannot tell what it is to be in love,' replied I; 'but if every one is in love that says so, he certainly is.'—'And what answer do you make him?' cried the earl. 'I take so little notice of what he says,' answered I, 'that I can give you no account.' 'But, my dear Rosina, do not you find a pleasure in hearing him?'—'Ah! not in the least,' answered I; 'so far from it, that one word of yours makes a much greater impression on me than a hundred of his.'—'How you charm me!' cried the earl. 'How happy should I be if I were convinced of what you say! I would not change my condition with any thing the world affords. You restore me to life: my happiness depends upon that acknowledgment.'—'Heavens! what have I said?' replied I, astonished to see him thus transported. 'Perhaps I may have done amiss without knowing it.'—'No, no,' said he, 'never think of acting otherwise. If your heart has explained itself, do not contradict it.'—'My heart has said nothing,' answered I; 'if I have let drop any words without knowing their meaning, you ought not to take any advantage from thence.'—'What! am I to depart, then?' replied the earl, overwhelmed with vexation. 'Your heart says nothing! To another it may possibly speak. Farewell, then, since I have incurred your hatred.' I felt sorry and perplexed. 'Good God!' I cried, 'what a misfortune is it not to know how to express ourselves! That is the reason I am thought to say one thing when I mean another. Why should you afflict yourself in this manner? It was far from my

intention.' 'This moment you were ready to cry ; and now I have made some blunder, you are laughing at me. It is high time for me to hold my tongue.' I spoke this with some warmth, and fell to my work, without taking the least notice of passionate expressions.

I thought he was gone, I looked up hastily, and was much out of countenance to find him looking steadfastly on me. 'You certainly design my death,' said he, 'since you will not vouchsafe me so much as a look. I go then with a heavy heart. Cruel creature! farewell for ever.' This roused me: 'No, my lord,' answered I, with warmth, 'my behaviour deserves no such names. I am not, nor ever was, cruel to any thing ; so far from it, I cannot see a lamb killed without crying. Even when my brother and sister have beat me, I would not defend myself, for fear of hurting them. Judge then if I deserve to be called cruel.' 'I ask your pardon, my dearest Rosina,' said he, 'if I have offended you. The word cruel does not mean ill-natured: however, had you persisted in not answering me, you would have deserved to be called so. But now you have restored me to life, and I will not use that word again. I design to send Villers, my valet, twice a month, under a pretended compliment to the viscountess, that I may hear from you. I shall take all opportunities to wait on you, so as not to be observed. At present, I shall not press to know what place I have in your affections, as you seem so averse to the subject ; but I shall be able to form some judgment of it by your earnestness to learn to write, and I flatter myself I shall then find I am not altogether disagreeable to you.' My governess came to us with joy in her countenance. She had won four guineas, and was bringing the earl his share. 'Pray, madam,' said he, 'keep them yourself ; they may be lucky to you another time. When I return to London, I intend to play for you there, and see whether the same fortune attends you in deep play. The only return

I desire is, that you would be careful of this child : you may possibly find your account in it hereafter.'

'You need say no more, my lord,' she replied ; 'let me alone : I will take the same care of her as if she were my own daughter. Our young master is very fond of her ; but I shall watch him narrowly ; and I think he will not venture to take any liberties there.' I was now left alone with Miss Moore, and soon found the effects of the earl's civilities.'

The eager attentions of Captain Lambe were soon discovered by his mother, who reprimanded him severely. This rendered him more circumspect in his behaviour ; but I soon found what terrible effects may be expected from restraint, where the heart is not guided by a principle of virtue. I continued to feel much vexation from the haughty behaviour of the viscountess' daughter.

What a friend to solitude is love ! I soon became acquainted with it. Its revenge was severe, making me feel the full extent of its power and violence. I lost my complexion and strength. My rest heretofore was undisturbed, but now I seldom enjoyed rest. I was willing to hide my feelings from myself ; and, instead of blaming my affections, I attributed what I suffered to my absence from my mother : but I was soon convinced of my error. The viscountess imagining the sight of my parents would be of service to me, in the condition to which she saw me reduced. They were sent for, and afforded me some relief ; but I received much more from the arrival of Villars. He gave me an account of his master, and how much he was concerned at his absence.

Though my health continued delicate, yet I zealously applied myself to my studies. The old master who had long attended the family taught me to write, to spell, and to cast up accounts. I was delighted with my new acquirements, and took a childish pleasure in scrawling over whole pages, which I adroitly gave to Villars for his master. I contracted a friendship with Catherine, my gover-

ness' niece. She had received a genteel education, had a most affectionate heart, and was endowed with good principles. She was a girl of a superior order. I have great reason to love her, as she was the first that polished the coarse breeding I had contracted at home. Her age and experience were superior to mine; but we were inseparable companions. One Sunday, after church time, her aunt walked with us into a neighbouring wood. Our conversation turning upon the viscountess, she informed me that the viscount and his lady had been upon very indifferent terms; that since the viscount had been sent on an embassy to the court of Dresden, she had never seen him; and that, even when at home, they seldom met, he generally coming down to the country when she returned to town. 'Good God!' said I, 'is it possible for married people to live at a distance from each other? We never hear of any such thing in our village. What can be the cause of it?'—'Love on the one side, and jealousy on the other,' answered Catherine: 'the husband dislikes his lady's admirers, and the lady cannot prevail upon herself to discard them.'—'What!' said I, 'do people think of admirers after they are married?'—'Yes, my dear Rosina,' replied she: 'it is very wrong; yet nothing is more frequent in London. Interest, not affection, commonly makes the first match, and a wretched custom takes place of reason. The gentleman has his mistresses, the lady her intrigues, they live in the same house, and seldom see the face of each other. It has happened to some, that their complaisant indifference for each other has brought about a reconciliation. But the viscount is not so accommodating; and his lady, who is a woman of spirit, will not submit. She affects the air of a coquet, loves to be thought amiable, and more to be told so. For the last three months, she has been, to her insupportable mortification, without an admirer. It is but since the arrival of the Earl of Lemington at the castle, that she has put

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on an air of sprightliness ; and I do not wonder at her satisfaction, for the earl is the most amiable gentleman I ever saw ; he appears to be deeply enamoured with her ladyship, who retains many of her attractions.' These last words went to my heart ; I felt sick, and sunk insensible upon the grass. In a short time I recovered my recollection, and found myself in Catherine's arms. She attributed my illness to the indifferent state of my health, and, leading me home, put me to bed, assuring me that a few hours' sleep would set me to rights.

'Ah, wretched creature!' cried I, bursting into tears, 'where is that tranquillity of mind I once possessed ? What has thus reduced me of late to this forlorn condition ? Why thus altered since the earl's absence ? What is it to me if he be wicked —if he does court the viscountess ? Why am I so concerned in this affair ? Barbarous man ! how could you say you loved me ? Why should you thus deceive me ? Why should you take an advantage of my too great credulity ? What will become of me ? Ah, Charlotte ! Charlotte ! I feel too plainly what you must have endured when abandoned by one you loved so well. I but judge of you by myself.'

I was going out of my chamber, but was prevented by Captain Lamb, who had just returned from London. 'I am told,' said he, 'you were indisposed last evening, and yet I think you look pretty well.' —'Likely enough, answered I ; 'but it must be owing to sleep, for I am not perfectly recovered.' —'I am sorry for that,' replied he ; 'I will engage to cure you if you will permit me to be your physician ; I can do more than all the doctors put together.' —'Oh, sir,' answered I, 'let me alone. I detest the whole sex of men.' —'They are not so contemptible either ; at least those of a certain turn,' said he. This was spoken with such an air of complacency in his own dear self, as plainly intimated he thought he was one of the number. 'No, no,

my dearest, you will not always be so hard-hearted.' Then he attempted to catch me in his arms; and I cried out for help. This brought my governess to my assistance, who seized him as he was pursuing, and, after upbraiding him with the little respect he paid to his mother's commands, and assuring him that she at least should insist upon a different behaviour, shut him out, while fury and indignation flashed from his eyes.

'What would this fool be at here?' said she to me. 'I do not know,' replied I; he endeavoured to take me in his arms.'—'You were in the right,' said she, 'to call out; he will not come this way again in haste. It is really a pity he should behave in this manner; he does not want sense, if he would but govern himself.'

After this we went to her ladyship's apartment, where I unexpectedly saw the earl. On entering, his lordship advancing, said, 'How do you do, my charming Rosina? Good God!' cried he, seeing me nearer, 'how she is altered! What can be the meaning of this, my dear? What has befallen you since I was here? He took my hand; but I snatched it away with indignation. 'Madam,' said he, turning to the viscountess, 'depend upon it the child is ill: she must be taken care of.'—'It will go off,' replied her ladyship. 'Come hither, Rosina, let me feel your pulse. You are right; she is in a fever. Send for Doctor Morris,' speaking to Miss Moore, 'put her to bed, and let somebody attend her.' When I reached my chamber, I was put to bed; but the melancholy reflections that crowded upon my mind produced such a violent effect, that the fever increased, and in the morning I was delirious.

The viscountess was much alarmed. Her apprehensions of the sick were most extravagant, and she had seldom approached her own children in sickness. As soon as the earl heard of the danger, he flew to my chamber, and, by his grief, discovered his passion to my watchful governess. He saw

that he was in her power ; but he soon secured her interest by his generosity. 'It is in vain for me,' said he, 'to hide any longer from you the cause of my grief. My life depends upon this child's recovery.' Saying this, he presented Miss Moore with a fifty pound note. 'Accept this,' he continued, 'as a small acknowledgment for your attentions to her ; but if you can save her life, you will have much greater claims upon me. And as for you,' said he, to Catherine, 'take this diamond brooch as a reward for your concern. I know you love Rosina, and that is enough to make you dear to me. I have a particular view in regard to this lovely young creature, whom I adore, and from whose life my own is inseparable. Ah, Rosina ! Rosina !' bursting into tears, 'you hear me not. Look up, my angel, and see your poor lover. Good God ! whence comes this illness ?' He then fell into an agony of grief, and even Miss Moore shed tears. She also advised him to leave the castle next day, to prevent discovery. 'Her ladyship,' said she, 'is jealous and quick of apprehension. Should she discover your passion, it is impossible to anticipate the effects of her resentment. Your presence here is of no use. Go, then, and make yourself easy. His lordship, after kissing my hand, retired, and the next day left the castle.

When I was nearly recovered, I confessed to Catherine the cause of my illness, and which she communicated to her aunt. They both condemned my jealousy, and said that the earl's partiality for the viscountess, who was old enough to be his mother, was a mere expedient, whereby he purposed to serve me. I replied, that I could not approve of such wicked-like disguises, and that his vices would make me very cautious. My governess said I was a good girl, and that she should always assist me in resisting attempts upon my virtue. I received a long letter from his lordship, full of expressions of ardent affection, and of solemn protestations of innocence, as regarded his connection

with the viscountess. I was filled with delight on reading this letter, which contained, I thought, the most beautiful language that a mortal could invent. Nothing now molested me but the frequent intrusions of Captain Lambe, for which there was no remedy, as I could not affront him in his mother's house. When I again went down stairs, the viscountess lavished much kindness upon me. Even the captain's attention became more distant and respectful.

While at dinner one day at the viscountess' table, Miss Moore proposed a walk in the cool of the evening. Captain Lambe was present, and behaved with such propriety, that I concluded he had conquered his folly, and paid him all the deference due to the son of my benefactress. When we were preparing for our walk, Catherine whispered that it was a contrivance of her aunt's, in order to meet the earl, who was impatient to see me. The evening was beautiful, and we strolled through the fields until we were two miles distant from the castle. Miss Moore now proposed to rest a little. We had not remained long before we heard a whistle. I was startled; but my governess said I need not be under any apprehension. But in a little time a second signal seemed to answer the first; immediately we heard a noise just by; and four men, disguised with masks, rushed upon us, and in an instant thrust handkerchiefs in our mouths. They bound Miss Moore and her niece, and then led us about fifty yards from thence, to a by-place surrounded with a thick coppice, where they left them tied to two trees. I was carried farther off, where three of the men retired, leaving me alone with the fourth, who, throwing off his mask, to my surprise discovered himself to be Captain Lambe. 'Since nothing but force,' said he, 'will prevail with you, it is fitting you should be treated according to your taste.' He then began to offer violence. I struggled very hard, and the handkerchief falling off my face, I screamed so that the forest rang again. I

was upon the point of falling a victim to the wretch's brutality ; but heaven had compassion on me. I heard the noise of a horse's feet galloping towards us. The villain started at the sound, and immediately desisted. When he saw a person coming to my rescue, he uttered bitter imprecations, running to his pistols that were in the holsters of his saddle. I instantly ran away as fast as I was able. In a moment, the noise of their fighting reached me ; the report of their pistols, echoing back from all parts of the wood, was very terrible. I swooned away at the foot of a tree

CHAPTER II.

THE night had approached when I came to myself. A cold sweat hung upon my face, and with difficulty I arose from the ground. The stillness and darkness of the night struck a terror into me. 'Where am I?' said I. 'How shall I escape the fate that pursues me?' Trembling and doubtful of the road, I wandered I knew not where. Every breath of air rustling in the leaves startled me, and made me start for fear. The least object I could discern became an apparition. In going along, an owl brushed me with its wing ; I gave myself over for lost, and redoubled my speed. The stump of a tree caught my gown ; I cried out, thinking somebody had seized me. I proceeded through the gloom of the forest, without being able to discover any thing like a path. Some animal bounded past me ; I started to one side, the ground gave way under me, and I found myself at the bottom of a pit in a sitting posture, and without receiving any hurt. Terrified and exhausted, I gathered myself up, and, covered with my gown, poured out a torrent of tears. Soft sleep at last relieved my cares.

The dawn of the day began to pierce the thickets, and the warblers of the wood welcomed the returning light. I began to review the horrors of the preceding evening, and to reflect on my present state.

I looked upon my misfortunes as the just punishment of my pride, in aspiring to a connection so far above the condition in which I was placed by providence. I vowed, if I escaped the present danger, never again to indulge any hopes of being the wife of the Earl of Lemington. I thought I heard a rustling in the thicket above my head, and, looking up, saw a man with a gun presented towards the spot where I was sitting, and near me was a fox. This instantly aroused me, and I cried out, 'For God's sake, spare me! spare me!'—'What have we here?' said the man. 'Wounds! I had like to have made a fine kettle of fish on't, truly. What do you here, my lass? How came that rascal of a fox and you into company?'—'In the name of goodness,' I exclaimed, 'save me, deliver me, and I will tell you all.'—'With all my heart,' he replied; 'but you must have patience till I get help. I'll be back in a minute.' In a short time he returned with another person, who lowered himself down the pit, and raising me up, the other took me by the hands, and drew me out of my prison. My unfortunate companion also made an effort to escape; but one of my deliverers sent a ball through his head. When they returned, one of the men cried out, 'Good God! what do I see? What, Rosina—why this is a happiness!' On recognizing Robert Danby, my old lover, I was surprised; and all the pleasing associations of youth rushing into my mind, I screamed out, 'What is that you, Robert?'—'Aye, Rosina,' replied he: 'this is odd. How did you get into that ugly hole?' I briefly said, that, flying from some ruffians in the wood, I had lost my way, and in the dark stumbled into the gravel-pit.

Robert scratched his head, and replied, 'Why, Rosina, I am glad you escaped so well. But, plague on't! you living at the castle sticks in my gizzard; for they say some shabby hanger-on at court, with a bit of a title, is in love with you. Now, the very Sunday I wrote the letter for you, I

got my father's consent to marry you ; he yielding when he heard you had got a great purse full of gold, and were a favourite with a king. But since that blessed day I have never seen you. The saucy lace-coated gentry always denied you, or pretended you were ill. And I heard this morning that people are in search of you on all sides. 'Tis said the captain, who has not returned to the castle, has carried you off. I'm pleased, however, that he winged that cur of a lord ; for what right had he to come between me and home ?—'What do you mean by being winged ?' said I.—'Ho ! ho !' cried he, 'you are mighty uneasy methinks. Does this give you pain ? Why, if that be the case, I will be merciful, and tell you no more.'—'Keep your secret, then, to yourself,' replied I, nettled at what he had said : 'Jack Green here will be more polite.'—'No, I thank you,' answered the clown ; 'I'm on Robin's side, and I think you're right served if we pay you in your own coin.'—'So much the better,' replied I, fiercely, and overjoyed at having a pretext for quarrelling with Robert ; 'I am not so mightily taken with his person and his wit as you imagine. So good day—I know my way to the castle.'

Robert, who was really fond of me, was surprised at the sharpness of my reply. 'Stay, Rosina,' said he, 'I'll show you the way myself. Good God ! why should you take thus upon you ?'—'No, no,' continued I, 'you shall not be at the trouble of denying any more requests of mine ; I shall learn what has passed without being beholden to you.' Saying this I offered to go, but was prevented by their laying hold of me. 'Ah ! naughty girl,' cried Robert, 'I should not appear so contemptible in your eye, if you did not meet with encouragement elsewhere ; but you would do well to remember Charlotte.'

'I should be very sorry,' said I, 'to fall into the circumstances you hint at, and much more to be at your disposal. Let me hear no more of such dis-

course, continued I, sharply, 'and do not pretend to stop me. whom you have no right to detain.'— 'O but I have,' cried Robert; 'I have your father and mother's promise, and that is sufficient; and, Miss, you shall go home to your parents. You are very much altered by your quality conversation; but a little of our village air will take down your pride.' Upon this, making a sign to Jack Green, they seized each of them an arm, and dragged me along.

I was forced to follow, though with tears in my eyes. 'Look, Jack,' cried Robert, 'how she takes on: I could pity her, but that I know the cause of her sorrow; it is because she is like to lose her dear lord. Were they mistaken who said there was a good understanding between them? Her behaviour makes it as plain as the nose on a man's face. And besides, let me tell ye, the viscountess has spoke her mind; she says she will have no more to do with you after what has happened; this makes a great deal of noise in the neighbourhood.'

This piece of news stung me to the quick. I valued my reputation, and the thoughts of our returning to our village under an infamous character put me upon the rack. The tenderness with which I loved my mother staggered my resolution. 'I shall be ill used at home,' thought I; 'my father's look, and the malice of my sister and brother, would kill me; and I shall not dare go abroad, to be the mark of every pointing finger. Who knows but that the miscreant, the captain, will lay wait for me, and take an opportunity of effecting his designs? What resistance can we make?' These reflections determined me to make my escape as soon as possible, and shelter myself in London.

Just then there appeared in the road a man on horseback. As he rode so fast, he soon came up with us. 'Did you see,' said he, as he drew near, 'a young——' 'Ah! what do I see?' cried he, on discovering me; 'it is herself. Is that you, Miss Hawkins? What a happiness to find you again!

what a satisfaction this will be to my master!" How great was my joy to find that it was Villars, the earl's valet! Villars took my hand, in order to kiss it; but Robert interposed, and thrust him aside, crying out, 'Not so fast, friend; no kissing here. I know you well enough, for all you pretend to be surprised.'—'Is this any of your relations?' said the valet to me.—'No,' answered I.—'Why what would the fool be at?' continued Villars, still holding my hand.—'Not so fast, I tell you, friend,' added Robert: 'we are not afraid of your laced hat; and we bid you defiance.'—'Oh ho!' cried Villars, 'what are you for being obstreperous?' 'Wounds!' replied Robert, in a passion; 'as if we did not know who you are.' He seized Jack Green's gun, and stepping back, 'Udsbudikins!' said he, 'go, or I'll turn you up as I would a hare.' Villars was a man of courage, and had been in the army, so that this threat did not daunt him; but putting the muzzle of the gun aside, he laid hold of Robert. Jack, seeing his companion overpowered, let go his hold of me, to assist him. Finding myself at liberty, I fled from them as fast as I could, and crossed the fields until I reached the highway. I walked smartly forward, determined to proceed to London, and, when settled, to give my mother the reasons for not returning home. I overtook a decent looking woman, driving an ass. She noticed my disordered dress, and very kindly asked me what was the matter. I told her that I had run away from my master, who would have me comply with what was not proper. 'I approve of your discretion,' said she, 'and will interest myself in your behalf. If you want a place, follow me: I have a daughter in London, to whom I will recommend you; as she is in a good place, she may be serviceable to you. These are her clothes I am carrying to Newark, to meet with the London wagon. You may, if you will, take the same conveyance.'

I gladly accepted this offer. I was pleased with

the idea of residing near to where the earl generally lived. 'I am much obliged to you,' said I to her, 'for your kind offer, and accept of it very willingly.'—'Well,' said she, 'I will speak to the carrier; and if you cannot pay the fare, I will lay down the money, and you may repay it to my daughter when you are able.'

When my mother came to the castle, she had given me about fifteen shillings, to buy some little things which girls need. I had the money about me, and told the woman I had what would bear my charges.

We had walked about two miles, talking in this manner, when my guide proposed to take breakfast. I was overjoyed to hear of eating, being almost famished. She pulled some bacon and bread out of a wallet, and we seated ourselves under the shade of some willows, on the bank of a clear rivulet; while the ass readily stopped to graze. I enjoyed the meal very much.

While we refreshed ourselves, the good woman looked at me earnestly, and the tears trickled down apace. 'Alas! goody,' I cried, 'what is the matter? You seem troubled.'—'Ah!' said she, wiping her eyes, 'you put me so much in mind of my daughter Phillis, that's dead and gone! When about your age, she was very like you. Would to God she had been less handsome, for it was her beauty that brought her to the grave. Poor girl! she was no less amiable for her virtue. I will tell you her whole history as we go along.'

STORY OF PHILLIS NEWTON.

Breakfast being over, we went forwards. My new friend begun thus:—'Be attentive, Mary (for I had taken this name when I joined her) to my relation: it may be of advantage to you. Young women are often courted; and yet how few have proper discretion: for nothing can be an equivalent for their virtue. I mourn every day for the loss of Phillis; but I had much rather think her happy in heaven, than see her covered with infamy on earth. Where honour is the only thing a person can value herself upon, she cannot be too careful to secure it.'

‘In these sentiments I trained my daughter; and the good effect they produced, as she grew up, gave me great comfort. My husband was an excise officer, and after our marriage, was ordered to Bath. Here we lived happily during two years; when my husband, whose name was William Newton, died. I had been tenderly brought up, and now found myself cast destitute on the world, and pregnant of my third daughter. Necessity, however, roused me from my usual state of indolence. I collected my energies, felt confidence in myself, and entered into business as a confectioner. My industry was rewarded, and I was enabled to bring up my children decently. My poor Phillis was soon admired for her beauty, and a certain air of ease and elegance much above her rank. As she approached to womanhood, I seldom permitted her to attend to my shop: so many gay young gentlemen calling in and loitering about.

‘When Phillis was nineteen years of age, I began to perceive that she was consuming by some hidden grief, and had strong symptoms of decline. She was very dear to me, and her pining in this manner overwhelmed me with grief. As for myself, I thought I had no ways contributed towards it, being ready even to anticipate her wishes in every thing I knew was agreeable to her; and as her fondness for dress was no secret to me, I supplied her plentifully with means to indulge herself in it, so that few young women made a better appearance. But melancholy still prevailed. I often pressed her to tell me the cause; but she pretended to be ignorant of it herself, till at last she was so ill as to take to her bed, and I left the shop, that I might not be interrupted in attending upon her. Physicians were sent for; but they could not find out her distemper. In a word, my heart was ready to break when I saw her thus reduced.

‘One day, finding herself something better than usual, I pressed her so earnestly to acquaint me with the cause of her illness, that, fetching a deep sigh, she spoke in the following manner:—‘Your tenderness, dear mother, lays me under an obligation of satisfying you on this subject. It cannot be deferred any longer. I must shortly give an account of my whole life to the Almighty, and I should think it an addition to my guilt not to acknowledge to you my weakness. Can there be a greater than to fall in love with a man, and then inform him of it? The violence of my passion has brought me to this condition. Oh! mother, do not blush for me: the grave will expiate this involuntary offence.’

‘No, my dear child, no,’ said I to her, moved to com-

passion with the fear of losing her ; ' God will preserve you, and pardon your weakness. He will second your virtuous education. I will prevail upon heaven by my earnest prayers to restore you to me. Dear child ! I can never outlive thee.'—' Your sincere piety,' replied she, ' will enable you to bear our separation. For my sake, dear mother, dry up your tears : they pierce me to the heart.' ' She cried too, dear girl ! Ah ! Mary, how I was moved ! Methought the tears I shed on that occasion were the forerunners of those that would bewail her death. My daughter then said, ' You may remember, dear mother, the evening when a severe bleeding at the nose compelled you to retire up stairs ; and I took your place in the shop. Being alone, I took up a book to amuse myself. The passage I chanced to dip into affected me so much as to draw tears from my eyes ; it was the Sorrows of Werter. Fatal day ! Dangerous book for young persons leaving the mind susceptible of the softest impressions ! Just at that moment two young gentlemen came into the shop, one of whom was beauty itself. They called for some lemonade ; and the person I just now described behaved and spoke with such inimitable grace, as both charmed and troubled me at once. He perceived I had been crying ; and having informed himself of the cause, ' How amiable you appear,' said he to me, ' when to such enchanting beauty is added a tenderness capable of moving you thus at the misfortunes of others ! You weep then for Werter ? Happy man ! who would not envy him on this occasion ? Learn from hence, if any one should be so much enamoured with you as he was with Charlotte, not to make him wretched. The young gentleman's friend went out, promising to call upon him as soon as the affair was despatched.

' Thus was I left alone with the gentleman. I know not whether he expressed himself in a better manner than those who had hitherto made their addresses ; or that my heart, softened by the fatal passage I had just been reading, was in that situation in which the assaults of love find the least resistance. Whatever was the cause, it received the impression, even before he declared his passion, and could not disguise my feelings. His transport was so great, that he threw himself at my feet, kissed my hand, and gave many respectful marks of his love. I blush to think I could be so weak as to suffer it, and feel from thence an unworthy satisfaction. Ah ! mother, why did you leave me alone ?

' It grew late. The shop was still open. I was for taking leave of the young gentleman ; but the ingrate

seemed to be so troubled, that I was moved. One quarter of an hour I could not refuse: his life, he said, depended upon it. This unhappy complaisance, which every young woman ought to banish, he improved to his advantage, by giving fresh tokens of his love. His soft voice, his lively expression, his languishing eyes, infected my mind. 'Alas! you love me, sir,' said I to him, with great simplicity; 'and I cannot refrain from letting you know you are the first I ever suffered to address me thus. In all appearance, your condition is far superior to mine: what effect, then, can be expected from our mutual affection, or to what purpose will you have conquered my inclinations? Oh! leave me: I blame myself for having listened to you so long.'—'How!' replied he, with an air of melancholy, 'do you think me capable of abusing so much goodness? No, my charming Phillis, could my breast harbour so vile a thought, this hand, at the expense of my life, should avenge your cause. To you I vow an eternal constancy. Neither is my condition so much above yours as you seem to imagine. I am the son of Mr. Thornhill, a Bristol merchant, and have a fair prospect of making my fortune shortly; and such as it proves, I am ready to share it with you.' These sentiments gave me new courage: a young woman is never startled at love when founded on a principle of virtue and esteem; yet how delicate a point is it to listen to its suggestions! How frequently do villains abuse this honourable pretext to the ruin of young creatures!

"We parted with regret, and this first interview confirmed to him an eternal fidelity on my side. I went to bed full of what had passed, and composed myself to rest with a satisfaction and serenity of mind I had never before experienced. Pardon me, dear mother, for carrying on so privately this intrigue for six months. My lover gave me to understand, that as yet it was not convenient to disclose the secret to you, that his affairs were on the point of being concluded, and insisted on having the satisfaction of informing you himself. The reasons he gave for his conduct appeared so satisfactory, that I even contrived opportunities for his seeing me, and keeping the affair from your knowledge. I waited with great tranquillity for the happy moment in which so tender an amour was to be crowned with success. I relied entirely on his honour! Vain confidence! as if men were capable of any such thing!

"One night, about ten o'clock, Henry, my lover, came to me. 'My lovely Phillis,' said he, 'I am obliged to leave you; and my absence from you will certainly

bring me to the grave. Restore my heart to its usual tranquillity. Yes,' continued he, throwing himself at my feet, and bathing my hand with his tears, 'I am the most forlorn of mankind if you deny me the favour I am going to ask. The restraint I have laid on myself, and my respect for you, have made me undergo more than tongue can express for the last six months; and can you let me go without securing to me my only happiness?' 'I need not inform you,' replied I, affected at his distress, 'that I love you more than life: nevertheless, what do you ask?'—'Alas! Phillis,' replied he, 'my desires know no other measure than that of my love of you!'—'Of yourself,' replied I; 'the indulging your own appetites; without reflecting that it must be at the expense of all that is most dear to me in the world—my honour, my reputation, my peace.'—'What is it you mean?' cried he, lifting his eyes to heaven: 'to whom are all these dearer than to me? Do you know me, and yet use these expressions? No, Phillis, injure me not so cruelly as to think me capable of so black a crime. Your heart long since has declared itself in my behalf: that is security enough for the uprightness of my intentions. It is your consent to marry me I ask. To-morrow must make me yours, or, by all that is sacred, I am gone for ever.'

'I trembled to hear so solemn a protestation. How weak are we when entangled in love! I sighed: he urged his request, and at last gained my consent to marry him privately. The reasons he alleged were of great consequence; his ruin was inevitable, he said, should his master discover that he designed to marry, he having a private object in view that related to his own daughter. 'Let us, then, secure the main point,' said he, 'and I will work through the rest. If he should find out that we are married I shall, at least, be the better able to stand by you, and have a sufficient excuse for abandoning his service.'

'Do not you remember, dear mother, that I asked your leave to visit an old school-fellow about six miles off? It was under that pretext that I was to go to be married. Every thing was prepared, and we parted in that expectation. I had never loved him so much before, nor ever given him such convincing proofs. Heavens! that in one moment so fair a prospect should vanish, and the blackest of treasons come to light!

'As my lover went out of the shop, two young gentlemen, exceedingly well dressed, met him at the door. He was no sooner gone, than one said to the other, 'Was not that Colonel Brookes who passed us?'—'Yes,' answered the other; 'but do not speak so loud. He squeezed

me by the hand, which indicates there is some mystery carrying on : I suppose he makes love to Phillis here.' I no sooner heard this, than I stood close to the partition between the shop and the closet, the place we used to meet in. I could hear all that passed, and ordered the maid to serve them, bidding her say I was gone to bed if any one asked for me. I placed myself so conveniently as not to lose one word of their discourse.

'I should easily believe it,' said one of the gentlemen, in answer to something that had passed between them ; 'but Phillis is as discreet as beautiful, and I cannot think she has granted him the last favour.'—'So !' replied the other, 'are you weak enough to imagine he would accept her *No* ? Why, of twenty girls of her rank, are not nineteen caught in our nets ? Your over favourable opinion imposes upon you. I am surprised at it.'—'You may banter as you please,' answered the first : 'I will allow you to be right as to the generality of them ; but as to the girl we are speaking of, I know to a demonstration she is really modest. A person of rank offered her very considerably, and even proposed to settle a handsome annuity upon her ; but to no purpose'—'It may be,' replied the other ; 'but can you imagine she would refuse a person of rank who should propose marriage to her ? How can she avoid that snare ? And the colonel, in conducting an affair of this nature, sets so many engines to work, that he seldom fails of success.'

'Imagine, dear mother, my surprise and indignation ! 'Ah ! villain !' I cried out, not reflecting where I was.—'We are overheard,' said one of the gentlemen, 'and by Phillis herself.'—'I am very sorry for it,' replied the other ; 'we must prevail upon her not to speak of what she has heard.' Upon this they rushed into the closet, where they found me in tears.

'They used their utmost endeavours to comfort me ; but I was ashamed to look them in the face, as if what I had heard had made me guilty. They urged me very earnestly to inform them what terms I was upon with the colonel ; and as they appeared very much like gentlemen, in consideration of the invaluable service they had done, by giving me so much light into the affair, I related to them the whole of my adventure. They pretended, at least, to credit what I said. From them I learned that Henry Thornhill was, in reality, the notorious Colonel Sir Thomas Brookes. Before they left me, I was obliged to promise not to give them up as the authors of my information ; and I was as good as my word. When they retired, I threw myself into bed, in an agony not to be

expressed. I spent the night in contriving means of absenting myself from the place appointed. In vain did love plead for a perfidious man ; my resolution was never to see him more ; a dear bought victory ! The struggles I that night underwent were so violent as to throw me into a fit of sickness.

‘The day following, our maid, whom he had bribed, brought me a letter from the wretch ! I sent it back unopened ; and as I thought this a fresh attempt upon my honour, I ordered him to be told I would hear no more of him. A second letter came, and I behaved as I did with respect to the first. The villain, finding he lost his labour that way, sent me word by the maid, that he had things of the last consequence to impart, very much to my advantage ; and begged I would not condemn him unheard. I was so provoked at the servant’s insolence, having before reprimanded her severely on account of the letters, that I prevailed with you, under some other pretence, to turn her away, as you may remember.

‘A very few days after this, I was terribly surprised one morning when I awoke to find my perfidious lover kneeling at my bedside, and bathing one of my hands with his guilty tears. I snatched it away with too much confusion not to discover the ascendant he still had over my affections.

‘Well then, charming Phillis, you no longer love me ?’ said he with an air the most moving ; ‘you refuse to see or hear me ; you banish those who might inform you of my faithful ardour. What is my crime ? Is it the concealing my real name ? If so, I own myself to be Sir Thomas Brookes. I should not have denied it. What a misfortune to have a more exquisite taste than the generality of mankind ! This has torn from me all that was dear in the world. Who is to blame, Phillis or I ? Why did she not keep her word ? Why did she not come to the place appointed ? There she might have discovered whether it was the colonel, or his servant, that would have married her. Ah ! lovely Phillis, why did you deprive me of the uncommon pleasure of so agreeably undeceiving you, by presenting a husband worthy of so much merit ? I had proposed to be personally beloved, and not beholden for the mighty gift to rank or fortune. Such is my crime. I have done. Pronounce my doom. This justification I owed myself, and now have paid my debt. Placed as I am on the brink of destruction I will not survive the cruel misfortune of having been suspected.’

‘How weak are we when entangled with love ! His

words made an impression on me : they were plausible ; and my heart, through prepossession, pleaded in behalf of the traitor. But reason came to my assistance : I could not forget the discourse I had overheard : the speakers had no interest in the affair, being neither his enemies nor rivals. This last reflection carried it, and I would hear no more. The ingrate committed numberless extravagances : he offered to kill himself, and actually put me in apprehension for his life. As much an impostor as I thought him, I could not overcome my fears. Somebody very luckily entering my room, he retired, and convinced I was not to be deluded by his forgeries. never more annoyed me with his presence.

‘ ‘ When he was gone I blamed my too great severity. The specious pretence under which he veiled his wicked designs presented itself again :—‘ what a wretch am I if I have wronged him ! Perhaps he really loves me. Perhaps he tells the truth. Stay, charmer ; I will clear these frightful doubts.’ I thought of a thousand ways, to lay open this interesting mystery ; but, alas ! what I had heard proved but too true. I chanced shortly after, to meet with a case of his too successful villainy ; and she convinced me I had placed my affections on a monster. I often blushed to think of my narrow escape, but still loved him to excess, and suffered cruelly on that account.

‘ For so lately it was that an officer, in a handsome military undress, entered my chamber, while you were occupied below, and enquired if I was Miss Newton. I said, ‘ Yes.’ Then he exclaimed, ‘ I think, my dear, from your countenance, you deserve a better fate. My colonel and friend, Sir Thomas Brookes, is about being married to the only daughter of the Earl of Roscommon ; but the young lady demurs, in consequence of the information she has received of the colonel’s gallantries. Amongst other things, she has been told, that he has conversed with you as his wife, and that some kind of a private marriage has taken place between you. Notwithstanding the colonel’s most solemn protestations, she refuses to allow the preparations for marriage to proceed until convinced of his innocence. The colonel is in great consternation, but hopes that your goodness will promptly extricate him from this difficulty. Should you, however, refuse to him this kindness, I am instructed to say that he is prepared to punish your obstinacy in a—’ ‘ Go, go, sir,’ replied I, interrupting him, and provoked at such menaces ; ‘ tell him who has honoured you with such a notable commission, I scorn him too much to concern

myself with his new engagements. But I could not have imagined that, after having been guilty of so many impostures, he should crown the work with a shameful threatening message to a young person he has offered to marry. Saying this, I turned my back upon the gentleman, who went away much astonished at my haughty behaviour.

‘Vain haughtiness ! useless outside appearance ! A thousand times have I been torn to pieces with bitter regret, too plainly convincing me of the excess of my passion. My lover gone forever, and I am even sacrificed to a rival ; nay, insulted by his ungenerous menaces ! This it is, dear mother, which preys upon me, and has reduced me to such a woeful condition. What is the whole world to me ? The colonel is married, and all is over ?’ Her tears put an end to this melancholy relation. I tried to comfort and restore her to health ; but the illness increasing, about a month afterwards she spoke to me in the following manner :—

‘My hour approaches,’ said she, ‘and we must part : I have not long to live. Comfort yourself, my dear mother, and do not oppress me with your sorrow. Nature is too apt to shrink in this conflict : add not your tenderness to increase the struggle ; but, if you love me, refrain from giving me so many marks of it. They shake the steadiness which I now stand in need of more than ever. Have recourse to God, and beseech him in my behalf. In his mercy I place my trust. Above all, thank him for having preserved my chastity through so many dangers. What a comfort ! That treasure, at least, I shall carry to the next life. Leave me to myself during those precious moments he is pleased to allow me, that I may employ them wholly in the great affair of salvation. Receive this last kiss, and pardon the uneasiness I give you. Farewell, dear mother ; you move me too much.’ Saying this, she turned her head away, and would not be disturbed afterwards. She died as she had lived, that is, in such sentiments of piety as afforded me a singular consolation. After some time I submitted to Divine Providence. Alas ! it cost me dear, and does still every day of my life. Nor did our Christian neighbours at Bath by their charity and kindness alleviate my grief. A malicious report was circulated and believed, injurious to the memory of my dear Phillis. It was said that she had freely surrendered herself to her unprincipled lover, and that she had died in child-bed. These unkind blows filled me with grief and indignation, and determined me to leave a place where even the purest virtue afforded

no protection. I therefore sold all my goods, and returned to my native place in Nottinghamshire, where I and my youngest daughter gain our livelihood as dyers and clear-starchers.'

Phillis' mother wept bitterly, and I was much moved, and cried very heartily. The favourable opinion she had conceived of me was increased by seeing such marks of an affectionate heart. Reflections naturally succeeded, which confirmed me more and more in a steady adherence to virtue. I believe this relation was designed as a preservative against the dangers awaiting me in London.

We reached Newark just as the London waggon was ready to set off. Mrs. Newton agreed for my fare, and charged the waggoner to be very careful of me. We then embraced each other with reciprocal feelings of regard, promising a mutual correspondence in future.

As I rode, I had a thousand melancholy reflections. 'Oh!' said I to myself, 'what am I doing? What will become of me? What will my mother say? What! can I leave a mother, bewailing my absence at this very instant? No, no, I will go no further,' said I. 'I had better undergo the reproaches I so much dread, than expose myself again to those very dangers I have so happily escaped. Yes, dear mother, had I never left you, I should not now be involved in so many difficulties.'

I resolved to return to the village. I was going to bid the waggoner set me down, when I saw a man riding full speed after us. My mind misgave me; but how great was my surprise, when I could distinguish the face and uniform of Captain Lambe! Trembling with fear, I hid myself under the coverlet of the waggon, where I lay for some time quite motionless. At length, hearing no noise, and growing impatient, I ventured gently to lift the coverlet, and there was the captain, walking his horse after the waggon, and conversing with the driver, whom I had no doubt he was bribing to assist in his designs. I knew not what to do—my

ruin seemed inevitable. In a few minutes, I saw another gentleman galloping along the road ; but, on his approach, to my utter dismay he called out to the captain, 'The bird's flown, and I cannot trace its flight.' The villain Lambe significantly pointed to the waggon. He then said, in an undertone, 'We have her now—but she suspects something—see how she hides herself.'

'In the midst of my agonizing feelings, the thought struck me, 'Surely God will never forsake the innocent ;' and I felt more confident and collected. The waggon now drove along a bad part of the road, overshadowed with trees. 'This,' thought I, 'is a fit place for perpetrating deeds of darkness,' and my fears returned with redoubled violence. The narrow road and deep ruts had, however, compelled the two vultures that were hovering over me to strike into a by-path, which at a short distance rejoined the high road. I eagerly seized the opportunity to rise up, and to look around for some way of escape ; when, with a sudden impulse, I caught the overhanging branch of a tree, and allowed the waggon to drive from under me. By a vigorous spring I secured a foot-hold, and climbed up into the thickest part of the tree, where I sat pretty well secured from observation. I soon saw the horsemen rejoin the waggon, and the driver retired to a short distance. One of the gentlemen dismounted, got upon the waggon, and lifted the coverlet. He remounted his horse, and, speaking to his companion, they rode off in different directions. I returned thanks for my deliverance.

In about two hours, I unexpectedly heard a voice below me say, 'Tis of no use to search at such a distance. Here we lost her, and she must still be hid somewhere hereabouts. Look you through this wood, and I'll go to yon rising ground, where I can see its outskirts. We'll have her, my boy.' I was thankful for this information, as I had nearly ventured down, when I should have fallen into their clutches.

Night now approached. My strength and patience were nearly exhausted, and my heart began to sink within me. I tearfully mourned the cruelty of my situation ; when a chariot, accompanied by two horsemen, appeared, and in which I perceived a lady and a little girl. My resolution was now taken ; but, in my haste to descend, my gown got entangled amongst the branches, and, losing my footing, I was left dangling in the air. My screams brought the two horsemen to my assistance, and I was presently disengaged. ‘Good God !’ said one of them, ‘you must be very fond of bird-nesting, pretty maid, to expose yourself to such dangers.’ But I made no reply—no time was to be lost, for I saw my pursuer galloping down the hill ; while the chariot, which my screams had stopped, was about to proceed. I ran forwards, exclaiming, in extreme agony, ‘Save me, madam—for God’s sake, save me—a villain offers me violence !’ and I dropped on my knees before the carriage door. The lady looked upon my youthful, and agitated countenance, with surprise and compassion. ‘Poor child !’ said she, ‘help her in ; it were a pity any mischief should befall her.’ In a moment the chariot drove on. My protectress asked me the cause of my alarm, when I told her of the persecutions I suffered from Captain Lambe. ‘This, indeed,’ said she, ‘is wickedness, and a defiance of law. But you are safe here. None of the Lambe family dare disturb you while under my protection.’ Soon the captain drew up by the side of the carriage. I screamed ; when the lady, raising her voice, said, ‘This is bravely done, noble captain. Well, I shall have despatches now for Dresden, and my congratulations for the viscountess for such a hopeful heir.’ The captain reddened—bit his lip—and rode away without making any reply. ‘Well, child,’ said the lady, ‘make yourself easy. That valiant hero, who disgraces his country’s uniform, will disturb us no more.’

I blessed God for this happy change in my con-

dition. My kind friend, I found, was the lady of Sir William Beckford, a merchant and banker in London, of the highest eminence. She was returning with her daughter from a visit to Thoresby Park. She was about forty years of age, very handsome, and the sweetness of her temper was most admirable. I strove to render myself agreeable ; and I gained her affections.

The first night we slept at an inn in Grantham, and next morning went to Cambridge, where we dined at the house of an amiable young lady, who had just married a barrister, then absent on a visit to the Hardwicke family, to which he was related. The following day we reached the metropolis, and were set down at the elegant house of Sir William Beckford. The number of the servants, and the magnificence of the furniture, proclaimed the opulence of its owner. Sir William was over fifty years of age, was very plain in his dress, and unassuming in his manner.

The day after our arrival, Lady Beckford wrote concerning me to the viscountess. Confident in the uprightness and innocence of my conduct, I awaited the issue with calmness. The daughter of my benefactress was an only child, and became much attached to me. Though only twelve years of age, she was very accomplished, and was constantly attended by the best masters, who instructed her in French, music, drawing, dancing, &c. When the good lady observed the intense interest I took in her daughter's lessons, she requested the masters to give me instructions also. Having naturally a sweet-toned voice, the singing-master paid me great attention ; and the whole complimented me on the rapid progress I made. I had now got rid of my fears, and at the same time forgot my resolution to expel the earl from my thoughts. Whenever I executed a task well, I immediately said to myself, 'How pleased his lordship will be when he observes the wonderful improvements I have made !'

One morning, whilst I was studying, a footman came and told me that I was wanted by her ladyship. On entering the room, she said, 'Sit down, Rosina ; I have received some letters concerning you.' I listened with fear and trembling. 'This,' said she, 'is from your god-mother, the viscountess. She speaks well of you ; but she informs me of some things which it is better you neither hear nor know of.' 'The other,' she proceeded, 'is from her daughter. She gives you a very equivocal character. She affirms that you are vain, deceitful, and malicious. By much cunning, she says you gained the affection of the Earl of Lemington, whom her brother, the honourable captain, detected in carrying you off from his mother's castle ; and that this insult to the viscountess, and base return for her hospitality, so enraged him, that he punished the earl on the spot. The Earl of Glenford, the wounded young nobleman's uncle, is enraged at your vile, seductive arts, by which the life of his heir has been endangered.'

I burst into tears. 'These tears,' said Lady Beckford, 'convince me that one part of this letter is true. The prejudice and hatred with which the second part is dictated renders it unworthy of credit. I know not why this young lady has conceived such an antipathy against you, for you appear to be kind, open, and sweet-tempered.' At these words I shed a torrent of tears. 'Compose yourself,' said she, 'I did not send for you to give you uneasiness. Behave yourself discreetly, and I'll take care of you.' It appears that you have been writing to your mother ; and yesterday I had a letter, wherein your father and mother express a wish that you should return home. But you may go or stay.'—'Ah ! madam,' said I, much as I love them——' 'Well, well,' said this amiable lady, 'I see you have some reasons for not complying with their requests. Make yourself easy ; you shall stay here while you are happy.'

I retired, overwhelmed with so much goodness,

and was proceeding to my own apartment, when Sir William met me. 'What is the matter, my pretty girl?' said he; 'has any one been taking you to task? I shall be angry with Lady Beckford; for, except her, nobody here dares to use you ill. But be comforted; I have been thinking of making your fortune.'—'I am much obliged to you, sir,' answered I; 'your lady's kindness demands a greater return than I can make. I never experienced so much goodness.'—'Pshaw! I cannot believe that,' said he; you would scarce cry for nothing. Some other time I shall enquire further into this matter. Adieu. Saying this, he squeezed my hand, and went to his lady.

I perceived that Sir William had conceived a fondness for me. This alarmed me much. I had contracted a large debt of gratitude to his excellent lady, I felt comfortable and happy under her protection, and I trembled at the desperate acts which I perceived men would commit in order to indulge their appetites.

I longed to know what had happened to the earl; and as this temptation continually haunted me, I was often induced to examine the outside of the drawer in which it was locked up; but all my attempts to open it, proved unavailing. The Sunday following, I completed my design whilst the lady was at church; for having overstaid the time, she forgot her keys in the hurry. Opening the drawer, I found the letters, which I read very hastily.

The first was that from the honourable Miss Lambe. I ran it over very slightly. That of the viscountess was of greater consequence; I read it several times. She spoke of me in very favourable terms, but had a suspicion of a clandestine understanding between the earl and me. She said her son had wounded him dangerously with a pistol bullet; that several reports had been spread concerning the affair; but that she had unravelled the whole, by means of an old servant, whom she had

entrusted with the care of my education ; that his lordship's distress at not knowing what had become of me plainly discovered the violence of his passion ; that she was under an indispensable obligation of cautioning his lordship's uncle, her particular friend, to provide, in case his nephew should recover, against the consequences of such an amour. The letter concluded with advising my being sent back to my parents ; that my charms might in time occasion much mischief ; and that, if she thought of keeping me with her, it would be absolutely necessary to prevent my ever seeing the earl.

I folded up the letters, and carried them back in a great hurry. Sir William coming in, just as I was leaving his lady's apartment.

'Oh ! you are here, are you ?' said he. 'Well, pretty Rosina, is there any thing troubles you now ?' That air of assurance some women are fond of, is not always a charm ; and I have heard gentlemen acknowledge, that however fond they may be of the sex, they are easier subdued by a modest carriage, than forward free behaviour. Sir William Beckford was then an instance of this remark, by extolling me beyond bounds. 'But,' said he, 'you make me no answer. Do you stand in awe of me ? I am more your friend than you imagine ; for it is owing to me that Lady Beckford shows you so great a regard.' Soon after I came thither, I had a satin gown given me. The lady's women were very fond of me ; they taught me how to behave, and their instructions were not lost. 'What say you, Rosina ? Shall I reckon you in the number of my friends ?'—'I could not wish for anything better, sir,' I replied, without knowing the extent of that word.—'Ay, now you speak ; you are love it-self. Upon this condition, you shall be as happy as a queen. Adieu ! I fear Lady Beckford is coming. As she is apt to be jealous, this would be sufficient to make her run mad.'

This language overwhelmed me with confusion—I stood like a statue—I felt like a guilty criminal.

Just then Lady Beckford entered. 'What has happened here?' said she. 'Sir William went from hence but now; what has he been saying to you? Methinks you are thoughtful; there is something more than ordinary in it. Come, tell me what has passed. My husband is amorous; I will lay a wager he is in love with you.'—'With me, madam!' replied I. 'Do not tell me any lies,' said she; 'I am not angry with you; but if you conceal anything, we shall be no longer friends.' I replied, 'It is true Sir William has said some obliging things to me; but it was only in consequence of the favours for which I am beholden to you.'—'Mighty well,' cried the lady, 'that is to say, he will love you for my sake. Tell me what he said.'

Upon this, I repeated his whole discourse. The more I hesitated, the more her curiosity was raised. 'Well, and what answer did you make?' said she. I repeated my words. 'And what did he say to that?' continued she.—'Ah! madam, what very much surprised me,' answered I, 'and convinced me I did not rightly understand the expression he had used.' I related the rest of his discourse, and she mused upon it a little.

'Your tender years plead a pardon for your answer,' said she; 'but do you know to what you have obliged yourself? By virtue of what you said, my husband will secure your person; you are his; and, in that case, honour, reputation, and all is gone.'—'God forbid!' cried I, alarmed at what I heard, 'my heart would break to think I had given the least cause for any such thing.'—'I believe it,' replied the lady, 'and you have done very well in giving me this detail; otherwise you might have been fatally engaged, without suspecting any ill till it had been too late to prevent it.'

The observations of my benefactress made a deep impression on my mind. I resolved to trust to so good and skilful a guide. I now condemned myself as a vile, unprincipled person, for reading letters that did not belong to me. I resolved, as some

atonement for my offence, to throw myself upon my knees—to confess my crime—and to pray for forgiveness ; but shame and fear restrained me. These feelings appeared in my troubled countenance, which Lady Beckford attributed to my confusion for having conversed so unguardedly with her husband.

About a month after this, one of the lady's women, whom I much esteemed, came to my chamber. 'What, in bed still, lazy one!' said she: 'come, rise and dress yourself. I am going out, and you must go with me.—' With all my heart,' answered I, getting up; 'if you had given me the least notice over night, I should have been ready before this.'

This servant was about sixty years of age, forty of which she had passed in the family, and was much respected. I made my court to her from the beginning, for she had great authority in the house, and that nothing was transacted without her approbation. I had the greater reason to be fond of her, having one day overheard her speak much in my behalf to her lady.

We went in a hackney-coach to a silk mercer's in Bond street. She consulted me upon some damask. I gave my opinion of what I liked, and she fixed upon the piece I had fancied. She called for some robes fit for autumn and spring; I was consulted, and expressed my mind as before. She bought three dresses, and a morning-gown. Then we drove to a sempstress, where she bought a dozen fine laced shifts, and a dozen plain ones, with other linen. From thence we went to Cranbourne Alley; and here she bought head-dresses, tippets, ribbons, and other like attire. We went to other shops for stockings, gloves, &c. At last we alighted at King's street, St. James', and were conducted to an apartment nobly furnished. The old servant I mentioned brought table-linen; and a footman, who by the livery I knew belonged to Sir William Beckford, came in, laid the cloth and then

retired. I believed I was with a person of some consideration, and looked upon her as a second mistress.

My directress opened out our purchases, and, taking one of the dress-robcs, said, 'Come, let us see how this will fit you.' I put off my gown, and tried it on. It fitted admirably; and, on looking into the glass, I thought I looked attractive. My old companion perceived my vanity, and said, 'You are not mistaken, Rosina, for you are not only handsome, you are really lovely. Now let me have the pleasure of dressing your head according to my fancy.' She fell to curling my hair, and then put me on one of the fine head-dresses. We have now only to adorn these pretty ears a little better. Upon this, she pulled out her purse, which was none of the lightest, from whence she took a paper containing a pair of brilliant ear-rings. 'What do you think of them?'—'Very fine,' said I.—'Well, then, let us see if they become you as well as the rest.' I viewed myself: the alteration was so great, that through surprise I was not able to speak. And, indeed, Rosina was no more: a well-made young lady, killingly handsome, had taken her place; the red gave new lustre to my eyes; and I thought myself transcendentally charming.

Just then a dress-maker came in. 'Come, Miss,' said my directress, 'put off that robe for a little, that your measure may be taken. You must have some fashionable dresses. Mrs. Andrews is, I think, the cleverest hand in London for setting off a fine shape.' These expressions in a moment opened my eyes. I instantly saw clearly into the whole affair. This old demure-looking domestic was evidently a wicked woman, the betrayer of innocence, and a base traitor to her own mistress, for whom I thought all this finery had been intended. 'O heavens!' said I to myself, 'am I never to be secured from the arts of the vile and unprincipled?'

In a short time the dress-maker was employed in taking my measure. I stole a look at her face. I

liked it much. Honour and honesty seemed to be combined with sorrow and compassion. This was some relief ; but then how could she save me from the threatened mischief ? A thought struck me, and I expressed a desire to be left alone. My wicked directress laughed, and said there was none present with whom I might not make free. But I appeared so ashamed, that she cried out, ' Let her have her own way ; she is a mere child, and every trifle startles her : in a little time she will know better.' When they had left the room, I snatched up a scrap of paper, and with my pencil wrote the following note :—

' Dear madam,—Rosina is undone, unless you snatch her from the precipice on whose brink she stands. The bearer will tell you where I am.'

This I directed to ' Lady Beckford, Grosvenor Square.' I determined to give it open to Mrs. Andrews, the dress-maker. I was confident she was a virtuous woman, for she had often sighed when she looked at me. Whilst she was folding up the things, I approached her under some pretence, and, slipping the note into the parcel, said, in an emphatic whisper, ' God will reward you.'

Scarcely had these words escaped my lips, when Sir William Beckford entered. I was thunder-struck at his appearance, and looked like death itself. ' What a charming creature !' cried he, not observing my perplexity : ' I was not mistaken ; is there any thing can surpass this ?' He approached and viewed me on all sides (the others had left the room.) ' Well, my charmer, you are not displeased with your condition I hope ? Is not the master's service as good as the mistress's ? But all this is nothing in comparison of what has to come. The first moment I saw you, I pronounced you happy. Come, my pretty creature, why will you not talk with me ? You are melancholy : what is the matter ? Do you fancy any thing ? Some jewel ? perhaps a ring ? accept of this ; it is yours.'

Saying this, he took a fine diamond from his finger, and presented it; but I thrust it aside. 'Let me alone, sir,' said I; 'keep your presents to yourself; they are infectious. Little did I expect such favours, and much less an adventure of this sort. God knows my heart, I never intended to give you the least encouragement.'—'How!' cried he, gravely; 'I have misunderstood you certainly; or what is it you mean? When I offered to provide for you, did not you give your consent?'—'Not in the least, sir,' answered I; 'I am unacquainted with your manner of expressing things, and we did not understand one another.'—'Why, what did you understand then?' said he, interrupting me.—'That you make an offer of your friendship,' replied I.—'But nevertheless,' continued he, 'you have brought yourself into——' 'Ah! not at all, sir,' answered I, in tears; 'you are too much of a gentleman to use violence.'—'How!' said he, interrupting me very calmly, 'you do not know me surely. I love you too well to give you the least uneasiness; and nothing shall be enacted that is incompatible with your tranquillity. Dry up your tears, my lovely Rosina; reign sole mistress of yourself and me; nobody shall control you; independent of all about you, their only study shall be to obey your orders. The return you may hereafter think fit to make for all this, lies entirely in your own breast. This apartment is yours, and whatever else you can fancy shall be provided without delay.'

All this was so far from allaying my apprehensions, that it only served to increase them. 'How unhappy am I,' cried I, 'that you should entertain so ill an opinion of me! Better far to be in my grave than to accept of such presents.' Good God! what obligations must I lie under!—'None at all,' replied he: 'I will not influence your affections; dispose of them as you shall judge proper. The liberty of seeing you from time to time, and obliging you in every thing, is all I ask; a sufficient re-

compence for the greatest services I am able to perform. No, Rosina, I give you my word, I look for no return. Your niceness in this affair, far from giving the least disgust, charms me infinitely, and raises my esteem to an equal pitch with my love; and whatsoever my passion may be, you shall never have any reason to complain.

The candour and kindness with which Sir William expressed himself carried conviction to my mind. When experience is wanted, appearances will always be trusted. I therefore felt confident of his virtue and honour. I even blamed myself for having suspected so good a man; nor was I in this instance mistaken, for, from that moment, the conduct of Sir William proved that he was capable of putting in practice the generous maxims he had laid down. As I was alone, I consulted the glass upon those beauties I had heard so often extolled; I examined my several features, and applauded my own charms! the stuffs were rich. 'Were I in such clothes,' said I to myself, 'and seen by the earl, I might not for the future, perhaps, be so long without hearing from him. But where is the harm,' continued I, 'in accepting of these fine things? I am not obliged to make any return.' But then I reflected that I must now be in some improper place; that even if Lady Beckford did not receive my note, yet I was bound in honour and gratitude to return; and that it would be mean to live at the expense of a gentleman to whom I could never think of making the return he expected. At last, I put off all the finery in which I had been decked.

The old waiting-woman now returned. 'How now, pretty Rose,' said she; 'you have let my master go away. He seemed much disturbed. Sure you would not say any thing disagreeable to him.'—'No,' answered I; 'though at first I thought he seemed to drive at something improper.'—'He!' cried the waiting-woman, 'alack! you know little of him: a very moderate compliance will purchase presents without end from him. Go, he deserves

you should be a little more complaisant. Few women in London would scruple to —' 'Very fine! very fine indeed!' cried Lady Beckford, who at that moment had entered the room; 'a pious exhortation truly to a young girl! Wicked wretch, I am glad I know thee. Heavens! who would have thought that I should be so long imposed upon by thy hypocrisy! Begone, vile dissembler; begone this instant. See my face no more; for, depend upon it, if ever thou again enterest into my presence, thou shalt feel the effects of an injured woman's indignation. Good God!' continued she, throwing herself exhausted into an easy chair, 'that ever I should employ such a creature!' But the wretch did not stay to hear all this out, the first apostrophe being sufficient to pack her off.

The lady, recovering herself, and looking on me with great kindness, 'Your discretion I shall never forget,' said she; 'the note you sent was brought in great haste by the honest creature, who took a coach and drove to my house instantly. Do not fear Sir William. Occasionally he has betrayed weakness by improper connexions; but such errors have always been soon abandoned, for he has too much honour to persevere in vice. Your modest behaviour must have made a deep impression upon his mind; and, having ascertained your real character, he will be the first man to encourage you for having done your duty. It is that wicked woman that has prompted my husband to this conduct. Looking on the table at the things provided for me, 'Poor child!' she said, beholding my head-dress and paint; 'seducing allurements, so often fatal to youth!' This detail shamed me very much; I snatched up a napkin, and demolished my patches and paint. 'Embrace me, my dear Rosina,' said the good lady; 'I am charmed with your virtuous indignation; now you are fit to appear. We must order up the master or mistress of the house: I would fain know in whose name these lodgings have been taken.'

The mistress of the house said that Sir William hired the lodgings and furnished them; that she did not know my name, but the gentleman had assured her I was a married woman, and come to London in order to sue for a separate maintenance, my husband squandering away his effects in continued debaucheries; and that he had received great recommendation in my behalf, being related to the best families in Lincolnshire. 'The story is well contrived,' replied the lady; 'but I can assure you that it is all a fiction. Adieu,' continued she; 'another time be more circumspect who you take into your house.' Saying this, she locked up every thing, we got into the coach, and returned home.

A few minutes after our arrival, a note was received from Sir William's cashier, stating that his master had been obliged to go into the country on business. It turned out that the old domestic, when detected by her ladyship, had hastened to inform Sir William, at his office in Gracechurch Street.

As soon as Sir William arrived at his seat, he wrote to beg pardon of his Lady for what was past, assuring her she should have no reason to complain of his future conduct; and, as a proof of his sincerity, he was willing I should be sent home. The lady read me his letter, and her answer to it. She told him he was to blame; that perhaps it is impossible at all times to command the inclinations, and if his always ended so innocently, it would be very well; that she herself had a particular regard for me; and that she had no thoughts of sending me away, being very secure in my discretion. The letter concluded with assurances of the tenderest affection. Did every wife behave in this manner, as often as the nuptial state lies under a cloud, divorces would not be much in vogue.

Lady Beckford was so fond of me as to make no distinction between her daughter and me. Under the masters who attended her, I had sung with so much judgment as to gain the applause of all visi-

tors. Miss Beckford also, far from resembling the Honourable Miss Lambe, loved me very tenderly, and was never easy in my absence. Sir William's love-fit was mellowed into a paternal affection of which he soon gave me very convincing proofs.

Several of the gentlemen that visited at Sir William's paid me much attention; but the most importunate was Adam Fleming, Esq., a stock-broker. When a youth, he had left Scotland very poor; but by frugality and skilful management, he had become immensely rich. Such was his penetration and knowledge of the funds, that his opinion, or his buying or selling freely, always affected the market at the Stock Exchange, and much deference was paid to his opinion.

But though I saw that Mr. Fleming was the constant object of respect, yet I could not help thinking that he was very disagreeable. Yet being the friend of Sir William, and apparently sincere in his endeavours to please me, some regard was certainly his due. Lady Beckford once said that she would feel herself happy could she form a match between us. I was in hopes that my mean birth would prove a sufficient obstacle. But Mr. Fleming came from nothing himself, and he looked upon extraction as no more than a lucky hit, and consequently did not feed upon such illustrious chimeras.

His person was not prepossessing; on the other hand, it was forbidding, his leaning form, and his facial appearance, very unattractive. His mouth was very large, and the upper lip projected over, and completely hid the under one from observation; but when he laughed, his prodigious odd tusks gave him a most carnivorous appearance. His forehead was sloping rather monkeyfied. He was round-shouldered; his feet displeased me most. They were enormously large; his heels projected a good way behind, and his toes seemed to lie quite parallel in a straight line.

This gallant loved me as much as he could. Every day, when business was finished, he visited

me ; and being highly esteemed by both Sir William and his lady, I dared not to affront him. But I extracted much amusement from his droll figure and humorous conversation ; for I still thought such a being could not be capable of love like other men.

One day, he entered while I was sitting alone at work. He appeared more awkward than I had ever before observed him. He walked to the fire, handled the ornaments on the mantel-piece, and then, turning suddenly around, he said very abruptly, ‘ Lay by that useless task ; will you never be tired with embroidering ? ’ — ‘ Why so ? ’ answered I. — ‘ Ah ! ah ! ’ continued he, ‘ I have something very important to say to you.’

‘ Do you know that for these eight months, six days, and four hours, I have been in love with you ? You laugh, but this is not a trifle to be jested with. The deuce ! a Fleming in love ! why there never was such a thing known in our family before. Till now I never looked at a woman but through the wrong end of the perspective ; the miracle was reserved for you ! Before I knew you, I had not time to eat, or sleep, being so taken up with business ; at present, I eat, sleep, and now and then spend a penny ; wonderful effects of my passion !

Mr. Fleming embellished his declaration with all the oratory peculiar to a stock-broker. What I remember is, that he compared me to a large sum, the procuring of which was to be his concern ; and he concluded with saying that he foresaw the price would be enhanced upon him, through the number of bidders ; but that he was resolved to carry his point at the sale. Sir William argued very strongly in favour of the match, and his lady was bent upon it.

I was no sooner apprised that the affair was in a manner concluded upon, than I yielded to fear. I called to mind all that ever the earl had said and vowed to me. ‘ Heavens ! ’ cried I to myself, ‘ is it

possible he should forget it at all? and in so long a time, never once to let me hear from him! And yet how much did I confide in it! False deceitful men! A torrent of tears succeeded.

One morning, while I was overwhelmed with such reflections Biddy came dancing into my room, crying, 'What will you give me for my good news?' I had wiped my eyes on hearing her come; but she saw the marks. 'What ails you?' said she, 'you have been crying; something troubles you which is kept secret from me. At present let me tell you, your mother is in the house, and is now coming up stairs.'

This news surprised and overjoyed me. What an endearing comfort to see a mother after so long an absence! I ran to throw myself into her arms, and she embraced me with great affection. What a happiness! My sister accompanied her. By turns I gave them the most ardent marks of the transports I felt, and then conducted them to my chamber. Our discourse at first was desultory. By degrees I became acquainted with our family affairs. My father was in good health, and on his way hither. Robert Danby had married my sister out of pure spite. I was pleased at this news for my sister's sake; the young fellow had a good disposition, and could make her easy in her circumstances.

The steward, hearing my relatives were come, sent breakfast into my chamber; and I exerted myself in doing the honours of the house, finding great satisfaction in it. My sister stared at me with astonishment. 'Look, mother,' said she, 'she is no longer our Rose: this is a fine Lady. How she is dressed! what linen!' I had on a morning-gown, nothing extraordinary, yet was much pleased with being taken notice of.

'Do you know, Rosina,' said my mother, after breakfast, 'what has brought me hither?—To see you married.' That word made me turn pale. To whom? I could think of nobody but Mr. Fleming.

My mother saw my uneasiness. 'Is it joy or grief that moves you thus?' said she; 'You cannot sure have so far forgotten the education I gave you as to set your heart rashly upon any one?'—'No, dear mother,' answered I; 'only I did not expect any such tidings.'

'You are very happy, after all that has passed, to have fallen into this lady's hands. She has left nothing unsaid to your godmother in your praise; but her last letter has crowned the work. The Viscountess Neville sent for me, and ordered me hither in all haste, telling me that Lady Beckford had provided a husband for you, who would heap wealth and honour upon the family.' Just as my mother had done speaking, a footman came to let her know that his lady must speak with her. She went immediately.

My sister now told me how the family did at the castle. 'The viscountess,' said she, 'is much the same; she comes soon to London with her daughter, who has been courted for some time by Mr. O'Connor. The captain has been rarely seen since that affair. It has made much noise, and is variously related. Oh, how pleased was I to hear you were so well placed! You acted in the discreetest manner possible not to return with Robert. To this hour, scarce four words are spoken in which your name is not mentioned.'

'Dear sister,' said I, 'tell me on what grounds I am censured, and then I will satisfy you how far they are just.'—'You cannot be ignorant,' replied she, 'what one must expect in such little places. Every trifle is magnified into an affair of consequence. The report is that the earl, Miss Moore, and you, laid a design for your being carried off. They add that Captain Lambe, being in love with you, guided by jealousy, discovered the plot. You are blamed for being the cause of the duel your two admirers fought, by giving them both encouragement at the same time. But these surmises, through my mother's discretion, soon lost ground.'

The inquisitive were put on a wrong scent. Robert told folks how vainly he had tried to bring you home, that your head was turned, by listening to the nonsensical discourse of the fine gentlemen; that, nevertheless, he had compassed his design, if the earl's cursed valet had not interposed. He was so enraged that he talked more against you than any one, and said he did not doubt but the earl had you in some house in the neighbourhood.

'The same day that Robert came home, the captain arrived. When he was informed of what had passed, he called upon Robert. We saw him go away foaming like a madman, swearing he would take up Robert's quarrel, and teach Villars to abuse his tenants. The earl sent constantly twice a week to know if you had been found. As soon as he was able to go abroad, the captain disappeared, which caused much talk. For some time it has not been known what has become of him. Yet you are still beloved by every one except the Honourable Miss Lambe. As soon as she heard where you were, she told several that you are a sly baggage, and are not at London for nothing as she has good reason to suspect.'

'Good God!' cried I, 'what have I done to deserve her hatred in this manner?'—'We know well enough,' continued my sister: 'She is secretly in love with the earl herself; and he is quite indifferent on his side, having no great opinion of her beauty. She has discovered that it is owing to you —' 'To me! she is much in the wrong,' replied I, overjoyed to put my sister on the subject; 'I never could perceive there was any ground to think the Earl of Lemington so fond of me as people imagine. From the time I left the castle, I have not so much as heard him mentioned.'—'Had he been so indifferent,' replied my sister, 'he would not have sent so often to inquire after you. But he lost his labour, for the viscountess expressly charged us not to give him any account of you. Whether he was acquainted with this order, I can-

not say ; but we have heard nothing of him lately.'

This account revived my tender sentiments for the earl. A deep sigh forced its way. 'Ah ! Rosina, I see you are in love with the earl,' said my sister : 'I cannot blame you ; his merit deserves no less. But have a care how you indulge your passion ; the settlement now proposed will be in danger of miscarrying. You cannot but see the inequality between the earl and yourself. On the other hand, you are about being married advantageously, unless your indiscretion in favour of your young admirer overturns the whole affair.'— 'I thank you,' replied I, 'for this good advice ; I shall endeavour to put it in practice, and make a sacrifice of myself.' This was followed by a torrent of tears. 'Here,' said she ; I cannot bear to see you in trouble. I deferred telling you I had a letter to give you. Miss Moore put it into my hand the night before we came from home ; she is still fond of you, and, if I am not much mistaken, has sent very acceptable tidings. Villars often sees her, as I have discovered, though it is very privately.

I opened the letter with great precipitation. The address was in a woman's hand ; but, oh ! the agreeable surprise, when I discovered the earl's writing.

'Where are you, my charming Rosina ? Will this mark of my tender love and fidelity ever come to your hands ? Oh ! what anguish do I suffer from the cruel uncertainty of your situation ? Death itself cannot be compared with it. What has befallen you ? Where are you ? I would have gone to the farthest corner of the earth, on the least prospect of finding you ; but something tells me I am not far from you. Still I live in hopes of a favourable hour ; it must not be long in coming ; my patience is at an end. I conjure you by all that is dear, if this comes safe, to let me hear from you. Nothing else can possibly save a life long since devoted to you alone.

'LEMINGTON.'

I had only just time to read the letter when my sister, who stood upon the watch, came

running to tell me she heard somebody on the stairs. I was sent for by Lady Beckford, and went with a heavy heart.

‘I am overjoyed, Rosina,’ said the lady, ‘that I have it in my power to make you amends for what, through your virtue, you declined. The proof you then gave me of your discretion is not forgotten; and, from that time, Sir William and I were determined on making your fortune. Knowing the shyness and inexperience of youth, we have ventured to save you from all the embarrassments and difficulties of arranging the match; and we sent for your parents to rejoice with you on the occasion. Mr. Fleming having declared his passion for you, which he says was received with proper respect and modesty, we lost no time in the matter. Whatever his appearance may be, he has a good heart; and I can assure you, he is only just turned of fifty years of age. His riches are very great, and he has agreed to give you a jointure of forty-five thousand pounds, which is more than I myself have, and to spend something handsome on your parents.

‘You make me no answer, Rosina. That blush is a mark of your modesty.’—‘Very true,’ said my mother; ‘but that ought not to hinder her from throwing herself at your feet, madam, and thanking you for all your favours.’ I did so immediately, kissing her hand. ‘Rise, my dear,’ said she; ‘I look upon you as my own, and will be at the expense of the wedding, at our country seat. My husband is there already; his present consists in some things you have seen before. Georgiana (her daughter), to whom you are very dear, insists upon your accepting of her pearl necklace.’

The day following, my father came. Such an alteration in his daughter was a great surprise to him; my sister told me he cried for joy. The Tuesday following, or in three days, was appointed for the wedding. It was not possible for me to prevent it. It was a marriage that gratified the ambition and completed the happiness of our fa-

mily. I heard nothing else talked of. It was only at night that I could vent my sighs and bewail my condition.

The fatal hour approached. On the day before, Mr. Fleming sent me jewels to the value of two thousand pounds. Then we repaired to Sir William's seat near Uxbridge, where our nuptials were to be celebrated. Next day, I was decked out in all my finery, like a victim about to be led to the sacrifice. All was gaiety around me, while my heart was ready to burst. My dejected appearance was attributed to the fear usual with young women on the approach of marriage. Alas! my thoughts were far otherwise employed.

Two days before this, love prompted me to acquaint the earl. I knew how to direct to him; the thing was feasible. 'If he really loves me,' thought I, 'and has honourable designs, it would not be difficult for him to break off this fatal match. On the other hand, decency disclaimed such conduct as too forward to become a young woman well educated; it was running after a husband. No sooner did I resolve one way, than immediately I found myself inclined to the other.'

This state of tormenting uncertainty continued unabated. I could neither eat nor sleep. I regretted that Lady Beckford and her husband had been so kind. I wished to be free, and to snap the fetters I then wore; but all their actions had been dictated by kindness. I wished for death. At length I was led to the altar; there a kind of mist covered my eyes—I felt as if I would expire gently—Fleming had pronounced the fatal words '*I will*,' when a voice from the church-door startled us with the cry, '*Hold! hold!*' The curate was at a stand, when a tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired woman made her way through the crowd, and making a curtsy to the curate, in a broad Scottish accent desired to speak with him. He took her into the vestry, with Mr. Fleming and Lady Beckford.

The eyes of the crowd were fixed upon me.

Some said it was a pity such an ugly old miser should get such a fine lass. A country esquire, who stood behind me, exclaimed, 'The girl, although she has not a farthing, shall not go out of the church unmarried, if she will but allow me to get a license.' Sir William gave the young spark a forbidding look.

At length, we were called into the vestry, and the door was shut. 'Your wedding is put off for the present, my dear Rosina,' said Lady Beckford, 'till Mr. Fleming removes a difficulty which has just occurred.'

'I am extremely afflicted, miss, at what has happened,' said Mr. Fleming, who looked shockingly ill.—'Youth has its follies,' he continued; 'in a frolic I acknowledged this woman as my wife, which by the laws of Scotland, is a kind of marriage. But it was all nonsense; and Jenny will hear reason.'—'Nonsense!' she screamed out: 'Oh! you false, deceitful man! What do you think will become o' your poor soul? An ye ca' sin a frolic—a bonny frolic; troth! But it hes gar'd me mourn in sackcloth an' ashes—it hes made me the song o' drunkards—it hes humbl'd me to the dust. Now I'll hae justice; you shall marry me, and naebody else—you shall heal your broken vows to thy handmaid, or, I tak God to witness, I'll——' 'Whisht, Jenny,' said Mr. Fleming, in a soothing tone; 'this is not a place for such talk. Come, step into my coach.' Saying which he bowed to us, and walked off with his old acquaintance.

We returned home in silence. My father and mother were mortified, while my concern was to hide my joy. I felt my bosom swell with confidence in, and gratitude to heaven, on recalling to mind the many instances in which I had been saved from impending evils. Mr. Fleming returned the next morning very gay. He had moved the obstacle. He had been obliged to come down smartly. My father and mother were elated, and my fears returned with double force. The day was

once more fixed for the wedding, and my fate seemed to be sealed.

The evening before we were to be married, the company strolled into the park. Mr. Fleming was continually at my side. I thought I would discover my real sentiments to Fleming, throw myself upon his generosity, and submit to the imputation of folly and ingratitude from Sir William and his lady. To give myself up to the embraces of a man whom I could not love, whatever the inducements might be, appeared to me like prostitution. I condemned myself for the want of spirit to maintain the dignity of virtue. Coming to a high terrace, which commanded a view of the turnpike road, I saw a party of horsemen pass, with a pack of hounds. When they had passed, I turned, and saw a gentleman with a scarlet hunting-coat coming gently along a by-way in the park. He appeared to be in profound contemplation. My heart began to beat, for, on viewing his features, methought I knew him. It was the Earl of Lemington. His image was too deeply engraven on my heart to mistake. As he approached the terrace, he looked up and took off his hunting-cap. This gave me a full view of his fine expressive eyes and ample forehead. The impression was so powerful that I shrieked out: while the earl exclaimed, 'Good God! 'tis she!' and, clapping spurs to his horse, was out of sight in a moment.

Every one ran to my assistance, while my eyes followed the dear object of my emotion. Mr. Fleming and my father led me home, and laid me upon a couch; but as my agitation arose entirely from surprise, mixed with joy, it produced no ill consequences. Lady Beckford inquired who the gentleman was that had saluted Rosina. My father's common sense caused him to hold his tongue on the subject; but my mother said, 'Yes, indeed, we know him well enough; it is the Earl of Lemington, who spoke of the bride to the king, as has often been told. — 'Oh!' replied Lady Beckford,

‘I thought the maid did not change colour for nothing.’—‘Colour or no colour,’ said my father, ‘the marriage shall go on. I’ll be bound, madam, for the performance. We are not to be fooled by girlish whims. The earl is not a fit husband for my daughter.’—‘Well,’ replied her ladyship, ‘there may be some truth in what you say. It is, however well that Mr. Fleming is ignorant of this part of the business. All this I heard distinctly. Then a servant came and announced to Lady Beckford that a gentleman of highly respectable appearance, desired to speak to her. I guessed who the stranger was, and my heart fluttered exceedingly. Mr. Fleming, who had just entered, on the delivery of the message observed, ‘the gentleman is welcome, and must honour us with his company at supper.’

Then I was sent for. I arose and went with trembling steps. ‘Come hither, my dear child,’ said Lady Beckford; ‘you have influence over this nobleman to assert your own independence. He vehemently opposes your marriage, and talks extravagantly, that I cannot understand him.’ The earl exclaimed most passionately, ‘Ah! my Rosina, have I merited this, to be made the most miserable of mankind?’

Tears flowed from my eyes. ‘What do you require?’ said I; ‘You know I am not my own mistress. O then, leave me. You cannot be benefited by my distress.’—‘Must I go?’ replied he. ‘Ah! is this the reception you afford, after a long absence, to one that adores you? Does money appear the only valuable thing in your eyes? However,’ he added, ‘I perhaps deserve all this. An ungovernable passion has induced me to supplicate the compassion of one who seems to despise me. All my letters to you have been answered in terms of contempt; and, after the insulting letter I received from you yesterday, I had no right to expect a different reception.’—‘Hold, sir,’ I cried: ‘I do not deserve your reproaches. Since I left the Viscountess Neville, I have never had any communication with you

either directly or indirectly. Your accusation is therefore unfounded.'—'Heavens !' he replied, 'am I also to be treated as an impostor ? and by Rosina ? Saying this, he pulled out a letter, and said, 'Pray look at that, madam ;' when what should I discover but a letter with my signature, in the handwriting of the Honourable Miss Lamb. This I showed to Lady Beckford, who also knew the hand, and assured the earl that it was not my production. 'Ah ! madam,' said he, 'you restore me to life. Charming Rosina, you will not only forgive me, but complete my happiness, by rejecting a man who cannot feel—who cannot love—like your first and sincerest admirer.'—'As if that,' said I, 'depended on me ? Am I to withstand a father and mother ? Ought I to frustrate the good intentions of my best benefactress ? Heaven knows how little either affection or interest influences me in going to the altar ; but my doom is fixed.'

'Then you are determined to sacrifice your own happiness and my life,' said the earl. 'Your life !' I exclaimed, in a fright, 'God forbid ! it is *too dear to me*.' No sooner had I uttered these self-betraying words, than I was covered with blushes. 'It is enough !' cried his lordship, in a transport of joy : 'my charming Rosina is and must be mine. You see, madam,' addressing Lady Beckford, 'that Rosina's heart acknowledges me. Why then, dear madam, would you insist on *dragging* this lovely innocent to the altar ?'

'You perplex me, my lord,' answered her ladyship. 'What can I do ? Mr. Fleming is your inferior in point of birth ; but he is rich and respectable, and our friend. How could we interfere between him and his happiness ? Rosina is truly dear to me : I know her worth, but others cannot know it. I believe in your honour, and I will delay the wedding for one week, during which time means may be devised for securing Rosina's happiness. I did not suspect that you had made such a progress in her affections.'

The earl then said, 'Can you abandon me to despair?'—'Good heaven!' replied I, 'what can I do? What answer would you have me make to the reason you just now heard alleged?'—'That you slight them all for my sake,' said he, 'and declare against this detested match. I am ready to marry you. I call heaven to witness, I will marry none but you! This has always been my design. I have an uncle, it is true, that has much in his power; but if you will consent to make me so happy, we may be married without his knowledge. He is advanced in years, and I am unwilling to excite his wrath. If you love me——' 'I do love you,' said I. 'But, my lord, I will not consent to a private marriage. I love you. Do you ask a proof? I will disobey my parents if it be necessary. Yes,' continued I, 'I will set every one against me; but that is all you must expect.'—'What!' cried the earl, with great emotion, 'will you refuse me? Do you suspect my protestation?'—'No, no,' replied I, 'I have entire confidence in you. and am fully convinced of the honourable sentiments you are pleased to entertain respecting me; but, by conquering my weaknesses my passion inspires me with, I will, in some measure, deserve them. My honour is all I possess; do not seek its ruin, nor tarnish it by such proposals.' I had no sooner said this, than I ran away as fast as possible. Lady Beckford, who had remained in the passage, had overheard us. She stopped me, and said, 'Come into this room; I have something of the greatest importance to impart to you.'

CHAPTER III.

LADY BECKFORD addressed me thus:—'I shall never forget, dear Rosina, the new proof I have just had of your sense and discretion. Oh! it is delightful to behold virtue triumphing over the allurements of love. Persevere, then, in your noble resolution, and never swerve from the straight path. You have conquered many dangers, and I

fear that your warfare is not ended. I have heard strange news to-day. My footman has discovered a party lurking about our grounds; and, from his description, I think the leader must be Captain Lambe. I know not what his intentions are. Surely he will not attempt to insult Sir William. Yet he is a desperate man, and I cannot conquer my fears.'

'Ah, madam!' said I, 'your worst conjectures are well grounded. That wretch will stop at nothing to gratify his brutal appetites. His designs must be very daring; for last night the house-dog never ceased barking, and I durst not sleep for terror, as some persons were whispering near my chamber-window.' Lady Beckford said, 'Surely the captain could not design to carry you off by force, while under my roof.'—'I care not,' replied I, 'what his purposes are. I feel too well armed with indignation and courage to fear him. I may die in his hand, but never shall he conquer me. It is for the earl I tremble. Heavens! what might be the consequences were these two rivals to meet again!'

'Well,' replied Lady Beckford, 'I must try to save your lover, and you also for his sake. But flight only can ensure success. Were Sir William to learn that the captain was skulking about his house with an improper design, I know his spirit would lead him to resent the affront; and this might render the affair tragical indeed. Besides, if you continue here, perhaps Mr. Fleming would not agree to have his wedding again postponed. He is very fond of you, and his habits of punctuality might render him determined to fulfil his contract. Your parents too might upbraid you for your fickleness. So safety, I repeat, can be obtained only by flight.'

'My dear madam,' I sobbed out, 'you are my refuge, my protector, my more than parent. O point out whither I shall flee—dispose of me as you will—I am ready to execute your pleasure.'—'I

know it,' said Lady Beckford, taking me in her arms; and believe me, that in parting with you I make a great sacrifice. But I hope only for a time. I purpose to consign you to the care of an old friend. I lost a good mother early in life. She was the daughter of an Irish Catholic nobleman, and, previous to her death, advised my father to send me to a monastery at Amiens in France, where she herself had lived for some time, to finish my education. Though he was a Protestant, yet respect for my mother induced him to comply. There I lived happily, acquired many accomplishments, learned the French and Italian languages, and became familiar with good order and sober reflection. The abbess I know well, and she will treat you kindly for my sake. Your stay there shall be short, and you shall be as free as the rules of the house will admit. I will soon visit Paris, and will call for you.'

On hearing this kind proposal, I fell upon her neck and wept. The good lady raised me gently, and said, 'Come, Rosina, collect yourself. Summon up the courage you were boasting of a minute ago, and act your part as becomes you. To-night, at twelve o'clock, you depart. Adieu, my dear girl.' Saying this, she kissed me affectionately, and disappeared in a moment.'

I dropped down on the sofa behind me, and tried to collect my thoughts so as to obtain a clear view of my state. But my reflections were soon interrupted; for when I looked up, the earl stood before me. Apprehensions for this dear man's life again rushed into my mind, and determined me to act with decision. Looking at him with a dissembled anger, I said, 'Now, my lord, if you really love me ———,' 'If I love you!' exclaimed he; 'Ungrateful creature! is this the first time? Surely you ought to be convinced.—What I have suffered——' 'I ask it as a favour,' continued I, 'that you would hear me patiently, and, since I may depend on your affection for a punctual compliance with what

I propose, I shall look upon such a deference as a convincing proof of what you have so often vowed. Call reason to your aid ; without it love is but folly. I should be unworthy of the regard you express for me, and what you seem to propose, did I blindly follow the dictates of your passion. I know you love me, the greatness of which honour I am fully sensible of. She is no longer Rosina, the simple country lass, who speaks to you, but a person actuated by principles of honour and virtue : and she reserves herself for you by such methods as you will one day approve of, and, through a disinterestedness not very common, sacrifices to you a present establishment for an uncertain one to come. I am engaged to Mr. Fleming, and to-morrow I must receive him for a husband. Retreat is the only means left me to prove how entirely I am yours. Can you be so unreasonable as to oppose a project entirely formed to oblige you alone ? I solemnly declare,' continued I, 'if you will not agree to such a method as I see necessary to adopt, and retire from hence this moment, I am resolved to marry Mr. Fleming, and never see your face more.'

Saying this, I turned my head aside, lest his lordship should discover my emotion ; but he, seizing my hand, bathed it with his tears. I felt my resolutions waver, and my heart melting into tenderness. Therefore, snatching away my hand, I darted out of the room, and shut myself into my own chamber. I began to collect my little necessities, and to arrange my trunk. I continued to pack up until I heard the clock strike eleven, when, locking my trunk, I sat down, and listened to every footstep. Soon I heard a tap at my door, when a respectable old gentleman, book-keeper to Sir William, entered. He smiled, took up my trunk, and departed without speaking. In a few minutes he returned in his travelling cap, with a man's hat in his hand, which he put upon my head, and, taking off his great coat, threw it over me. Then whis-

pering, 'Fear nothing,' we descended to the back of the hall, where a chaise was standing, into which we entered and drove off.

My venerable companion informed me, that, by Lady Beckford's desire, he was to see me safe into France; that he had the necessary letters of introduction; and that he was instructed to regulate the journey according to my wishes and convenience.

In a short time we reached London! and, at the inn, I was surprised to see Mrs. Morton, a widow lady, who lived at our town's house. She was distantly related to Lady Beckford, into whose family she had been invited after the death of her husband, a lieutenant in the navy, but died at the Havannah during the preceding war. I was rejoiced to meet my friend, but much more so when she informed me that she was to accompany me to my destination. It appears that my good and sensible benefactress had despatched her footman to London, as soon as she had planned the mode of my retreat, in order to prepare this lady for the journey, and to procure the necessary passports.

We proceeded to Dover, and found the packet ready for sea. Our passage was tedious, and it was next morning before we reached Calais. Here Mrs. Morton and I took leave of Mr. Evans, who declined landing, and went ashore. After obtaining some refreshment, we procured a great rumbling machine, which they called a chaise, in which we set off for the good city of Amiens.

When we entered within the gate of the monastery, and I looked upon the lofty walls overgrown with ivy, the narrow grated windows, and the death-like silence that reigned throughout, my heart sunk within me. We were shewn into a little dark parlour, when Mrs. Morton gave the attendant Lady Beckford's letter and a note from herself. My new situation resembled an imprisonment. I then began to blame myself for submitting so tamely to Lady Beckford's directions.

‘Why,’ said I to myself, ‘I am not such an imbecile as to be incapable of directing my own actions. Is it necessary, then, that I should be locked up? and in a foreign country too? Why should I fly so cowardly, and——’ But a sense of the crime of ingratitude deranged my heroic reveries. My conscience asked, ‘Has not Lady Beckford, in a thousand instances, evinced the most disinterested friendship for you? Has she not incurred great expense, trouble and vexation on your account? Has she not hurried you off to save you both from the ferocious captain and the ugly Fleming? Was it not to preserve you for the Earl of Lemington, and save his life for your sake?’

Then the abbess entered, and saluted Mrs. Morton, with whom I saw she was acquainted. She observed that she should undertake the education of Lady Beckford’s protegee with pleasure, and that she should feel happy to obtain her ladyship’s approbation. Mrs. Morton turning to me, said, ‘Rosina, my dear, why do you not salute your worthy superior?’ I rose, advanced to the abbess, and kissed her hand. She embraced me, bidding me not to cry. ‘She never was among religious people before,’ said she, ‘I perceive; she is frightened, but use will make it easy.’—‘Pardon me, madam,’ I cried, thinking she meant that I had no religion, ‘I love God with all my heart.’—‘I do not doubt it,’ answered the abbess, ‘I believe you are very virtuous.’—‘She is a very good girl,’ observed Mrs. Morton.—‘The air of a convent,’ added the abbess, ‘is not agreeable at first. There are many things which require patience; but more of that hereafter. Saying this, she winked upon me.

Being fatigued, I desired rest. I was conducted to a neat little chamber, and soon went to bed. The greater part of the night I suffered cruelly. The earl, present to my imagination, seemed still to lament himself at my feet; I comforted him in a language, alas! far different from what I mentioned before. I blamed myself for not giving him the

tenderest proofs of my affection. Methought the earl, overpowered by the furious captain, with his last breath protested his love. O heavens! I was seized by the conqueror! This dream was so lively, that I started out of my sleep with a loud shriek.

The sun already shone into my cell. A large wooden crucifix, with a death's head at its foot, made me shudder. A devout reflection terrified me; methought a crucified Saviour, whose sufferings I there saw represented, reproached me with my weakness. Alas! what could I address to him but my tears? and they were very plentiful. I threw myself at the foot of the crucifix, and called upon God, and found my affliction abate. Jesus spoke, teaching me that patience of which he showed himself so perfect an example.

While thinking, the chamber-door opened. '*Ave,*' said an ancient nun coming in: 'Dear miss, how have you rested? Mrs. Moreton is below in the abbess's parlour, who has sent for you. Put on your clothes; but be sure to say your prayers before you leave your chamber. Somebody will come for you in a quarter of an hour.'

I jumped out of bed very hastily, saying my prayers and dressing myself all at once, to save time; when another nun, with a beautiful countenance, came into my chamber, saying in English, that she was come for me. 'Good God!' said she, 'you have been crying. I am concerned for you: I am apt to think you do not relish a monastery. Alas! you are not the only one.' I looked earnestly at her, finding a comfort in what she said; but she seemed vexed with herself for having spoken her mind so freely.

On entering the abbess's parlour, I saluted her with great respect. I found her engaged in a confidential conversation with Mrs. Morton, and which related to all the little animosities on foot in the convent. She gave her a long detail of the various humours and different interests among them.

This conversation was fortunately interrupted

by a nun coming in with her veil over her face. At her entrance she bowed to the ground, and then kissed the abbess's hands, who very devoutly embraced her head, telling her to put up her veil, for there were no men present. 'What would you have with me, dear daughter?' continued the abbess. The nun began to whisper in her ear; but she certainly thought we were deaf, for she spoke so loud that I heard every word. 'Mighty well,' replied the abbess, 'I am coming; stay for me on the stairs. Would you believe, said she, addressing Mrs. Morton, 'what they are doing? There is another cabal on foot. I am told three of the ancients and the good father director are now plotting against me in the Trinity Parlour: there is a private place from whence I can overhear them, unless my continual coughing should spoil all. But heaven will support me. Adieu.

When she retired, Mrs. Morton said who was vexed at the weakness which the lady abbess had betrayed. 'My good girl, she said, observing my glance, 'perfection is not to be obtained in this world. The best saints are the most exposed to the buffetings of Satan. However, you will, I am sure, find many agreeable and highly amiable ladies in this house, the character of which justly stands high in France. Keep up your spirits—the storm will soon pass over; and our dear Lady Beckford, will restore you to the world.' We were then summoned to breakfast.

After we rose up from the table, Mrs. Morton retired to take leave of the lady abbess. On her return, she tried to comfort me. 'Think yourself happy,' she observed, 'that you are in a safe place. That captain is a sad man, and will never die in his bed. I wish the poor earl may escape his fangs, and that my dream last night may prove false. I became rather superstitious, for the mention of a night vision similar to my own appeared like the indications of Providence. This completely overcame me, and I fainted away.

On recovering, I found myself in the arms of the beautiful nun that had conducted me down stairs in the mornning. 'Take courage, my child,' said St. Agnes, 'I sincerely pity you. Endeavour to bear up, and let us get to a convenient place. Pluck up a good heart; I will set you an example. In me you shall find a true friend.' She then conducted me to my chamber, where she obliged me to go to bed. I lay a long time without uttering a word, or making any other answer than squeezing her most tenderly by the hand. 'Well,' said she, 'my good girl, how do you find yourself?'—'Alas?' replied I, shedding tears, 'the unhappiest of creatures! Fatal destiny attends my actions: the most cruel events succeed one after another. Certainly, never wretch was so overwhelmed with so many misfortunes.'

'I sympathize with you,' replied St. Agnes, folding me in her arms. 'Behold, my dear child, behold in me the most unfortunate of persons. Were even your afflictions greater than they are, they could not be compared to mine. You, at least, are at liberty; but I am doubly engaged. Under this veil I carry a wounded heart, pierced with a thousand darts. Deplorable victim of caprice, I drag on a life of great wretchedness. I have not yet had the comfort of a friend to whom I might unbosom my secrets and troubles. You are the only one to whom I have said so much, and for whom I have so tender a concern. Let us blend our misfortunes: make me your confidant; you are mine already. We shall reap equal benefit from our mutual afflictions. Shall it be so, my dear Rosina?'—'Ah!' replied I, with great ardency, 'What comfort it is for me, in my present condition, to find so much compassion in a place that is so disagreeable!'—'How kindly I take your sentiments,' said St. Agnes; 'your aversion to the cloistor is conformable to mine. You deserve, on that title alone, to be let into the secret of my affairs.'

THE NARRATIVE OF ST. AGNES.

My maiden-name is Elizabeth Mackintosh. My father, who had been an officer in the Austrian service, returned to Scotland on the death of his eldest brother, to whose estates he succeeded. He shortly after married a lady, who possessed a good fortune, and was very handsome; but within two years after his marriage, Prince Charles, the Pretender, landed in Scotland, when he raised his tenantry, and marched to join the ranks of the rebels. When the hopes of the House of Stuart were blasted upon the field of Culloden, my father effected his escape to the continent, whither my mother followed him. But previous to her departure, while living in concealment, I was born, and consigned to the care of a poor farmer and his wife, who had formerly served in her father's family; and here I was brought up, under the notion of being the orphan child of a poor relation of the farmer, who had died at Perth, about seven or eight miles distant.

'The first years of my life were spent in mean employments. I very early discovered a taste for reading, and my supposed mother forwarded my improvement. This partiality excited the jealousy of her two daughters. At length I was so annoyed with their hatred, that I was out of mere pity, sent to the moor to tend a small flock of sheep. The time which this occupation afforded me for reading the books that I borrowed from our neighbours, rendered it very supportable, and I rejoiced at the alteration.

'The landlord of the estate of which our farm formed a part was the Lord Advocate of Scotland. He visited his estate every year during the vacation, always accompanied by his son, who was pursuing his studies at the college in Edinburgh. This young gentleman was very handsome, well-shaped, and rather grave. He spent part of his leisure in reading. He loved to walk in the fields near the village in the cool of the evening. I met him almost every day, with a book in his hand. As often as he passed by me he bowed. At that time I was near sixteen, lively, and liked young Forbes extremely.

'One day, when I had driven my sheep near a dell a little way from Methven, I espied young Forbes asleep on the grass, under a beech tree. My heart had long wished to gaze on him without bringing my modesty in question.

'This favourable opportunity encouraged me. I was all alone—he fast asleep. I advanced towards him step by step. With a stick I moved the leaves, to try if his sleep was sound: it was needless, for he appeared in a

most profound repose. I drew near him, though with fear. Forbes is of a brown complexion, charming eyes, sweet countenance, very fine hair, curled. In the attitude in which he lay, his face was entirely seen, on which there sat so much serenity and comeliness, that one could not behold it without delight. My tender heart was taken captive by this rash scrutiny.

‘A book lay on the ground near. I was curious to know what subject he was studying, and advanced to examine it. Though I could not read Latin, yet I gathered from the title that the book was Virgil. I had heard eulogiums on this ancient genius, and my respect for Master Forbes was increased when I found that he cultivated acquaintance with such noble worthies. I resolved to retire; but the fine features I gazed upon were as a loadstone from which I could not separate. At length he began to stir, as if he was going to awake, when a wasp settled on his face. I stooped to drive it off; but, in my eagerness, I gave him a slap on the face. On a sudden he bounced up, when I tried to run away; but he snatched hold of my gown, and said, with a smile, ‘Tell me, my pretty maid, what it is you want.’—‘Alas! sir,’ replied I, in confusion, ‘I ask your pardon. I did not intend to hurt you—but, seeking for a stray sheep, I happened to pass by, when I saw a wasp just going to sting you: I ran up to prevent it, and the hurry I was in made me disturb you.’ The youth examined me with great attention; and I perceived, with secret joy, that he was enamoured with my figure. I had had several admirers, though yet a girl; but they always disgusted me with their rude behaviour. Now I beheld a youth whose eyes beamed with intelligence, and whose attitude indicated a noble and firm spirit. He threw his arms about my neck, to thank me, as he said, for the service I had done him.

‘Covered with blushes, I avoided such kindness. ‘Dear creature,’ he cried, ‘be not angry: can you be displeased with the sallies of my gratitude? O stay; I will be more reserved, if you think me to blame for yielding to the transports your charms have raised in my breast. You are the first that has been able to inspire them.’—Taking me by the hand, ‘My dear girl,’ said he, ‘you are handsome, and the only one to whom I ever said so much before.’

‘I pretended not to understand this discourse; but young as I was, I easily comprehended that it savoured too much of flattery; and I retired. ‘Ah! do not run away,’ cried Forbes, endeavouring to stop me; ‘the sun is

not yet set ; why then will you deprive me of the pleasure of your company ? Cruel creature !' continued he, seeing me determined, 'better for me to have been stung by the wasp !'

'Whilst he was thus talking, I came up to my flock. Forbes followed me ; but when I saw him coming one way, I went another, under pretence of keeping my flock together. He soon discovered my roguery, and stood still with his arms across, looking on me with an expressive air. I seemed not to mind him, and went on to the village, but could not avoid often looking back. Thus I brought home an impression that still lives in my mind.

'Young Forbes had a tender, honest heart ; and I soon owned to him the progress he had made in my affections. He was overjoyed at it ; and, in spite of my humble birth he vowed to be mine for ever. Oh, what flattering joys ! what happy days ! But the vacation was expired, and he must go away. Bathed in tears, we bid each other farewell, without any other comfort, on my part, but the hopes of seeing him again. I was inconsolable for three months.

'Returning home one evening, my supposed cousin met me. 'Ah ! Bessey,' she exclaimed, 'what will you gie me for my good news ? You need not be surprised if somebody has come you'll be glad to see.' At this I blushed, thinking it was young Forbes she meant, and confounded to find that our amour was discovered. 'Sure you hae very little curiosity,' observed she ; 'but of late you have seemed indifferent to every thing. Weel, to punish you, I have a great mind to tell you that a fine lady, wi' a bonny coach, is come to our house, and she has been shut up a great while wi' my mither. I listened and heard a'. But I'll no tell ye that the fine lady is Bessey's ain mother. Na, na, our Bess is proud enough already, so I'll no tell her that.' I was struck with this discovery, but only said, 'Well, cousin, I'm sorry you have come out of your way to play off such poor wit upon me.'—'Wit I said she, 'aye, there's good solid wit in this story, for I heard more money counted on our table than has e'er been on it since Andrew the joiner made it.'

'Just at this moment I passed the turn into the village, when, sure enough, I saw a fine coach standing at our door, surrounded by women and children. My other cousin ran to me, saying that I must make haste home. I obeyed, and, on entering the house, encountered the keen, scrutinizing glances of an elegant middle-aged lady. My supposed aunt immediately took off my handkerchief,

and showed the lady a mark I have on my neck. The lady smiled, and said, 'Oh ! it is very evident ; but her face alone is sufficient.' Then she said, 'My dear child, will you come and live with me? Your aunt is an old servant of mine, whom I still respect. She has given her consent. I will take care of you, and it will ease your poor relations.'—'Your ladyship,' replied the farmer's wife, 'is too good. Bessey will be proud to gang wi' ye ; an' she's a good-natured lassie.' I was ordered to put on my best Sunday-gown in all haste, with my new stockings and shoes.

'I was dejected while dressing, and at last burst into tears. 'Alas !' thought I, 'never shall I again see my dear shepherd (for so I called Forbes at our endearing interviews) ; he will forget me, and I shall be for ever miserable.' I embraced, with the utmost tenderness, the two worthy friends I was going to leave, who parted from me with tears. Even my old enemies, their daughters, were moved.

'When we had entered the coach, and began to roll along, my delight, in finding myself seated in such a fine, easy vehicle, was lost in the hopes and fears that agitated my bosom. The lady seemed thoughtful and abstracted, and did not act so as to prove the truth of what my cousin, had told me. 'Surely,' thought I, 'if this were my mother, now we are alone, she could not refrain from embracing me as her daughter.' I thought with secret pride of my slender form and handsome face, and inferred that no lady ought to be ashamed to acknowledge one who had been the toast of the parish, and upon whose blue eyes a song had been written.

'Having gone about twenty miles, a genteel, military looking man, on horseback, joined us. He saluted the lady in a very familiar manner, and surveyed me with great attention. In a short time, we alighted at an old castle at the foot of the Highland hills. The adjoining grounds were beautiful, and contrasted with the heaths and rocks that surrounded them, the place looked like a grand oasis in the midst of a desert. It was a fine moonlight evening in autumn ; and the whole scene was beautifully serene.

'On entering a room brilliantly lighted up, supper was ready on the table. When seated, the eyes of both the lady and gentleman were continually fixed upon me : and there was something that made me find pleasure in looking at them in return. The lady observed that I would be no slovenly girl when properly dressed, in which opinion the gentleman coincided. He also made me

stand up to examine my shape, and had the curiosity even to look at the mark on my neck. I was ashamed at this, and hesitated to allow such a liberty ; but the lady said, 'There is no harm intended, Bessey; and you need not be reserved with that gentleman.'

'An elderly woman entered the room, whom they called Mrs. Burnett, and who was ordered to conduct me into a small closet, adjoining the room. She bid me go to bed, helped to undress me, and caressed me very much. I was too much disturbed to fall asleep immediately. I could not help thinking of what my cousin had told me, and of the stratagem she used to satisfy her curiosity. One is more inclined to follow bad example than good. Accordingly, I got up as softly as possible, in order to hearken. The gentleman and lady were still at the table; but they spoke so low that I could scarcely hear what they said. The waiting-woman seemed to be of the consultation.'

'I was just going to creep into bed, when I observed that the lady had raised her voice. I heard her say, 'Your reasoning is bad. You have now recovered your estates, and are reconciled to the government. Had you been doomed to subsist on your small pay as an officer in a foreign land, why it might have been proper to conceal from your daughter the secret of her birth. The case is now different. You are rich, and the addition of this poor girl to your family must increase our pleasures without injuring our fortunes.'—'Bless me, madam,' replied my father (for I believed he was so), 'how foolishly you talk. Have you forgotten that the Marquis of Vitry le Francoise married our eldest daughter, Maria, under the impression that she was our only child? Did I not assure him of the fact? Is not my honour, therefore, implicated in the affair? Besides, it was through our son-in-law's influences with the ministry that I regained my estates. These estates I am engaged to sell, and to place the purchase money in the funds, and which, on our decease, becomes his property. Were we, therefore, to produce another daughter, he would consider it as a trick to defraud him ; our dear Maria would be rendered miserable; and we should experience the vengeance of a powerful man.'—'Ho !' said my mother, in a passion, 'the meaning of this fine speech is, that a poor infant, your own daughter, must be sacrificed to a point of honour, and to the avarice of a greedy man. Where now is the courage of Mackintosh, from whom both Turks and Christians have fled, when he dares not protect an orphan?'—'I allow,' said my father, 'that her situation is unhappy ; times

may alter ; but at present how can we reconcile these matters ?—‘ There is no great difficulty in that,’ said Mrs. Burnett, ‘ miss is young ; she takes herself to be far different from what she really is :—clap her into a convent, and make a nun of her. Truly she may think herself well off so. When she is professed, let her know that she is your daughter. Pray, what can your son-in-law object to that ?’—‘ The advice is not amiss,’ answered my father ; ‘ I will think of it.’ My mother said not a word ; but it was easy to know, by the manner in which she sat musing, that she did not much like the scheme.

‘ Our family are all Catholics, and suffered severely under the gallant Montrose, in the rebellion in 1715, and in the last attempt to replace the Stuarts on the throne. These circumstances, it seems had determined my father to return to France, to enter into the service of the Bourbons, and to renounce Scotland for ever.

‘ Next morning Mrs. Burnett came to call me. She tried on several gowns that had been my sisters ; some of them fitted me well, and I was dressed to breakfast very neatly. After we had breakfasted, my mother said, ‘ Your aunt was a faithful servant of mine ; and knowing her poverty, I could not but admire her goodness in taking you, an orphan, into her family. I therefore resolved to share in this charitable work, and, as my only child is just married, to take you into my family. Affairs will oblige us in a short time to go abroad again, when I intend you to pass for my niece. Just now we must provide you with clothes and instructions, to qualify you to appear without disgracing the sainted name which I intend you to bear. Mrs. Burnett is a tried and respected friend, and you must treat her with proper deference. She is now preparing to take you to Edinburgh.’

‘ Whilst my mother was thus talking to me, I could not help being moved. I burst into a flood of tears. There is no getting the better of nature ; it will recur on all occasions. My mother was an example of this ; she caressed me with the utmost affection. Had not Mrs. Burnett come in, she would have betrayed all. ‘ What are you about, madam ?’ said the housekeeper as she entered the room ; ‘ my master ought to be present.—‘ Prithee take her away,’ said my mother : I cannot bear it any longer.’ We entered a chaise, and went away.’

‘ Mrs. Burnett could not make me speak. My heart was too full ; and at Perth, where we dined, I could scarcely eat a mouthful. We reached Edinburgh in safety. We drove to an inn in the Canongate, where Mrs. Burnett engaged two rooms. Next morning she went

into the city on business, and locked me up in my room. I went to the window, where I stood musing on the strange things that had lately happened, while a sigh escaped when I thought on my poor shepherd. By and by, I cast my eyes upon a young gentleman that was passing, and imagine my astonishment when I recognized young Forbes himself ! Clapping my hands for joy, I called out to him. He looked up, and, notwithstanding my fine clothes, immediately knew me. ' Bless me ! ' he cried, ' it's my own dear Bessy ! ' and darting up the stairs, was at my door in an instant. Finding it locked, he whispered through the key-hole, ' Open the door.—What transport ! what joy ! How came you here ? Open, be quick, open ! ' I told him I was locked up by a person who possessed great power, and that I had a hundred wonderful things to tell him. We agreed that we should try to meet when my keeper returned.

' In a few minutes Mrs. Burnett came in, and seeing me so cheerful was much pleased. ' There is my good girl,' said she ; I love to see you so pleasant ; it makes you look as pretty again. And when you are favoured by such kind friends as my master and mistress, you will but show your gratitude by being cheerful.' I then took up a book, which I pretended to read. Two or three of Mrs. Burnett's relations called, when I retired into the adjoining room, and was pleased to hear her shut the door, that I had left open. Seeing the coast was clear, I coughed. Forbes instantly appeared at the foot of the stairs, and, pointing to a room, I stole down and joined him.

' Our conversation was very affectionate—an account of all that had happened to me, my birth, and the private project of my parents. ' The alteration that has happened in your affairs, Bessy, does not in the least augment the respect I have for you. I delighted myself with the thoughts of one day making my shepherdess' fortune: and may I depend upon her loving her shepherd as well as she did before ? ' I encouraged him as much as I could. But when Forbes heard where I was going, and the designs they had against me, he burst into sorrowful complaints. ' Alas ! how wretched am I,' said he, ' not to be my own master ! I would frustrate all these proceedings. Must you go then, dear Bessy ? Shall I never see you again ? He seemed suffocated with grief. ' Alas ! ' answered I, pierced to the soul, I cannot cease loving you. Young, dependent, and obliged to silence, tears and sorrows are all I have to defend myself with.'

' This mournful entertainment was interrupted by Mrs. Burnett calling me. I had but just time to squeeze poor

Forbes by the hand, and ran up stairs with great precipitation, wiping my eyes. 'You have been crying,' said Mrs. Burnett: and what have you been doing out of your apartment?'—'Oh!' I replied, 'I wished to walk in the pretty garden I saw out of our bed-room window; and as I was coming back, a poor man was telling such a mournful story in a room below, that I could not help crying.—'You are a simpleton,' said Mrs. Burnett, 'or you would not go into a room among strangers, probably bad people. Though this is a very respectable house, and kept by my second cousin, yet innkeepers cannot always choose the company that enter their house. Now keep to your own room in future, and there is a good book which will both instruct and amuse you.' Saying this, she gave me the *Lives of the Saints*. I sat down, opened the book, and began to read the life of a female martyr.

We now went to dinner, and then I called to mind all that Forbes had said to me. The more I thought of him, the greater aversion I had to a monastery. I could not but wish that things would take such a turn as to make me happy with my shepherd.

'Here we remained a few days, during which time I was presented with a variety of dresses. When decked out in my fashionable clothes, I found even my manner of thinking altered. A great deal of my past life, that recurred to me, appeared contemptible. Only once was I permitted to walk out with Mrs. Burnett to see this famous city; and then I scarcely observed the buildings, as I was always looking out for my dear Forbes. On the morning of the fifth day, I was surprised to see the chaise waiting for us. In a few minutes we drove off. I looked round for Forbes, and was truly mortified not to discover him. 'Surely,' I thought, 'he must be confined to a sick chamber, or he never would have allowed four days to elapse without attempting to see me.'

'About a week after we had returned home, my parents set off for London on business, and left me under the care of Mrs. Burnett, under great restraint to prepare me, as she said, for the mode of life to which I was destined. Here I passed three months in solitude; and my situation would have been painful, had I not been busily employed in learning some useful art or accomplishment under Mrs. Burnett, who was certainly a very clever woman.

'One clear, fine, frosty morning, at Christmas, Mrs. Burnett and I walked out along the margin of a lough, on which some of the neighbouring youths were skating.

We met a poor young man, with a contracted knee, leaning upon a crutch, and holding out a parcel of ballads and histories. He was muffled up in a plaid, with a slouching highland bonnet, that nearly covered his eyes. But I instantly recognized my dear shepherd, and with difficulty repressed the rising scream. He addressed my companion in the bad English of a native Highlander, by the flattering appellation of 'My bonny, sweet lady.' She smiled and walked on; but I stopped and took his ballads into my hand, amongst which I perceived a letter, which I conveyed into my pocket. Our eyes now met, and expressed the most unutterable things. Mrs. Burnett called, and I durst not remain; so, taking a ballad, I heaved a long, deep sigh, and followed her. 'Why were you stopping with that idle rogue?' said she.—'Only to buy the beautiful ballad called M'Gregor's Lament.'

'When we returned home, I flew to my chamber to peruse the letter. Alas! the dear youth had suffered much on my account. Our interview in Edinburgh had affected him much: he had been confined to his bed. On the third day he was better, when his father proposed to take him to the castle of Glamis, to spend a few weeks; but the fear of being dragged from the place of my residence induced him to feign a continuance of his illness, and before his father left, we had quitted the city. He promised to remain in the neighbourhood a few days, during which he expected I would convey a letter to him. I kissed this sweet epistle a hundred times, and pressed it to my bosom. I wept for joy that my shepherd was faithful and so near to me.

'After supper, the cup of pleasure was dashed from my lips. 'My dear,' said Mrs. Burnett, 'early to-morrow morning we quit this place for ever, and at Leith embark in a vessel for Dieppe in France, from whence we proceed to Versailles, where we shall join Colonel Mackintosh.' When permitted, I retired to my bed-room, where I wrote two hasty scrawls; one to my foster-mother, and the other to my shepherd, who lodged in a miserable public house across the moor. I then crept slowly down stairs, and gave the letters to an old female domestic, who I thought would deliver them with care and despatch. But judge my vexation, when, turning round, I saw Mrs. Burnett standing behind me, who said, in an angry tone, 'Miss, retire to your bed,' and ordered old Madge to deliver up the letter. I walked slowly up stairs, when I flung myself upon the bed, and spent the night in tears and vain regrets.

'Next morning we set off before day-light. I was much

offended. To be kept like a prisoner, to have my letters intercepted, and to be carried to any place that pleased others, appeared to me the height of cruelty and injustice. But the next day I regained my wonted cheerfulness. At Leith we embarked in a small vessel, and on the following day set sail. After being driven about for six weeks with contrary winds, during which I suffered severely from sea-sickness, we reached Dieppe. We proceeded to an inn, and rested two days.

‘On the third day, we commenced our journey to Versailles, when, coming into a narrow road, I saw a pilgrim walking by the side of the chaise, who often fixed his eyes on me. Mrs. Burnett bid me mind him. ‘Look, Bessey,’ said she, ‘at this poor young man. He has something very agreeable in his face : perhaps the perfections of his mind may answer those of his body. I was looking at the pilgrim while she was thus talking to me. Imagine my surprise : it was Forbes. I started at the sight. It was very lucky for me that Mrs. Burnett, who had taken a liking to my lover, put her head out to bid him take care of the wheel, or she would have discovered my confusion. He seemed very cheerful, and fell into discourse with Mrs. Burnett. He said he had been performing a pilgrimage, had just landed at Dieppe, and that he was two hundred leagues from home. She told him he ought to rest himself. Forbes, who saw he had gained her good will, tried to please her. For this purpose he told her extraordinary stories, with which she seemed enchanted. We were now come to the place where we were to dine. Mrs. Burnett made the pilgrim sit down to the table with us ; telling me I should never be haughty to the poor.

‘If ever you have been in love, Rosina, judge of the pleasure I felt in the enjoyment of my lover’s company, who gave me such evident marks of his devotedness. All my cares ceased. How great soever my shepherd’s joy might be, he possessed himself very well, and with great address. Mrs. Burnett carried her affection for the handsome pilgrim so far, as to propose to him to ride behind our chaise, lest he should fatigue himself with walking.

‘Whilst Mrs. Burnett went out to settle a dispute with the postmaster, Forbes said a hundred endearing things. Old Madge had faithfully delivered my letter, telling him of my destined voyage. The one that Mrs. Burnett got was that intended for my foster-mother. This intelligence delighted me. He said that he resolved to follow us to Leith, and to carry me off in spite of all the old lady’s precautions ; but that, before he could reach the

port, we had sailed. He wrote a hasty excuse to his father, and took the mail for London, thence to Portsmouth, where he obtained a vessel for Dieppe. There he watched our arrival for two weeks. He had learned the time we intended to proceed on our journey from our postillion.

'I am sensible,' I observed, 'of the marks you give me of your passion. But, dear shepherd, tell me what all this signifies? We must part; had we not better do it now?'—'Ah! charming Bessey,' said Forbes, in a sorrowful tone 'must I then die? Do you not know that my life depends on the happiness of seeing you, and that I value nothing so much in the whole world? To bid me leave you! You no longer love me!' Tears came into his eyes. 'Hide your tears, said I, stifling my own; 'alas! I love you; but if I am dear to you, and you will leave me, take care that Mrs. Burnett perceive nothing of this; if she does, we are lost. Try to please her; her interest is great. She seems prejudiced in your favour. I do assure you, my dear shepherd,' continued I, giving him my hand, 'that thought is not at all disagreeable.' Mrs. Burnett came in, to tell me we must depart.

'We now proceeded to Rouen. It was Mrs. Burnett's pleasure to stay a day in this city; and when she went to mass, I remained, under pretext of having a headache. Forbes and I enjoyed the opportunity with extreme and ardent delight. There was something so bold, so ardent, so romantic, in my shepherd's love, that he was exalted in my eyes beyond exception. We reached Versailles in safety. My mother, who was living in an elegant hotel, received me very affectionately. I was instructed to call her aunt, and which I never could do with a good grace. However, under this appellation, she behaved to me with the utmost tenderness. She requested me to assume the name of Agnes, as this was in affectionate remembrance of my grandmother.

'After some interviews with Mrs. Burnett, she obtained for Forbes the situation of steward in our family. All were highly pleased with this arrangement. Mrs. Burnett was forty-five, and looked well for her age. Her eyes were blue, her eyebrows but thinly sown; her mouth was well enough, had it not been for a wart upon her upper lip, which was well covered with down; she had a peaked chin; flat cheeks, raised up by two strutting bones near the eyes; and her forehead was so little, that her head-dress, always ruffled, hung over her eyebrows.

'Her temper was agreeable, and she had been remarkable from her childhood for a tender heart; but the in-

fidelity of several lovers had given her a disgust to the conjugal state. The engaging behaviour of Forbes, removed these disgusts, and rekindled her dying flames, and her heart became captivated. Being always frugal, she had amassed a large sum of money, with which she intended to make Forbes' fortune. However disagreeable the deception might be, he was obliged to continue it.

'At the end of about five weeks, my father, who was always called Colonel in the family, returned from Brussels. His arrival decided my lot ; and Mrs. Burnett communicated to me, that in eight days I was to go to a monastery. Forbes and I soon met, and bewailed the hard fate that was going to part us.

'Dear Bessey,' said he to me in the garden, 'I adore you, you cannot doubt it. Though they conceal your birth, it is not the less certain. You know mine ; so that things are pretty equal, and can be no obstacle to our union. In the mean time, they are sacrificing you ; and you cannot be ignorant that they design to oblige you to take the vows. Then you would languish all your life. Take courage—the time presses—let us take this interval to secure our felicity.—'What do you mean?' said I in amazement : 'Let us beware that nobody suspects our correspondence, for that would ruin us. 'I know that,' replied Forbes ; 'but if once you go into the convent, I shall never see you again, you will be compelled to be a nun.'—'Alas !' cried I, 'how shall I prevent it?'—'Dare but to do what I tell you,' said Forbes ; 'Mrs. Burnett has been pressing me this fortnight to marry her. At first I opposed it ; but I have since thought I could take that opportunity to unite us.'—'What ! ungrateful man,' cried I, misunderstanding what he said, 'can you forget your oaths, and thus betray me?'—'Ah ! why do you reproach me?' said my lover : 'is it to forget you to seek the means of uniting us for ever ? Adieu. I will give you an account of my project as soon as I can.'

'Two days passed, when I met him coming up an alley in the garden, and singing. 'You are very happy,' said I, 'to rejoice whilst I weep. I believe you intend it me as a favour, that I may leave the world with the less regret.'—'Fie ! charming Bessey,' said he, 'how cruel is your reproach, and how little do you know me ! If I have appeared easy, it is because it depends on you to unite us with indissoluble bonds. The day is fixed, and the priest is ready. Mrs. Burnett has engaged him, and he will do every thing she desires. She will have the ceremony performed in the night, and will keep it secret for some time.

The priest is to be here to-night : he knows me, as I have seen him on this affair. Instead of performing the ceremony at two o'clock, you and I will be in the chapel at twelve. The bad light, and the head-dress you must put on covering your face, will befriend the project.'

'The stratagem is practicable,' replied I ; 'but where would be the use of it, if it did succeed? And I plainly perceive that such a marriage is not according to form. But suppose it should be, since I shall be forced to hide it, shall I go the less to the convent? for my departure is unalterably fixed.'—'It is for this reason,' replied Forbes, 'that we must lay hold of this opportunity. We will fly ; the wide world is before us. Are you not sensible of their cruelty, and the shameful sacrifice they are going to make of your liberty, your birth-right, and your fortune, of which they will frustrate you under the most frivolous pretences? If you once enter the cloister, who can rescue you from thence?'

'Pray how do you propose to come off with Mrs. Burnett? I suppose you intend to marry her at last.' I could not help laughing at these last words ; my lover did so too. 'Good God ! my dear Bessey,' said he, 'you are mighty prudent : you overwhelm me with difficulties that I did not foresee.'—'It is what we must think of, for all that,' said I : 'All I can say to you is, that I will suffer the last extremity before I become a nun. I have an invincible repugnance to it ; and I will lay any thing in the world that you are the cause of it.'—'Oh ! very well,' said Forbes ; 'I stand then to my first proposal. But be sure you hold yourself in readiness : I will come and fetch you when it is time.'

'I returned to my mother's apartment in a terrible agitation, but did not let her perceive it. She said, 'Draw near the fire, niece,' said she, 'I want to speak to you.' In this discourse, all the objections I had formed against the project of the night vanished, and to which I had, before this, a very strong repugnance.

'You know very well, Agnes,' said my mother, 'who you are. From the time I first saw you I had compassion on your condition. It is on that account I have preferred you. You kept sheep—you were at all times exposed to the extremity of heats and colds. In order that you might be the more considered, I have taken you to my house, where you pass for my niece. You deserve my regard, and I must try to complete my happiness. I am sending you to a nunnery : pray to the Lord to keep you there. The world is full of trouble. Those who are born to be the happiest in it, groan under its disappoint-

ments. Marriage is a source of troubles ; not to mention the risk of falling into bad hands, besides the usual misfortunes that attend it, the detail of which is shocking. Look, therefore, on the cloister, as a safe port against all the storms of this life. If the grate has a frightful aspect, custom will render it pleasant. It is in retirement we truly enjoy ourselves. You will not resemble those religious persons, detached from the world indeed, yet who carry the remembrance of it in their heart, and regret having embraced that state of life. For your part, dear Agnes, it will not be your case. Taken up with the thoughts of your salvation, you will pass away your days in peace of mind. I will come sometimes to partake your happiness.'

'These last words seemed so soften my mother. Her eyes were full, and she strove to hide her tears by turning away and covering her face. I was too much moved to dispute any part of nature's right over me. 'Ah ! dear mother,' cried I, throwing myself at her feet, 'what have I done that you should make me a sacrifice?' She embraced me. My mother understood but half the import of these words. The time was favourable. Ah ! why did I not embrace it? Quite impressed with my ignorance on this subject, she began again. 'You are in the right, my dear Agnes, to call me a mother. You will know one day, when you are a nun, that I am really so.' The word *Nun* pierced my heart, and suspended the sentiments I had for my mother. I thought how I should snatch myself from the state they designed for me.

'Company coming in, I went to find Forbes. I went backwards and forwards, but my inquiry was in vain. My heart trembled ; it presaged something. I went out of the hotel, and came into a lane. I thought at the end of that lane I should find my lover. Ah ! what do I see? Forgive my tears. A chaise, and four men seize Forbes !—he sees me !—he cries out !—he resists ! Vain efforts ! he is now at a great distance !

'This sight so startled me that I stood immovable. As long as the chaise was in sight, I stood and wept bitterly. I came back like one distracted. Supper was ready, and they were looking for me. Mrs. Burnett had a joy in her face that soon vanished when I told her what had happened. 'Oh, heaven !' she cried, quite furious, 'what is it you say ? I am in despair. Go down to supper, and I will run and know what is the matter. No, stay ; you are all in tears, poor child ! Good-natured thing ! Away she ran to the coffee-house where this scene was transacted. They respected Mrs. Burnett, and they gave us this account.

‘In the morning,’ said the landlord, ‘four men arrived at my house. Three were dressed like gentlemen: the fourth appeared like an English livery servant. About half an hour ago, one of them said to another, ‘Go and tell that young man whom you see coming out of that house, that I want to speak a word with him. St. Geneval (his French name) came. Before he entered my house, the gentleman whispered in my ear, ‘I am a police officer, landlord, You will see a little bustle. Can you guess who that young man is that I have sent for?’—‘No, truly,’ answered I. ‘I know that he does business for Colonel Mackintosh, and every body gives him a good word. We all love him.’—‘I believe you,’ said he, ‘and it is because he is beloved elsewhere that we are going to take him away. I give you warning, in case he should resist, to be quiet. The young man entered. He instantly knew the English servant, and turned as pale as death. ‘Come, sir,’ said the officer, ‘take courage; no harm is intended you. I am glad we have found you. You must go along with us; your father expects you.’ During this discourse, St. Geneval would have escaped; but finding himself collared, he fought like a dragon, though the number overpowered him, and put him into a chaise ready for the purpose.’

‘Mrs. Burnett was so astonished, that she went away without answering a word. As soon as we were alone, she squeezed me by the hand, and began to weep bitterly, in which I joined her very sincerely. The poor woman embraced me with affection, imagining my tears to be the effect of my compassion.

‘Two days after this cruel accident, spent in tears, my mother brought me hither. During the journey, she rode in a separate chaise. She durst not witness the grief I displayed. I was very kindly received. No artifice was left untried to induce me to take the veil. The sorrowful air I had not yet laid aside, into the cause of which they did not penetrate, gave room, without doubt, to think I had no relish for the cloister. This was too contrary to the interests of the house, by reason of the portion they expected with me, not to excite their utmost efforts to make me change my mind.

‘One day, as I was walking by myself in the garden with a book, the nun who waited at the turn came and told me that there was a gentleman, who called himself my relation, waiting for me in the parlour. This news startled me: I did not know who this could be, unless it were somebody who came from my lover. I flew to the parlour. Scarcely was I entered, when the sound of a

well-known and much-loved voice, swift as lightning, reached my heart. 'Is it you, then?' said I to him; 'is it you?— I had not power to say any more. Drawing near, I gave him my hand through the grate: he took it, he moistened it with his tears, he knelt down, he cried, he talked, and all this without my being at all sensible of the matter.'

CHAPTER IV.

AS soon as I was recovered from the agitation into which the sight of my lover had thrown me, I wanted to know how he had made his escape. 'Could you doubt for one moment,' cried he, 'so much in love as I am, that I should not find an opportunity of returning to you. Nothing can ever shake my constancy. If you continue in the same sentiments——' 'Can you doubt it, ungrateful man?' said I: 'the tears I have shed in your absence, and the alteration you may easily perceive in me, are but too sure proofs.' Forbes, transported with this acknowledgment, expressed his sentiments for me in the tenderest manner. I imparted to him the present situation of my affairs. 'We shall put an end to them,' replied he, 'if you will enter into the lawful measures that I shall propose to you. But I will give you an exact detail of all that has happened to me since I saw you.'

'You have little idea, lovely Bessey,' said Forbes, 'of the anguish that seized me when I found myself taken. I wearied all those that carried me off. Our old servant cursed his commission, and had it not been for the force and precaution of the police, I should have abandoned myself to all the excess of my passion. I arrived at Paris, and was immediately conveyed to a hotel where my father lodged. Some person had recognized me at Versailles, and informed my father of the situation I held in Colonel Mackintosh's house. He was enraged beyond measure, and, leaving his duties in parliament, hastened to Paris, and obtained an order from the minister of the police to convey me thither. These men related all my extravagancies, and my father thought that I was insane, and my refusing to take any sustenance confirmed him in his opinion, and he therefore treated me with great lenity; but there is no consolation for a person truly in love. I was determined not to eat till I was at liberty, and I persevered in this frenzy; and, after lying four days in continual transports of passion, on the seventh I was seized with a fever.'

'When my father found matters to be serious, he came to me, the better to clear up his doubts. My condition

startled him extremely : nothing less than my life was at stake, and he was very sensibly affected. Taking me by the hand, he awoke me from the dosing into which my illness had thrown me, and gave me his word of honour, that, if I would admit of some assistance for the re-establishment of my health, I might go where I pleased. I could depend upon his word ; and his favourable promises induced me to become all obedience. In order to give him proofs of it, I took some broth before him. The servants were overjoyed at this change in me. My mother, who had followed to shield me from my father's wrath, ceased to weep. She came to my bedside, and embraced me with the most lively transports, confirming to me what my father had said, and adding on her side all that could contribute to my entire satisfaction. The many days I had been without food had so inflamed my stomach, that it would retain nothing, and I lay two days in a most melancholy condition. My mother never went from my bed-side. But through their great care and assiduity, I recovered by degrees ; and a fortnight after they judged me out of danger.

“ When I was able to talk, my mother, who behaved in such a manner as to gain my confidence, was made acquainted with the situation of my heart ; and dear Bessy, that could not be without betraying your secret, for which I ask you pardon. My mother heard your history with astonishment. She went directly, and told it to my father, whose surprise was still greater. I also made him master of the whole affair you had imparted to me. He said you had equity on your side, and if there could be proof of your birth, he gave his consent to our union, and promised to afford me his assistance for the accomplishment of all my designs.

“ Imagine my joy, adorable Bessy, upon this promise, coming from such a worthy father, whose weight, authority, and knowledge of the law, were sure warrants of its success. I would have thrown myself at his feet, but he withheld me, and prevented it. The ardent desire I had of seeing you again, and bringing you these good tidings, soon restored me to a perfect state of health.

“ My father did not permit me to languish. He told me that the law was on your side ; that the proofs which I had alleged were sufficient for you to be proclaimed the daughter of Mackintosh ; and that all we had to fear was, that, being in the power of your parents, nobody would care to espouse your interest. He said that were he in my place, he should pursue it with the utmost rigour.

“ These words were so many oracles to me and I

knew how to expound them. My dear father returned to London, promising to collect in Scotland the proofs necessary to establish your rights, while I hastened back to Versailles ; but judge of my despair, when I found you were gone. I kept closely incog, and contrived to obtain an interview with Mrs. Burnett.' But it required all my address to extract the place of retreat from the cautious old dame, who, I believe, began to suspect the truth. But I cared not for her jealousies ; for, the minute I heard you were at Amiens, I took horse, with my father's butler, and have ridden day and night to behold you once again.

'Now, my dear Bessy. if you love me sincerely, make your escape, and go with me. You shall plight your faith to me, and I will do the same to you. I will conduct you to my mother, who has agreed to wait for us near Paris. There you will find a second mother, more affectionate and more indulgent than her who has abandoned you to your ill stars.'

'Here Forbes stopped, and fixed his eyes tenderly on me, expecting my answer. I was in extreme perplexity. I was doubtful, and could not come to a determination. My lover saw my incertitude, and continued to lay before me the most moving and powerful reasons. He recalled to my remembrance the situation in which I was placed by the slender regard of my parents, so different from what my birth and the ties of blood required. He said that I was sacrificed to a sordid interest ; in short, that I was lost if I did not take a vigorous resolution, that I should be obliged very shortly to take the veil, and that then there was no longer any hopes. He said a great deal more, equally convincing, making me clearly see the barbarity there was in rendering me unhappy for the sake of a sister, who ought to be no dearer than myself. This determined me. 'Retire, my shepherd,' said I to him ; 'I fear they will mistrust so long a conversation. Be here again to-morrow at this time. I promise you an answer, and I fancy you will not be dissatisfied with it.'

'The aversion I had to the cloister inclined me to embrace the means proposed to me for quitting it ; yet I judged the step so dangerous, that I could not come to a resolution. Then again I thought it was wrong to quit a convent to follow a young man, blinded perhaps by his passion. The remainder of that day, and the night following were passed in cruel anxiety and doubts. At last, love and the hatred of a convent carried the day. I believed myself excusable, since my parents not only dis-

claimed me as their daughter, but treated me with unparalleled severity ; while the advantages that were proposed appeared to me to be solid. Therefore I entirely delivered myself up to these pleasing ideas, and thought of nothing but by what means I could get out of the fatal convent with the greatest privacy.

‘What cannot love effect? Difficult as it was to make my escape without being discovered, an expedient occurred presently, which seemed to promise success. I had taken a fancy to the portress. She was merry and good-natured, and her employment engaged her in various affairs. I sometimes answered for the portress, and opened the gates. The keys were hung up in the parlour, the grate opened upon the outward portress’s room, it often happened that I was alone at the door, I was well acquainted with all the passages about the house.

‘Forbes was punctual to his appointment, and I communicated my thoughts to him. He hesitated from his fear of my being surprised in the execution of my design, in which case we should never have another opportunity. In his opinion, it was better to make the attempt in the night. But it was impossible ; for, as soon as night came, the portress brought the keys of the inclosure into the superior’s chamber. I bid him be of good courage, and showed him, that, provided he had his chaise in readiness at some distance from the convent gate, and he could depend upon his horses, it would be easy for me to jump into the vehicle, and there would be no danger of being stopped, although they were to see me in the very instant of my flight ; that the only critical moment was the opening of the gate. Forbes agreed with me in the feasibility of this enterprize, and that it should be executed on the fourth morning, to avoid suspicions that might arise from these two visits.

‘I passed the three intervening nights in the most racking anxiety of mind. My comfort was, that I was not suspected. At last the important morning arrived ; and I was resolved to execute my design whilst the nuns were at matins. Mother Portress never missed ; and it was her practice, before she went, to put the key of the first door into the turn that belonged to the outward portress, that they might be able to do the business of the house. I left the door of my cell partly open, by which Mother Portress was obliged to pass. I waited till she was gone to choir, and then I ran to the parlour. Great was my joy when I espied the keys. I seized them, and opened the door of the enclosure. I shut it after me, and carried away the keys, that I might have time to

join my lover, having reason to fear being discovered by an old portress, who twice asked, 'Who is there,' and rang her bell, uneasy at not hearing any body answer.

'My locking the door saved me; otherwise I should have been brodght back, as I was so long before I could open the street door, which had a very difficult lock. The nuns had run up to a window, saw my design, and cried out for assistance. Forbes, who was upon the watch, ran up with his servant to the door, and used all his efforts to force it open. Seeing him so near, I recovered my spirits; and, having bethought myself of making use of another key, it opened at once. I screamed for joy, and threw myself into Forbes' arms, but not without trembling. The nuns, desperately enraged at my flight, continued their cries; but we were soon out of sight. We went by post, by a bye-road, that whole day, without stopping, to a village where we were out of danger of being taken. Here Forbes had engaged a chaplain, who gave notice to the curate that he intended to say mass the next morning at break of day. Under this pretext he married us, in the presence of four peasants, who were witnesses, and signed a marriage certificate (ready for that purpose), not suspecting the least contrivance. After this, we set out with mutual satisfaction.

'We arrived without interruption, and in high spirits, at my mother-in-law's residence near Paris. She received me with the utmost kindness and affection, and I had all the reason imaginable to bless my happy lot. Here I lived during a month in a state of happiness not to be described; when, in consequence of a letter from my husband's father, we prepared to leave France for London. But, alas! how cruel are the turns of fortune!

'My father-in-law, the Lord Advocate, had commenced his inquiries respecting my birth. One of my father's friends soon informed him of the circumstance, and he sent an agent into Scotland, to defeat any attempt to establish my claims. My flight from the convent with Forbes' son, unravelled the whole design to my father, and filled him with rage, which his connexion with the French court enabled him to gratify.

'At night, as we lay quietly asleep, we were awakened by our servants rushing into our chamber all in tears. 'Ah! said they, 'with what misfortunes are we threatened! The house is filled with armed men, and he that heads them says he is come in the king's name.' Then two Exempts appeared, who signified their orders to us. My dear husband would have defended himself; but, alas! what could he do against twenty men? I did

nothing but scream most dreadfully ; but nothing could mollify these barbarians. They forced us asunder, and I know not what they did with my husband. They brought me hither with great expedition, where the first thing I saw was my father and mother ; rage in his countenance, and her eyes drowned in tears. ‘Well, hussy, said the colonel (for I cannot call him father) ‘does it become you to conspire against those who have raised you from nothing?—to have recourse to calumny, for setting yourself at liberty and getting a husband? You have but two things to resolve on, sorry wretch ; either to take the habit to-morrow, or perish.’ He held up his hand at me. ‘Mind what I say to you ; if in two days you do not ask to be received as a nun, expect no longer to find in me a protector, but an executioner.’ With these words he led me to the door of the inclosure, whispered the abbess, and retired.

‘I will not repeat to you all the reproaches that I had to suffer from the superior. Enraged at me for the trick I had played her, she was incessantly tormenting me, and saying that the best thing for me was implicit obedience ; that Colonel Mackintosh had no mercy ; and that, as soon as I had taken the veil, it behoved me to forget my former life. I passed that night and the day following in affliction, and on the third I entered into my noviceship,

‘I cannot tell, my dear Miss, what is become of Forbes. Has rage, grief, or disappointment killed him? Has he been immured in the dungeons of the Bastile? Has he returned to his own country? and is he trying to effect my deliverance? These doubts continually haunt my mind.

‘At the expiration of a year, the stern Colonel Mackintosh came, and sent for me, and said, with a tone and manner, the remembrance of which made me shudder, that if I did not make my profession the next day, he would remove me, and inflict upon me a punishment suited to my disobedience. The cruel sacrifice was made. The awful ceremony of taking the veil appears to me like a horrid dream. I was more dead than alive.

‘Since that time they use me with more kindness, because they think all is over. But what satisfaction is that to me? Though I hide it from them, I bear in my heart my first engagement. On uttering these words, St. Agnes wept most bitterly. ‘Spouse of my heart!’ she cried, ‘still let me pronounce that name, so solemnly acquired at the foot of the altar ! Ah ! nothing shall ever efface thy dear image from my soul !’

Sighs interrupted her speech. I was most sensibly struck with this narrative. The circumstances I was then in made it affect me the more, and to participate in her feelings. I did my utmost to comfort her.

When I related my own adventures and sufferings, St. Agnes always comforted me. 'Your prospects,' she would say, 'are bright: you have the pleasure of hope left you still. That is not my case in my present situation; all is lost in this world for me. Death, that puts an end to other people's troubles, opens to me the door to everlasting punishments. Which duty must I comply with? Am I a wife, or a religious woman? I am both at the same time!'—'Why did not you,' said I, 'plead your marriage to William Forbes, when the colonel would oblige you to become a nun?'—'Did I not?' she replied: 'he knew it very well.'

I endeavoured, by a close application to my studies, to render myself a worthy companion to my noble lover, to gratify my excellent patroness, and to forget the difficulties of my situation. Our convent contained thirty women; and it would be difficult to describe their modest, and devout manners. At meals, all sat in silence. When the superior rang a bell, every body rose from table, and grace was said. St. Agnes and I usually retired together. Several weeks passed in this manner. I felt myself as if banished from the busy world. But while sitting alone one morning, the abbess sent me a letter, which I opened, and read as follows:—

'My dear Rosina,

'I have delayed writing until I could give you some clear account of the strange occurrences since your departure. Surely heaven watches over the virtuous, and directs their actions: for had you refused to accept the safe and holy retreat which I proposed, the consequences might have been most tragical. Now you can sleep tranquilly, until the fiery spirit of your lovers subsides. The night you left Uxbridge, the Earl of Lemington supped with us. He seized an opportunity of imploring me to explain to

him your intentions. and the place of your intended retreat. This I told him was, at the present time, impossible, I being bound to secrecy ; but that he should know every thing as soon as the communication could be made with propriety.

‘Mr. Fleming, who was very gay at supper, pressed the earl to witness the celebration of his nuptials in the morning ; but his lordship pleaded a previous engagement. I felt very uneasy at the boyish playfulness of our old friend, as it would render the impending blow more heavy. Poor Fleming rose early, and dressed himself in the gayest manner. He was scented with every variety of perfumes. When his toilet finished, one of his servants ran to inform him that his bride had fled during the night. He instantly rushed into Sir William’s room, almost suffocated with rage. He swore furiously against the earl, with whom he concluded you had run off. He threatened to arrest you for the jewels he had presented to you. I did not see him. for he set off to London, to apply to the lord mayor. as he said, for a warrant to apprehend you. I laughed outright. His jew-like habits predominated ; and he regretted the loss of his jewels more than the loss of your person. But I despatched a servant after him with the jewels, which you had sealed up and directed to him.

‘The news of your flight soon reached Captain Lambe, who was living at an inn in Uxbridge, under an assumed name. He instantly joined in the pursuit, and soon overtook poor Fleming. Knowing the chaise of the old Scotch broker, he directed his postillions to overturn it. This trick was executed, as the fellows said when afterwards apprehended, in grand style ; and Fleming, with his chaise, were left in a ditch. The captain from London set off to France, with the avowed determination of punishing the earl for his audacity in carrying you off.

‘After my return to town, the Earl of Lemington called upon me. I was surprised to see him look so pale and debilitated, and expressed as much. He smiled, and said that he had been confined for a few days by a severe cold. Sir William, who was present, observed that he heard the captain had gone upon the continent. ‘Yes,’ replied his lordship, ‘and he compels me to follow him.’—‘May I ask for what purpose?’ said I.—‘To vindicate my honour,’ said he, ‘and to protect one who is dearer to me than life, and who I am afraid will need protection.’—‘If,’ said I, ‘you allude to my young friend, I assure you that she is perfectly secure from the attacks or insults of the captain, even were he to discover her retreat.’—‘How !’

exclaimed he, 'do you doubt my honour? Do you question my sincerity?'—'No,' no,' I replied; 'but things must remain as they are at present for some time. I will not violate my promise to you, if you are a good boy.' But your lordship alarms me. Here you rush out of a sick-chamber, at the risk of your life, because madcap Lambe rambles over the continent. As to Rosina, she is perfectly safe. Rest, then, upon this assurance; return home and take care of your health.

'But the captain has used expressions injurious to my honour. He thinks that I accompanied Rosina in her flight, and says he will punish me. Is this to be endured? No,' he continued with animation, and lifting up his fine eyes to heaven, 'I do most solemnly swear, that, in such a case, I would pursue the braggart to the farthest verge of Siberia, to defend my honour.'

'When he found I was bent on concealing your place of residence, he retired with Sir William, who is his banker. I was condemning his folly at dinner; but my husband defended him stoutly, said he was a noble fellow, and that if he had a son who acted so, he would applaud his spirit.

'The day after you left us, your parents returned home, much chagrined. I had much difficulty in appeasing the wrath of your father. I gave him your dutiful letter; but he thrust it into the fire, in a passion, without reading a line. He next demanded to see Mr. Fleming, whom he said he would accompany in tracing you out; but when he found that his intended son-in-law was gone to London, he appeared still more enraged. He refused all my offers of kindness, and upbraided me for allowing you to escape. Your mother was in tears. On going away she gave me a look that compensated for your father's rudeness. Now, my dear girl, I am not angry with your father. The disappointment he experienced was very vexatious, and his want of education rendered him unable to express his feelings in polite terms. He gave way to his natural feelings, and scorned any thing like deception or hypocrisy.

'Your young friend Georgiana sends her best love. Poor girl! her health, since your departure, has been very bad. Her appetite is quite gone; yet she never complains, and pursues her studies with undiminished ardour. Her physicians have ordered her to take an airing in the park every day. I always accompany her. Do write to her, and cheer up her spirits. As soon as she is better, I will see you on my way to Paris. I remain,

'Your sincere friend, MARY ANN BECKFORD.'

This letter afforded me great uneasiness. I trembled for the safety of the earl, and wished, for his sake, that I had continued hid in the obscurity of my native village. I confess that I felt more vexation than grief at my father's conduct. I pitied my affectionate mother, and often dropped a tear at the remembrance of my amiable friend Georgiana. St. Agnes used her utmost efforts to dissipate my fears, and to comfort me. A month was passed in this manner, when, one day, a boarder, called Mademoiselle de Renneville, came running into my chamber. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I have good news for you. A sweet-looking young lady from England has just been overturned in her coach at the gate of our convent.'—'And do you rejoice,' asked I, 'that a young lady has had a misfortune?'—'No, you know better. I was going to tell you that our lady abbess has received the stranger very courteously, and has invited her to stop until her coach be repaired.

Scarcely had she given me this information, when we were summoned to dinner. O heavens! what a shock I received, when, on entering the refectory, I saw my inveterate enemy, the Honourable Miss Lambe. I uttered an involuntary scream. St. Agnes caught me in her arms, and led me back to my chamber. I apprehended that the captain was killed, and that his sister had come to upbraid me as the cause of her brother's death; or it was possible the earl had fallen, and that she intended to laugh at my calamity. She showed her resentment against me with great severity. She gave them my history, my poor parentage, and represented every circumstance of my life in the blackest colours. The abbess, piqued at being imposed upon, assured Miss Lambe, that since I was a person of such a dangerous description, and of such mean extraction, she would soon expel me from the house.

The amiable St. Agnes, terrified at my continual faintings, employed all the care the tenderest

friendship could devise on my behalf. 'Take courage, my dear,' said she; 'you will one day surmount these difficulties. If you suffer yourself to be thus cast down, the whole monastery will believe all that the wicked creature has advanced. Still you have this comfort, that you are generally beloved, and consequently she will find very little credit.'—'Ah! my dear friend,' replied I, 'calumny bears a great sway, and easily leaves a mark. And her malignity may have injured me in the opinion of my best friend, Lady Beckford. She has answered none of my letters. 'Yes,' continued I, bursting into tears, 'and I shall perhaps be torn from you. This very monastery, once so hateful, is become the dearest object of my wishes, through the friendship with which you honour me.'

St. Agnes shed tears and was deeply affected with what I said; and just then the abbess sent for me. I followed the nun who came for me. The abbess was surrounded by several nuns, who talked to her with great vehemence. 'Come hither, miss,' said the abbess, 'pray inform me what reason Lady Beckford could have for deceiving me, and passing you upon me for her relation. Had she thought fit to have trusted me with a secret, it might have been of service to you; especially as I am sensible of the obligations I have to that lady. You seem to be much in her favour: her admitting a country girl into her confidence is certainly a proof. You seem a little confounded: but take courage; you come too well recommended to have the least reason to fear any ill usage from me. Tell the truth; for that alone can entitle you to an abode here.'

This harangue lasted a considerable time, through her want of breath. I had an opportunity to reflect how I should behave; and I determined not to explain myself till I heard from Lady Beckford. I answered, that my dear patroness, Lady Beckford, was too honourable to impose upon any one; that I knew Miss Lambe, and the little favour I

could expect at her hands ; but as to the character she had bestowed on me, it was a mystery I could not unravel ; that I had nothing more to say, but was ready to return, if it should be required. The abbess, surprised to see me so resolute, then made a sign for me to retire, which I did, and repaired to my cell, where I found St. Agnes waiting for me. She was in tears, and it was my turn to comfort her. The fear that I should be sent away, and the fear of losing so intimate a friend, alarmed her cruelly.

In a few days, the lady abbess received a letter from Lady Beckford, containing explanations which she said were perfectly satisfactory. I received also a short note, in which her ladyship assured me of her continued friendship and protection, expressed her pity of the spiteful Miss Lambe, and concluded by merely stating that Georgiana was no better. After this, I appeared amongst the aged nuns with more confidence ; but still some of them treated me with a certain haughtiness. St. Agnes was my counsellor and friend ; and the innocent and lively De Renneville was always at my side, cheering my spirits by her wit and vivacity.

About a fortnight passed without any thing particular ; when one evening, while I was finishing a drawing, a nun came to inform me that some friends of mine were at the grate. Agitated and surprised. I ran down to the abbess's parlour, when, to my infinite joy, I found myself in the arms of Lady Beckford, and of my young friend Georgiana. I could not speak—I could only weep. Poor Georgiana never appeared so beautiful. Her fine black eyes, her white transparent skin, and the delicate vermillion that shaded her cheek, produced an enchanting effect. But, alas ! these flattering appearances were only the signs of an insidious disease, which had baffled the skill of the first physicians in England, and who had recommended their patient to try the mild air of Italy.

Oh ! how delighted I was when Lady Beckford

said, 'My good Rosina, you must prepare to accompany us to Paris.' My heart bounded with joy, and I felt unable to express my thanks. The lady abbess apologized for the alarm which the declamations of the Honourable Miss Lambe had caused, and said that she believed I would justify the honour which her ladyship had done me. Lady Beckford received all this with a cold, and rather haughty air, merely observing that she was not obliged to explain the motives of her conduct to every busy body that chose to meddle with what did not concern them. At last, the signal was given, when the abbess conducted Lady Beckford into the refectory, while I led Georgiana by the hand.

I was pleased to observe the deep respect with which my benefactress was received. Her large aquiline nose imparted a kind of dignity to her visage; while her graceful carriage and polished manners mingled love with respect. She treated me with marked attention, in order to efface the impressions which my enemy might have left upon their minds. Early next morning, I took leave of my friends, from whom I could not part without regret. I promised to exert myself to the utmost in order to restore St. Agnes to liberty. This dear friend held me in her arms, and wept upon my bosom.

When on the road, Lady Beckford told me that my old lover, Mr. Fleming, could not be easy and attend to his business as formerly. By some means, he fell into the toils of Miss Fanny Honeyman, who once figured on the boards of the King's Theatre, and afterwards lived under the protection of several titled and rich noblemen. Fleming never once suspected her virtue. After marriage, they retired into the country; and Mrs. Fleming's character might have remained a secret, had not her unguarded conduct awakened him to a sense of his wretched destiny. In his first transports, he raved like a madman, beat her, and confined her, as he

said, for life. However, his anger abated, and in a short time he set her at liberty—quite another woman.

Lady Beckford purposed to remain at Paris until Sir William could join her. This short journey had revived Georgiana, who appeared much better. Yet I could not suppress a sigh when I thought of the earl. Lady Beckford knew nothing of him. He had last drawn upon Sir William at Turin. I indulged the hope that he had returned to France ; and my eyes, in all the theatres and places of public exhibitions, were always wandering in search of the dear object of my solitude. At last, I became impatient at the delay of Sir William. I expected that when he reached Paris, something would transpire respecting the earl.

One evening, after supper, a carriage drove into our yard, and a message was brought to Lady Beckford, who requested the stranger to be conducted up stairs. But guess my astonishment, when my old friend Catharine entered, who was violently torn from me by Captain Lambe. I read the contents of a letter which she brought, directed to me. It was from my old patroness, the Viscountess Neville, and dated from Ambert Castle, about seven leagues from Paris. It informed me that strange things had happened ; that her son was at the point of death ; and concluded by conjuring me to join her immediately. Lady Beckford also received a note, imploring her to permit me to accompany her maid Catharine to Ambert Castle.

Lady Beckford, after a pause, rang the bell, and ordered refreshments for Catharine. She then rose, and beckoned me to follow her. She asked me how I intended to act. ‘Alas ! madam,’ I exclaimed, ‘I am lost without your protection. This is one of Captain Lambe’s wicked inventions. He only wants to have me in his power, to triumph in my misery.’—‘Ah !’ replied Lady Beckford, ‘I know more of this matter than you suppose. The captain is in no condition at present to injure you,

If he were, the viscountess is too honourable to second a scheme founded on treachery and baseness. She is in heart-breaking distress. Your presence, she thinks, will be useful; and I do not see how you can refuse the request of your earliest friend.'—'Say no more, my dear madam,' said I, interrupting her; 'I obey.'—'Not me, I hope,' she observed, 'but the dictates of your own heart. Go, my good child, I will not lose sight of you, nor withdraw my friendship and protection from you.'

We immediately returned. My travelling trunk was soon arranged; and, after taking leave of Lady Beckford, and the amiable Georgiana, I entered the coach with Catherine. My heart would have died within me, had I not been supported by Lady Beckford's assurance of my perfect safety, arising from some particular intelligence which she had received. Catherine appeared pleased at seeing me again.

When we had got into the open country, I turned to my companion, and said, 'Catherine, we were once friends, and I know of nothing that should have diminished this feeling.'—'Nor I,' replied she, 'though you have grown so much like a fine lady, that I dare not use my former freedom with you.' 'Nonsense,' said I, 'my appearance may have been altered a little, but my heart remains the same; and I know that Catherine will not be so cruel as to conceal from me what has happened.'—'Alas!' replied she, 'I wish I had nothing to tell you; but I love you too well, dear Rosina, to hide any thing from you. I'll lay you a wager, you cannot guess on whose account you were sent for.'—'Why, I am going to Ambert Castle,' said I, 'in consequence of the invitation of the Viscountess Neville.'—'Aye, but her ladyship made this request,' said Catherine, 'because of the earnest prayers of the Honourable William Lambe. He lies dangerously ill, and a sincere penitent. Nothing will content him but a sight of you, whom he confesses to have injured; but knowing the aversion his sister has against you, he has made her promise to receive you kindly.'—

‘Oh ! I know her well,’ replied I : ‘but what am I required to do ? Could not the sick man have written his sentiments ? Is there some new sacrifice required of me ?’—‘You overwhelm me with questions,’ said Catherine, ‘to which I can give no satisfactory answers without mentioning somebody that I am strictly enjoined not to name. Saying this, she peeped into my face and smiled. ‘Well, well,’ she continued, ‘I must trust to your discretion, for I cannot withhold that which I know will increase your happiness.

‘When the mad captain pursued you to the continent, he wrote from Brussels to his mother, that he had most solemnly sworn by his honour to have you, and that neither bankers, nor lords, nor priests, nor convent-walls, should protect you. Fortunately his information was incorrect, and he rambled through Germany ; while the earl proceeded to the south of France, where he understood the captain had gone. At last, Miss Lambe discovered the place of your retreat, and immediately informed her brother of the name of your convent.

‘The captain drove furiously into Luneville, just as the postmaster was directing horses to be put into two carriages ; but our young master, mad with liquor, forbade the servants to obey, and insisted that the horses should be put into his carriage, which the post-master refused. An elderly gentleman from the window observed, that he had ordered the horses, and that no person should impose upon him. A few hasty words passed, when the old gentleman and his servants appeared to support the post-master. A riot instantly ensued. Lambe’s servants drove all before them ; while he himself with one blow of his fist, felled the old gentleman to the ground. Then a voice exclaimed, ‘Coward !—villain !—draw !’ and, on looking round, the Earl of Lemington stood before him with his sword drawn. The captain’s sword flew out of the scabbard. They fought.’ Here I shuddered, and uttered a low involuntary scream. Ca

therine caught me in her arms, saying, 'Do not fear. The earl is alive and well. He will soon tell you of this adventure himself.

'It appears that the Earl of Glenford had called upon Sir William Beckford, and expressed his displeasure at his nephew's conduct in such strong terms, that Sir William thought it his duty to inform this young nobleman of the great risk he had incurred. He also informed him that you were well, and safe in the north of France. When this letter reached the earl, he was descending the Rhine, in search of Captain Lambe. At Barr, he was informed by an English merchant, that the captain had passed, on his road to France, about two hours before that time. The earl immediately pursued, and overtook him at the critical moment which I have just described.

'Next morning, the officers attended to investigate this affair in the captain's room, as he was too ill to be removed. But, O what a scene occurred here! The old gentleman, on entering the room, burst into tears, exclaiming, in broken accents, 'And is it you, William, my son?' The captain started up, stared wildly upon the stranger, uttered a groan, and sunk again upon his pillow. It was his excellency the Viscount Neville, who had quitted Dresden, and was then on his road to England. The earl supported the viscount to a chair, and handed him a glass of water. He had three ribs broken, and a severe cut on his head, by the fall he received. As for the earl, he was wounded very slightly in three places.

'After a short pause, the viscount approached his unfortunate son, when a most touching scene took place. The captain confessed and lamented his madness and folly; he shuddered at the horrid crime he had nearly committed; he condemned himself for deserting his duty to his king and country, in order to pursue a defenceless and innocent girl; he earnestly begged the earl's pardon for the injury he had done him.

‘When the officers learned the names and dignity of their prisoners, they liberated them all, on an assurance from the earl that he would satisfy the post-master. Here this kind, good-hearted young nobleman remained nine days, nursing his late inveterate enemy, whose wounds, and the fever that ensued, rendered his life very precarious. When his mother, the viscountess, heard of what had happened, she immediately left London to see her unfortunate son.

‘In the mean time, Captain Lambe was removed by his father to Ambert Castle, which belongs to a very particular friend of his. As soon as the viscountess arrived, her husband and the earl set off for Paris, on particular business as it is said. I know nothing of the nature of this business, except it be to endeavour to get poor Mr. Lambe restored to his rank; for his mother brought intelligence that his name had been struck off the list of captains of the navy.

‘The Honourable Miss Lambe, on her first interview with her brother, not knowing the revolution that had taken place in his mind, told him exultingly how she had ruined your credit and character in your convent. After this, he never ceased to beg that you might be sent for, that in every way in his power he might do justice to you.

CHAPTER V.

AS we approached the Castle of Ambert, I tried to summon courage to perform my part with propriety in the scenes I anticipated. Early in the morning, the postillion soon whirled us into the inner court of the castle. I was led into the viscountess closet. Here I waited with such an oppression of spirits, as is not to be expressed.

‘You are come then, my poor Rosina,’ said her ladyship; ‘in truth your lot is very unfortunate. I wish, with all my heart, I had never known you. I know you are a good girl, and have neither deserved what you have suffered, nor conducted to the

unhappy adventures that have occurred; but still misfortunes seemed to attend all those who have concerned themselves with your fortune.' I answered with tears, in which her ladyship joined. I said, 'Ah! madam, I am unworthy of all your kindness. Abandon me to my fate. Permit me to retire to my native village, and hide myself from the world.'—'We will think of it,' said the viscountess; 'stay here. I will inquire of my son when he is disposed to see you. His sister, as perhaps Catherine informed you, opposed your introduction here. There exists some ill-will between you, the cause of which I do not understand. She loves her brother tenderly, and his will prevailed. She has asked his pardon with tears, so you may be certain of her civility and kindness.'

Miss Lambe now appeared. On seeing me, she grew pale; but she had more courage than I, and advanced first. 'Can you forgive me, my dear Rosina,' said she embracing me, 'all the trouble I have caused you? But I know you are too good to harbour resentment in your breast. The fear of what has now occurred gave rise to my dislike to you; but the noble sentiments expressed by my excellent brother have extinguished it. Come then, your presence may perhaps contribute to his recovery.'

Miss Lambe's behaviour moved me to compassion. I followed her to her brother's apartment. On entering, she said, 'Here is our dear friend Rosina.' A faint voice replied, 'is she? Let me see her, and obtain her forgiveness, and I die content.' Drawing near to him, though not without fear, he stretched out his hand, and clasped mine. His agonizing voice and death-like countenance affected me deeply.

'Can you forgive me,' said he, 'for my criminal passion towards you, and for all the vexations I have caused you? Can you look without horror upon one who had impiously sworn to violate your chastity? Can you endure the frantic man who was determined to drive out of the world one of the

noblest fellows living, because he loved you?" "O yes!" I sobbed out, "I can—I do pardon you, and will fervently pray for you."—"Enough," he said, "you are an angel of light. I can now die content; but if it should please God to restore me to health, be assured that in me you have a tender friend. My dear sister," looking at Miss Lambe, "endeavour to make Rosina happy."—"Never fear," replied she, "Rosina is too good to feel unhappy;" on which she kissed me. He gently squeezed my hand, and then embraced his sister, who was bathed in tears.

Next morning, the fever having left him, the Honourable Mr. Lambe was declared out of danger. This news was received with joy, in which I participated. His sister showed me the warmest friendship, and at dinner openly declared, that, if her brother recovered, she should be obliged to me alone, after God, for his life. The viscountess also treated me as a daughter; and I felt uncommonly pleased and cheerful. Mr. Lambe recovered surprisingly, professing the highest sentiments of honour and probity. He showed himself entirely free from the passion he had conceived for me; but there hung upon him a deep melancholy, and he seemed full of some important design. I could not help being struck at his serious air, and began to fear that he was meditating some new enterprise.

One day, while I was writing to my friend St. Agnes, Miss Lambe bolted into the room like a mad woman, crying out that I was the cause of all the misfortunes of her family, but that she would be revenged. The viscountess followed her and said, "You had better use these expressions in your brother's presence." The young lady was immediately softened; she reflected for a while, then came and asked my pardon, excusing her violence by the agitation caused by her brother's strange conduct, who had refused a valuable office which had just been offered him by a relative in the ministry.

Two days after this, I received a letter from

Lady Beckford. She informed me that Sir William had arrived, and that they would set out for Italy immediately. She begged me to accompany them to Italy, for Georgiana would be inconsolable if I did not join them. She directed me to take a seat in the Diligence to Dijon, where, on a certain day she named, they also would arrive. The viscountess came in the evening, when I presented her with Lady Beckford's note, and my own letter open. On returning my letter, she said, 'Well, my dear, you are at your own disposal;' and then quitted the room, to inform her son as I supposed.

In the morning, we breakfasted together in silence. Then the Honourable Mr. Lambe said, 'I am to lose, it seems, my charming and tender nurse.' I felt uneasy at this expression, blushed, and hung down my head. He added, 'Wherever you go, may the choicest blessings of heaven attend you!' And presenting me with a sealed packet, he said, 'This contains a transfer of two thousand pounds stock in the five per cents. It will, at least, be a means of preserving you from want, or it will enable you to do some good. It is part of a legacy left me by a relation, and therefore cannot injure my family.' Seeing me hesitate to accept of it, he said with energy, 'Nay, if you refuse, you will render me wretched. I shall conclude that you still hate and dread me. You will also incur the displeasure of your godmother, [the viscountess nodded assent,] and of my sister here, who approves of my conduct in this instance, and who has promised to add to this present, so unequal to your merits. Is not that true, dear sister?' cried he, stretching forth his hand. She kissed it, saying, 'You know, my dear William, that I cannot but love what you love.'

The servant came to say the Diligence was ready to start, when I took my farewell of this family. The viscountess touched my cheek slightly, with that mixture of dignity and condescension that expressed the value of the favour she bestowed. Her

daughter kissed me with ardour ; but Mr. Lambe, without lifting his eyes, took hold of my hand, touched it with his warm lips, and, dropping a single tear, instantly stepped back, as if afraid to commit himself.

There can be no company found in any country so agreeable in travelling as in France. The beauty and fertility of the country greatly pleased me.

As night advanced, I wrapped my garment around me, and asked myself, 'Where is the earl ? He must have known that Lady Beckford had arrived in Paris. Why, then, did he not wait upon her ? Why has he never written ? But I have done nothing to forfeit his esteem, nor will I do any thing to regain what I ought not to have lost.'

On arriving at Dijon, I found Sir William Beckford's footman waiting to conduct me to his master's residence. I was received in the kindest manner, and felt myself secure and happy. After dinner, I related all the strange circumstances that had occurred at Ambert Castle. 'His excellency the viscount and the Earl of Lemington,' I said, 'left Ambert Castle for Paris yesterday after the viscountess' arrival.'—'Yes,' observed Sir William, 'and proceeded without delay to England.' This sentence contained all the information that I could procure respecting his lordship for a considerable time.

Next day we proceeded to Lyons. On ascending the high hills on the north, an extensive, varied, and beautiful prospect of hills, valleys, and vineyards, opened to the view, and presented one continued scene of richness and beauty. The city itself is most beautifully picturesque, and the surrounding houses and chateaux, interspersed with gardens, impart a great degree of magnificence to the view, which is not easily to be paralleled. We set out for Turin in high spirits. The lofty ridges of Savoy present a combination of what is most terrific and beautiful in nature :—precipices, rocks, cascades, forests, vineyards, all appear as if thrown

into wild disorder by some mighty convulsion of nature. In crossing Mount Cenis, we suffered severely from the cold ; but the delight and enthusiasm which the amiable Georgiana cherished for the sublime in nature, gave her spirits and courage to despise the fatigue and dangers we experienced.

Our journey along the plain from Rivoli to Turin was most delightful. We did not remain long in the capital of Sardinia. The air felt humid and unwholesome. We therefore continued our route to Genoa. Sir William drove to the house of the English consul, under whose hospitable roof we remained two months ; when a vessel being ready to sail for Leghorn, Sir William chose that mode of entering Italy, as the least dangerous and fatiguing.

After a short and pleasant voyage, we landed at Leghorn. From this gay and bustling city, we proceeded by way of Pisa to Rome. The clear sky, the balmy air, the beautiful hills, and the delicious fruits of Italy, gave rise to such feelings of gratification, that I resolved, if ever I had a retreat to seek from the turbulent scenes of this life, this should be my country. It was impossible to avoid reflections of the most interesting and melancholy description, on entering a place which had been the scene of such glories, and such crimes. We occupied a residence in the suburbs. Here we took possession of a fine palace, which our English servants contrived to clean, and to render comfortable.

We examined the monuments of antiquity, the fine pictures that abound, and the modern buildings that evince such depravity of taste ; I read the immortal works of the ancient Roman philosophers, historians, and poets ; and the expansion of mind which I received influenced my future ideas and conduct.

We next visited the fine city of Naples. Sir William cherished contempt for the Italians. Their noise, frivolity, and nasty habits, confirmed his dislike. He had also a contemptible idea of their

courage, and imagined that the very name of an Englishman imparted terror and respect.

We proceeded from Rome on the Appian way, and drove along the Pomptine marshes with great rapidity. 'These postillions,' observed Sir William, 'drive like devils. We have had no such lively fellows since we landed on the continent. But the dogs know they have an English *Signor* to deal with.' Scarcely had he uttered these words, before a gun was fired. A loud scream followed, and which was accompanied by a kind of running fire. The night was dark ; but the moon was just rising. Sir William leaped out of the carriage, with a pistol in each hand.

On looking forward, I saw the flashing of fire-arms, and heard the clashing of swords, with loud and terrific shouts ; but in a moment I was seized by two ruffians, who lifted me from the ground, and hurried me along. Yet I did not scream—I did not struggle—for I was petrified with fear and horror, and had lost all power of motion. My eyes were open, but I saw nothing—a kind of stupor prevailed over all my faculties—and when I regained my senses, I was lying on the ground, and the two robbers conversing in an under tone with great earnestness.

When I had recovered, they signed to me to arise. I obeyed, and was conducted up the country. I had now time to examine my companions, who were half naked, but hung about with the instruments of destruction. We continued our journey over a very uneven country for about five English miles, when we came to the foot of some rocks, amongst which we winded our way with great difficulty. About the break of day, we landed upon a small terrace, over which hung a high projecting rock. I was pushed forward, and found myself in an instant inclosed in darkness. I retreated a few steps, when I came in contact with a door. I tried in vain to open it, until at length the sound of footsteps induced me to desist, and to step aside. As

no person entered, I stretched my eyes to explore this horrid place, but could only discover at some distance the remains of a fire.

In a short time, the rays of light darted through the chinks of the roof; and with the refreshing breeze of the morning, I felt my courage revive. I then perceived something near me, that I was convinced was a man. Terror almost stopped my breath. I listened with anxiety; and the door near me flew open, and a band of armed men rushed in. These were followed by two men, with drawn swords, leading in a fine tall young man, who walked erect, and seemed, by his looks, to defy the malice of his guards. Sir William, his lady, and Georgiana followed; when, with a scream of delight, I rushed into the arms of my young friend, whom her father was supporting.

We were ordered to the further end of the hovel, which appeared to be a temporary erection. I counted twenty-five men in this place, whose scowling features and singular dress gave a ferocity of appearance. A smart-looking man, with a military air, now entered this cavern. His hat was decorated with a plume, he wore a silk sash across his shoulders, his belt contained two pistols and a stiletto, and in his hand he carried a carbine.

Sir William darted upon the leader of the band a look of stern defiance. 'I should have expected more prudence,' said the robber, 'from a man of your years; especially as you had ladies under your protection.'—'I do not regret my conduct,' said Sir William; 'and, if the other fellows had supported this young gentleman and me like men, we would have beaten your whole troop.'—'What!' said the robber, 'are we cowards? Are we women? Shall a troop of forty free Italians, whose very name carries terror into the centre of Rome and Naples, fly at the sight of two Englishmen?'—'Big talk to prisoners,' said the strange gentleman, in a distinct tone of voice. The robber's eyes flashed fire, and he muttered between his teeth, 'Silence! or——'

He said to Sir William, 'I have lost five brave fellows. Your ransom ought therefore to have been five thousand pounds; but I have sent to your banker in Rome an offer to release you for one thousand pounds. If the money be not paid within an hour after sunrise, your doom is sealed. The other knows his fate. The word of Giordano is not idle wind.'

I learned, that just as we were approaching Terre del Tre Ponti, our postillion was shot; and, in a second after, one of the dragoons fell, when the other three galloped off. The robbers now jumped out of a trench, and ran towards the carriages. Sir William fired upon, and shot the first one that approached; but, while presenting his pistol at another, the captain felled him by a blow on the head. The butler and footman resisted manfully; and, as the latter could not reach his pistols in time, he fought with his fists. The carriages were cut into pieces in searching for hidden treasures; after which, the whole party marched off. The chief expressed his disappointment at finding so little spoil, in angry terms to Sir William; and concluded by assuring him that his precautions were of no avail. for, before they parted, his men should be satisfied.

A short time after the chief had departed, a genteel, delicate looking man, of low stature, but smartly dressed and well armed, entered the shed in which we were confined, and ordered Captain Ross to follow him. The captain had been slightly wounded in the arm, which I had dressed, and was then tying a ribbon around it. He therefore waited patiently until I had completed, what the robber called, my 'work of charity;' when the captain thanked me, and walked out with his conductor. We saw him no more. About twenty minutes afterwards, the same man reappeared, bringing with him bread, milk, and some excellent fruit, and in a polite manner invited us to eat. I gave him an inquiring look, which he understood, and said,

‘Oh! fear not: your countryman is safe and unhurt.’

As the day advanced, we were left nearly alone; but could see, through a hole in the wall, the robbers lying about amongst the thickets. Sir William felt deeply; but he struggled to conceal his apprehensions from his wife and daughter. Lady Beckford merely expressed a wish to die with her husband, and her resolution not to be torn from him.

A little after noon, the lieutenant returned, bringing refreshments. While we ate, he lay on the ground, and chatted freely. I asked him how a person of his benevolent appearance could embrace so cruel a profession. ‘Ah! fair lady,’ said he, ‘I am controlled by fate—not directed by will. A Neapolitan nobleman robbed me of my patrimony, and ravished from me the delight of my eyes. The knot that bound me to society being thus rudely cut, I devoted myself to revenge. It does not become a man, when insulted and robbed, to skulk quietly into the grave. It is more honourable to hurl back defiance upon them.’—‘But the law is open,’ I said.—‘The law!’ he exclaimed with a laugh, ‘the law is a mere engine of oppression, set up by the rich and powerful, and which, to discerning eyes, only renders their robberies more intolerable.’—‘I am sorry,’ continued I, ‘that you have been ill used; but we are strangers, and never harmed you.’—‘That may be,’ said the robber, ‘for wherever the social contract is violated, the innocent are sure to suffer with the guilty. We have all wrongs to revenge. Our captain, like myself, was chased from the haunts of men; and here we have been hunted like wild beasts. Formerly, every lady whom we captured became a prize which was disposed of by lot. The man who procured the lot enjoyed her person until her life was ransomed. Your fate, however, has been softened into mercy and gentleness. Now seeing that this officer was becoming indelicate, bold, and confi-

dent, I checked myself, and refused to reply to his interrogations.

We spent the night in the greatest agony. The awful sentence of death, pronounced by the captain upon Sir William, if his ransom was not paid at the stipulated time—the certainty that we should also become the prey of the ruffian crew—were reflections sufficient to torture our minds into madness. At length, the day appeared, and a robber entering, desired us to follow him. We did so. Georgiana and I kissed each other, and then embraced Lady Beckford, who, taking Sir William's arm, walked out before us.

When we stepped without the door, the first object I beheld was a man, uttering the most piercing screams, and struggling while two stout fellows were dragging him along. 'Take him from the sight of the ladies,' said the captain; and turning to the lieutenant, he added, 'Do your duty.' This was answered by a nod and a smile; and I saw this man walk off to commit murder with a *sang froid* that made me shudder. A few seconds only passed, when I heard a shot, and the piercing cries of the poor sufferer instantly ceased. I grew sick and giddy, and looked around for support. Lady Beckford, without speaking, took my arm, and prevented me from falling. The lieutenant immediately returned with an unconcerned air. 'And this,' said I to myself, 'is the man whose benevolent countenance interested me. How little ought we to judge from appearances?'

'Your ransom has been paid, Signor,' said the captain, 'and you are free.' Oh! how the life-giving words thrilled through my heart! I looked around, and Lady Beckford held her husband in her arms, while Georgiana kissed his hand. I now breathed freely, and inwardly ejaculated a prayer of thanksgiving for our deliverance.

We were conducted down the difficult and dangerous passes of this rocky eminence by two tall, military-like men, who conversed freely with Sir

William. They observed that the lieutenant, though brave, was the cruellest fellow in the troop; I remembered his keen looks—his self-confident advances—his indelicate motions—his apparent readiness to seize and carry me off. I had then felt a strong presentiment of my danger.

We asked who the man was who had just been murdered, and what crime he had committed. 'Oh!' said one of our guides, 'it was only a Jew dog belonging to Naples, who preferred his money to his life. We asked but two thousand crowns, which his wife either refused to send, or else our messenger has been intercepted.'—'What a horrid country!' I muttered to myself: 'What can have rendered the government of this beautiful land so weak or so wicked as to permit of such atrocious acts being committed?'

After approaching within a mile of Torre del Tre Ponti, the robbers took their leave, and we entered the place alone. Here we were surprised to find both our butler and footman. The robbers, who knew they were servants, ordered them to return, and not to look behind them. They obeyed, and carried tidings of the robbery before the courier who carried the demand for ransom money arrived. The governor of Rome expressed great indignation at the outrage, and threatened to exterminate the offenders. Our servants hired carriages and set off to meet us. After taking some refreshment, we again set off on our way to Naples.

Georgiana never expected that her father's life would have been spared by the barbarians, but she had resolved not to survive him; and, as she feared violation, she had kept her pen-knife ready, with which she was determined to destroy, if possible, both her brutal ravisher and herself. But now that we were again secure from danger, this high tone of mind relaxed, and she became alarmingly ill.

We occupied a pleasant house that overlooked the beautiful bay of Naples; and we were congratu-

tulated on our safe arrival by several English ladies and gentlemen. We declined all the kind invitations we received from many distinguished families, never went abroad, but attended the sick-chamber of Georgiana, who declined rapidly.

At length, the best physicians in Naples gave up all hopes of Georgiana's recovery. She was oppressed by the sulphureous air of this place; but she was too weak to be removed. But her sweetness of temper and cheerfulness inspired us with hope. One fine morning, she beckoned to me, and she said, 'Sit down, my dear, beside me, and read the sublime opening of Milton's poem of *Paradise Lost*. I began to read in a low tone of voice, while she grasped my hand, to express her feeling of the beauties of the different passages. Finding her grasp relaxing, and her hand growing cold, I looked in her face; a smile of complacency played about her lips, but her eyes were fixed. I started up, my heart palpitated with affright, I stared wildly upon Sir William and his lady, who ran to the bed, and beheld their amiable and accomplished daughter a corpse!

I shall pass over the scenes of sorrow and intense grief that followed. After the funeral, my worthy friends showed me, if possible, still more kindness and attention. They insisted upon my visiting the principal churches, the king's garden, delightfully seated near sea, and the chief theatre, said to be the most magnificent in Europe. But I could enjoy nothing in a place where I had lost such an inestimable friend; while the half naked, ragged, nasty Lazaroni; the ugly and bold women, with their frizzed bundles of hair; and the lazy, noisy inhabitants, which were continually before our eyes, quite disgusted me. Here I have seen the gayest ladies, with officers dressed in the most magnificent manner, driving in gilded carriages along the *Strada Toledo*, whose coachmen and postillions exhibited the extreme of wretchedness; and these degraded creatures, when their vehicle stopped, were sure to em-

ploy their time in attacking the vermin that occupied their rags! Altogether I felt disgusted with the *incomparable* city of Naples, and left it, and arrived safely in Rome.

The attractions of this city detained us for some weeks. Sir William, who had a taste for the fine arts, felt a strong interest in visiting the studies and exhibitions of the best artists; and Lady Beckford, in order to divert his melancholy, encouraged this disposition.

At last, we quitted this interesting city; and proceeded along the Adriatic to Rimini. At this place, and at Bologna and Padua, we halted for a few days. After a very pleasant journey, we entered the far-famed Venice. When we first perceived the numerous turrets, towers, and steeples of this city, tipped with the golden rays of the setting sun, I promised myself a new and pleasing sight; and the result exceeded my highest anticipations.

Then we removed to Milan, where I enjoyed the most lively and intelligent company, and formed friendly connexions that have continued to the present day. I will not detail all the dangers we experienced in passing the Simplon, as so many have described the grandeur and horrors of the snowy regions of the Alps. But we arrived safely at Geneva, from whence we looked back upon the tremendous scenes we had safely passed. I went one evening in the carriage to view the shelving rocks, high mountains, and picturesque villages, that environ the lake. The footman foolishly mounted the coach-box, and took the reins from the driver. In a few minutes, I saw that he was passing along the extreme edge of a very deep sloping bank. In rising to speak to the coachman, I felt the coach going over, when I instantly sunk to the bottom, gathered myself in a heap, and lay until I became insensible. When I was recovered, I found myself on the ground, supported by a countryman, at the foot of the precipice, and close to the water. He asked me if I was hurt; but I

could make no reply. I felt stunned and amazed, and some time elapsed before I could recollect myself. I then looked round, and saw the shattered carriage lying beside me. 'Oh! where are the servants?' I exclaimed.—'Very safe,' said the man, 'for your driver has been taken with the horses, seemingly unhurt by the fall, up to the road; one fell—but the other jumped nimbly down, and is now sitting, I see, on the top of the bank.'

The footman had jumped off the coach-box when he found the coach going over, in doing which he had broken his leg, and was sitting moaning with pain. I engaged some men to carry him home, while another was despatched for a surgeon.

Sir William and his lady expressed the greatest joy at my fortunate escape, which appeared to be almost miraculous. Lady Beckford appeared, when at dinner, very much agitated. 'I have just now been pained,' said she, 'beyond expression; and my feelings of compassion for the poor wretch that lies up stairs in agony.'—'What—who do you mean?' asked Sir William. 'Do you allude to Thomas, our footman?'—'The same,' she said; 'O how can such wickedness dwell in the human breast? I can scarcely believe that mine ears have heard the shocking, the horrid, the inconceivable confession of that bad man.'—'You distress me, my dear,' said Sir William; 'pray be composed, and relate what has happened.'—'Well,' said she, 'I will try to relate what I have been told.'

'When the surgeon's apprentice brought Thomas some medicine this morning, he entreated the young man to inform him what was thought of his case. The lad told him that it was a very bad one; and that he feared a mortification had taken place, which would soon terminate his existence. The terrified wretch received this information with fear and trembling; and when the lad was gone, his cries and groans were so loud and appalling, that I went up to his chamber to inquire what had happened. As soon as I had entered his room, he hid

his head under the bed-clothes. I advanced to his bedside, and inquired if he felt worse. 'Oh!' said he, 'I am dying, nor do I deserve to live. I have most cruelly injured you, my good mistress; and I have, I fear, committed murder: for perhaps Miss Beckford might yet have lived, had I not shortened her days. As for Rosina, I have twice attempted to murder her.' He proceeded with great vehemence to execrate both himself and Lady Lambe, as he called her. When he had become more composed, he stated that he had long ago been receiving presents from the Honourable Miss Lambe, whom he informed of every transaction that happened in the family, especially what concerned Rosina. He said that, the day before we quitted Paris, he went in disguise to Ambert Castle, when Miss Lambe gave him thirty guineas, with a promise of fifty more, if he succeeded in putting Rosina out of her way! At Rome, he got acquainted with the lieutenant of the banditti that robbed us, who did him some favours, and to whom, in return, he gave the information he wanted, and at the same time presented him with ten louis d'ors, on promising that Rosina should never be permitted to leave the mountains. By putting the butler's pistols out of the way, and loading his own with powder only, he facilitated the robbery. Baffled in his wicked schemes in Italy, he had therefore contrived to overturn the coach, thinking it impossible that Rosina could escape with her life. Finding his end approaching, he could not die, he said, without confessing his wickedness, and warning Rosina to beware of her implacable enemy, Miss Lambe.'

I trembled at this narrative. Miss Lambe's kindness to me, while she was plotting my destruction, made her wickedness appear to me in the blackest colours.

The surgeon declared that his patient was in no danger; and when we left Geneva, he was doing well. Sir William presented him with a sum of money above his wages, but threatened that if ever

he returned to England, he would cause him to be tried for his wicked conspiracy.

Sir William Beckford, with his usual benevolence, had taken a strong interest in the fate of St. Agnes; but his exertions in her favour were interrupted by our journey into Italy. But he had to meet a gentleman that succeeded to his business at Brussels, he determined to take Amiens in his way, and to have a personal interview with the unhappy St. Agnes.

Having stayed late one night with Lady Beckford, I went to my chamber very uneasy, which was not usual. Not knowing how to account for my want of sleep, I began to read, hoping that might soothe me. But I was not able to close my eyes, or change my posture: I was no sooner settled on one side, than I tossed to the other. I resolved to rise, and was just getting up, when I heard a knock at my door. I started up through fright: It was then but dawn of day. My door was strongly bolted, for I was very exact in these precautions. But they redoubled their blows; and I asked what they wanted. Lady Beckford answered, and bade me open the door. I thought she was not alone, and that a man was talking with her. I then unbolted the door, and glided again into bed.

Lady Beckford carried in her hand a candle, by the light of which I perceived a tall gentleman, muffled up in a cloak. 'Really, madam,' said he to me, 'I am sorry to be obliged to disturb so lovely a lady; but his majesty's orders must be obeyed, in whose name I arrest you. Fear not any cruel or unmanly conduct: you are in good hands. Lady Beckford threw herself upon my bed in a terrible fright. 'Ah! Rosina,' said she, 'how unhappy I am that I cannot save you. But keep up your spirits: Sir William will be back in two days, and then it will be seen whether there be justice in France. Our ambassador will surely inquire if the French government intend to sport with the liberty

of every English person that enters this kingdom.' 'People of all nations,' replied the gentleman coolly, 'are amenable to the laws of the country which they inhabit. All that the British ambassador can reasonably request are, the grounds upon which this *Lettre de Cachet* has been granted.'—'Oh! I see the finger of Miss Lambe in this,' I observed.

Her ladyship, taking me in her arms, protested she would never abandon me, adding, 'You are to be sent to a convent, this officer says; but all the cunning of your enemies shall not hide you from my eyes. This gentleman, I believe, will treat you with tenderness, wherefore, my dear girl, take courage, submit to necessity, and behave yourself always with prudence. God will bless you, and will make you triumphant.' 'Besides, Rosina,' continued she, 'consider that the more you suffer, the more you will endear yourself to your lover. I say no more; you understand me. We must wait God's pleasure to accomplish the rest.'

'Yes,' said I, 'my conduct shall never make him blush at the good opinion of me which he was once pleased to express.' I then began to prepare for my departure.

When the officer re-appeared, he seemed surprised at the serenity of my countenance. All being ready, I embraced my dear protectress with the greatest fondness, and tears attested the grief that attended our separation. In giving me the last adieu, Lady Beckford slipped her purse into my hand.

When we were on the road, I observed my companion looking at me very earnestly; and, as the sun rose, he put off the large cloak in which he had been enveloped. I was struck with his appearance. I was sure that I had seen his face before, but when or where I could not recollect; and I was certain that he must know me. However, as I was placed in a situation so peculiar and delicate, I determined to be reserved and silent.

After breakfasting and changing horses, we re-

entered the carriage, when the officer said, 'You lately sent a parcel of letters, by a foreign gentleman, to a nun named St. Agnes, in a convent at Amiens.'—'I did, sir,' answered I, 'and what harm could there be in corresponding with an old friend?'—'An improper correspondence,' he observed, 'is always dangerous. The letters were sent by the abbess to the police of Paris, and they contain proof that you were conspiring to assist a nun in violating her vows.'

'The Honourable Captain Lambe,' he continued, 'an English naval officer, was by your cunning, led into the most criminal excesses, and dismissed the service; by your artful caresses, he was persuaded to give up to you all the property he possessed at his own disposal. He has now taken holy orders, in which he behaves like a foolish enthusiast, to the great disgrace of his family, and to the high displeasure of the gentleman in his parish. His sister, who could not bear to witness his follies, has returned to Paris. She is intimately acquainted with the lieutenant of police, who has had his eye over you ever since you entered within his jurisdiction. An English nobleman of great power and influence, the Earl of Glenford, is now at Paris. He has a nephew, the Earl of Lemington, [I started and turned pale,] heir to his vast estates, and over whom you also exercise the most despotic sway. His lordship is immensely rich; and he has sworn to assist the Honourable Miss Lambe to remove you from the busy theatre of the world, where your beauty and your arts do so much mischief. Lady Beckford talks nonsense. Sir William may have powerful reasons for trying to recover you [I reddened with indignation at this vile insinuation]; but all his attempts will be defeated. You will be placed beyond the knowledge and control even of the French government; and he hinted that Spain was the place of my destination.

He continued:—'I am not an *Exempt*, as you suppose. I arrived in Paris but two days ago. I

found my noble relative, the Earl of Glenford, and my young friend, the Honourable Miss Lambe, highly exasperated against you ; and I was present when they consulted with the lieutenant of police on the best means of removing you. Being on my way to join my brother at Montpellier, I obtained leave to conduct you as far as that place, to deliver you up to a French officer of justice. I have now explained your present situation, and you see that you are entirely at my disposal.'

He said I might bid an adieu to the pleasures of life ; for I should be compelled, by fair or other means, to become a nun. Still I remained silent ; when he assumed a very familiar air, but was much surprised to find himself taken up with a resolution and politeness he little expected.

I desired, with an air which put him out of countenance, that he would not trouble me with any more discourse of such a nature, but content himself with executing the commission he had undertaken ; for that I might be assured neither the misfortunes with which I was threatened, nor the deluding baits set before me, should ever prevail upon me to deviate from a steady adherence to the principles of virtue and honour. My companion rallied me upon the oddness of my behaviour, displayed, though to no purpose, a more modish system of morality ; and several times seemed inclined to be very free with me. I defeated his attacks, and made him sensible how unworthy a part he acted for a well-bred man, in trying by the authority chance had put into his hands, to seduce a young creature, left without any defence but the resources her own mind could afford. Virtue supplied me with so much eloquence on the occasion, that this young gentleman, dangerous as he was, and who that very evening could not prevail on himself to leave my bedchamber, at last retired, covered with confusion for having drawn upon himself so many remonstrances, the solidity of which he could not but acknowledge, and begging of me

to forget the vexation he had caused, for which he promised to make an ample satisfaction by a far different conduct for the future. The next day, my conductor became quite another man, and behaved with strict politeness, in which I thought proper not to be behind-hand. He took up several amusing subjects to divert me, as he said, upon my journey. He seemed surprised at the knowledge which I displayed, and once hinted that he expected to have found me a mere country girl, only spoilt by affectation. In the afternoon, he viewed me frequently with satisfaction, which often ended with a sigh. I feared lest he should fall in love, and prove another Captain Lambe. I turned pale at the very thought.

My conductor perceived my uneasiness. 'Have you a desire to halt, Rosina?' said he. 'By your countenance, I am afraid you are ill. Does the journey fatigue you too much? You seem buried in thought, and under some uneasiness. I hope you do not remember what passed when I had the misfortune to incur your displeasure? Let me intreat it as a favour, that you deal sincerely with one who is ready to do every thing that can possibly contribute to make you easy, and will seek all occasions of making amends for the affronts he offered.

This apology, the cruel reflections which then perplexed me, and the new convent with which I was threatened, melted me into tears. 'This is too much,' cried my guard, 'your grief overwhelms me; I cannot bear it any longer. Notwithstanding a thousand reasons for the contrary, a prevailing motive attaches me, miss, to your interest; so far, even, as not to comply with the injunctions, which first brought us acquainted. Make yourself easy; whatever may be expected from me, I cannot bear to do any thing which forces tears from the finest eyes I ever beheld. You shall be convinced how great an effect your charms have on all those who approach you. Do not blush at

the acknowledgement I make : it pleads an excuse for my cousin's passion, whose happiness I envy.

Nevertheless, whatever injustice you may show in my regard, or treatment I may receive at your hands, I must not regret my having undertaken this commission, since it furnishes me with an opportunity of serving you. You shall know, my pretty Rosina,' continued he, 'that to say and to do is the same thing with me.' Saying this, he put his head out of the window, and ordered the postillion to take the first road to the right.

This counter-order surprised me. I knew we were within a short distance of the city of Tours ; but to where the road led that branched off to the right I was entirely ignorant. But I resolved to act throughout with firmness and caution, and not to be seduced by the arts and kindness of my mysterious companion.

The gentleman then said, 'You don't know me, miss ?'—'I have not that honour,' I replied.—'Have you no recollection of having seen this face before ?' I replied, 'I have a strong impression upon my mind that I have seen you before, but have no recollection of the time and place.'—'You cannot have forgotten the Neapolitan banditti ?' he observed with a smile.—'Good God !' I exclaimed, 'you are the English officer that was torn from our party, for the purpose of being murdered, as we suspected. How glad I am that you escaped ! Yes, I now remember you well.'

'My name is Ross,' said he, 'and I bear a captain's commission in his majesty's service. A near relation, a merchant at Leghorn, having died, I became heir to his property, and had been in that city eight months, disposing of his effects. Having finished, I resolved to see Naples, and had overtaken Sir William Beckford's carriage about ten minutes before the attack was made. Sir William is a brave old fellow, and fought by my side like a man. The captain of the band was a man of honour in his profession, and I owe my life

to his generosity. Without stopping at Naples, I joined a friend who was going to Messina in Sicily, from which place I embarked for England. I knew Sir William, though I did not make myself known to him, and was also acquainted with your history. Your beauty made a strong impression upon me, which even the powerful prejudices that I had imbibed against you could not overcome. I pitied my poor cousin, the Earl of Lemington, as I considered you a very dangerous person.'

'Pray, Captain Ross,' said I, 'what am I accused of? What have I done, that I should appear, in the eyes of a stranger, in so monstrous a light?'—'Ah! my dear girl,' replied he, 'spare me the painful recital. I am now convinced that your accusers are unjust, or have been imposed upon.'

'We have both undeservedly received blows from the same quarter,' said I: 'they will not, I hope, fall again upon your head.' I then related to him the confession of Sir William's servant at Geneva, by which it appeared that even the Italian robbers were instruments of vengeance in the hands of the Honourable Miss Lambe. I also recapitulated all the cruel persecutions I had suffered from this vindictive lady, and hinted at the motives of her revenge.

Captain Ross upbraided himself for becoming an agent to a wicked and artful woman. He begged pardon for his rudeness to me, and said, 'My future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my repentance. We will proceed direct to Granville, where we may obtain the means of quitting France. I will not leave you until I see you comfortably lodged in London, when you shall be left at liberty to do as you please.'

On entering the village where we were to dine, we saw a crowd of people gathered about a young female pilgrim, carrying an enormous cross, 'Good God!' cried I, 'how I pity that young creature, and commiserate her unhappy condition! Can you inform me,' said I to the landlady, 'what can be

the strict obligation this pilgrim must be under to travel thus ?'—'It is what nobody can account for,' replied the person I spoke to : 'all I know of the matter is, that several of the inhabitants having given her charity, she immediately distributed it to the poor about her, which caused the acclamations you still hear.

I now began to breathe freely ; and I anticipated with delight the pleasure I should feel on treading English ground, where the dread of convents and Exempts could no longer torment me. But, further, I was going to London, the abode of the earl, and where I might very possibly see him. How easily do the hopes of lovers revive ! The heart catches eagerly at the most remote hope that has any connection with the object beloved. After feasting my imagination on the most delicious dreams, I recollected the purse that Lady Beckford had given me, and which I now for the first time examined. I was ashamed to observe the extent of her bounty ; but I determined to conceal this, as it might be wanted before I reached England. I also found in the purse a small miniature picture of Lady Beckford. This I pressed with transport to my breast : and at this moment, whilst I am writing these Memoirs, my heart is moved at the remembrance of what then passed.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY BECKFORD'S picture was still in my hand, with my eyes and heart fixed upon it, when I was surprised by Captain Ross leading in the pilgrim. 'Here, miss,' said he, 'is the lovely person whose condition excited your curiosity and compassion. I have told her that, though young, you also have experienced many trials, and that you have lived some time in a French convent. She has, therefore, been pleased to permit me to have the happiness of introducing her to you.

I had risen from my seat when the beautiful pilgrim entered the room, and had embraced her very

tenderly; but what the captain related redoubled my civilities to her, which she returned in a polite manner, becoming a well-bred person. When dinner-time came, she was about to retire; but I pressed her so earnestly to dine with us, that she consented to it, on condition of being left entirely to her own management in point of eating.

While the captain was speaking to the pilgrim, I examined with great attention her whole person. She was a smart, brown woman, about twenty-two, with large lively black eyes, and an engaging aspect. She had on a waistcoat of very fine cotton, and a coarse red mantlet over her shoulders, adorned with shells. A rush hat, cocked boatways, and lined with taffety, seemed more designed to set her off than for use. She was tall and well made, with an easy carriage. The tan on her face showed she had been for some time exposed to the inclemencies of the weather; but when her gloves were off, the fineness of her complexion was very conspicuous.

Dinner was now brought in, and we sat down to table; when we saw, to our great surprise, some coarse bread and water placed before the pilgrim. This made us very pressing to engage her to eat some soup with us, but in vain, she desiring to be excused, on account that if she complied with our request, her penance, by a law she had imposed on herself, must last forty days longer; otherwise, the current day was the last, being on the morrow to change her way of life to something more conformable to the rest of the world. When dinner was done, the beautiful pilgrim and I resumed our conversation.

Captain Ross withdrew, having letters of importance to write. Being thus left alone, our conversation became more confidential; and the fair pilgrim favoured me with her history, as follows:—

THE BEAUTIFUL PILGRIM.

‘I am the daughter of a very rich physician of Bourdeaux, whose reputation was so great, that he was sent for to all the towns round, and sometimes attended con-

sultations in the capital. Being an only daughter, I received an education suitable to the fortune designed for me. The best masters were employed. The facility with which I took my learning caused a favourable opinion of my parts; and the charms people fancied they saw in me, soon attracted a crowd of ardent admirers.

'The desire my father had to see me married, and which he often expressed when we were amongst ourselves, caused my being continually importuned to make a choice; but the antipathy I had to matrimony was so great, that I could not bear to hear it mentioned. The prejudice was so strongly fixed in my mind, that one day I declared to my father, who was using all his authority with me to accept of one whose pretensions he favoured, and if he persisted in constraining my inclinations, either a monastery or death itself should free me from such importunities. This protestation was followed by a torrent of tears; and, as he doated on me, he promised that I should be left entirely at my own disposal.

'I was now turned nineteen, and had made a considerable progress in the arts, and in physic, which my father taught me with pleasure, for he was charmed with the disposition I had for it, and the ease with which I surmounted all the difficulties of that science, he set no bounds to his lectures; my memory, like a fruitful field, yielded a plentiful harvest of whatever was sown in it; anatomy, botany, osteology, all were displayed and understood; in fine, at twenty I was so far advanced in the mysteries of Esculapius, that I wrote a treatise on physic in Latin, which I dedicated to my father. The reputation I acquired by this work reached the most distant countries, and filled my father with pride and joy. My father received a letter from a learned professor of physic at Oporto, stating the admiration he felt for the mind that could produce a work so scientific and argumentative. He attributed my superior skill to the judicious instructions of my father; and therefore thought him the properest person in the world to form an only son of his. He begged earnestly he would undertake his medical education.

'My father was still anxious to see me married. He concluded that by taking this boarder his design might be effected. Under the pretext of leaving the care of his studies to me, on account of his own age and infirmities, the youth might have an opportunity of gaining my affections. Acting under this impression, he wrote to the Oporto physician, accepting the offer of his son.

'In a few weeks' time he had the pleasure of a letter

from the physician, with an account of his son being on his journey. My father acquainted my mother and me of his coming, but in an artful manner. In order to surprise me, he told my mother, pretending not to see I overheard him, that what he disliked was the young man's being very deformed and ugly ; he enlarged upon the disgust which must necessarily arise from living with such people, and that he would have gladly excused himself, but the person in question was so earnestly recommended by those for whom he had the greatest respect and consideration, that he chose rather to undergo the mortification, than disoblige so many of his best friends.

' The aversion I cherished against the male sex, made me very little attentive to what my father said : it only served to form in my mind an exceeding disagreeable idea of our future boarder. But, how was I surprised when, one night at supper, there entered the room a young man, beautiful beyond expression, who was the boarder expected from Oporto. My father received him with open arms, overjoyed to find he was not imposed on, and persuaded he had hit upon the right method of compassing his designs.

' To expect to see a deformed person, and find him very handsome, must deeply impress a young heart. I could not refrain from viewing him, in hopes of discovering some defects, but found it was in vain. His hair, which was of an ashen colour, fell carelessly in ringlets on his shoulders ; and his air had something so imposing in it, that after a long scrutiny I could not possibly dislike him.

' In a few days, the young man's presence disarmed the haughtiness of my heart. In order to succeed in their design, it was resolved that I should read a course of physic to the boarder. I piqued myself on complying on this occasion, and hiding from Alberto, the boarder, the pleasure his company afforded ; but how weak are we when in love, and how difficult is it to gain such victories without hazarding the most dangerous resolutions.

' Alberto from the first secretly admired me ; but perceiving the loftiness and independency of my carriage, he was so overbearing that I was capriciously led to blame him. I thought that he was too cool, or that I was so indifferent to him that he could disguise his feelings without an effort. But when I fell sick, the greatness of his grief left me in no doubt respecting the strength of his passion. My father, who had a high esteem for the young gentleman, pitied his sorrow, and, in order to rouse him from the dejection he suffered, promised that

if I recovered, and he could gain my consent, he would be happy to join our hands.

‘The timorous Alberto dared not approach my chamber without my leave, and was usually accompanied by one of the family. His presence always revived me, and his constancy and love were a precious balm that tended to revive my senses. I soon discovered, through my artful mind, that my father had given him reason to hope; and I began to re-argue with myself the prudence of surrendering my liberty, and of becoming a slave to the whims of another, merely to gratify a kind of sensual passion inherent in our nature. So I often reasoned; but a sight of Alberto always destroyed my wise resolutions. I found that I really loved him; but yet I did not betray the secret.

‘After I had gathered strength, my father resolved to accelerate my recovery, by sending me to a delightful villa, twenty miles from Bourdeaux, where the air was peculiarly salubrious. I agreed to this arrangement, though I would rather have remained at home. When the landeau was at the door, and my father had taken up his hat to accompany me, an express galloped up to the door, requesting his immediate attendance on the Count Limoges, mayor of the city, who had been attacked by a fit of apoplexy. My father seemed perplexed at this message; but I assured him that I should think nothing of the disappointment, and that I could go any day that was most convenient. ‘No, my dear,’ said he, ‘the mild autumn is rapidly passing away, and the winter will soon approach. You must lose no time in recruiting your health: and, though I must obey the summons which I have just received, yet I am sure Alberto will see you safe to your destination.’ He gave me no time to reply, but ringing the bell, ordered his horse, and then saluting me most affectionately, he left the room.

‘In a few seconds Alberto appeared, and I thought he never looked so interesting. His eyes sparkled with delight, a blush overspread his manly cheeks, while a modest diffidence regulated every motion. He bowed, and in a voice scarcely articulate, muttered, ‘Mademoiselle, I obey you.’—‘Sir, I thank you,’ was my laconic reply; on which I walked down stairs, and at the carriage I affected not to see him, but, giving my hand to the servant in attendance, I sprung up to my seat. In a moment Alberto was seated at my side, and the carriage drove on.

‘The day was excessively hot and sultry; and, as our carriage was open, the rays of the sun darted directly

upon us. Alberto was anxious to screen me from the heat, and I felt his arm upon my shoulder with sensations that were to me quite new. Our knees also touched, and once or twice his hand fell accidentally upon mine. He felt feverish and agitated ; I was afraid lest he should be unwell, and would fain have asked him how he felt, but neither of us seemed able to speak.

‘The villa to which we drove was kept by an old maiden lady, a distant relation of my father’s, who had furnished it at his own expense. The situation was of the most luxuriant, romantic, and sequestered description, being surrounded by small hills that were covered by fruit-trees of various kinds. When we arrived, the evening was remarkably close ; and I felt exhausted with the heat. Alberto received me in his arms, and carried me into the house. I was set down in a neat chamber, resembling a green-house. The golden rays of the setting sun, gilded the tops of the trees, and a refreshing breeze gently agitated the beautiful flowers in the garden. I was enchanted with the richness of the scenery, and the tasteful correspondence observable in the furniture of the chamber. A neat servant girl appeared, and apologized for the absence of her mistress, who had gone to a neighbouring village to place her daughter at school, but had promised to return that night. The servant girl brought some wine, and the most delicious fruit that I had ever tasted. Heated and wearied as I was, I drank freely of the goblet which he presented to me, and experienced a sudden and pleasant revival of strength and spirits.

‘Alberto gradually came nearer and nearer. He even ventured to raise my hand to his lips, and seemed transported that I did not resent the freedom. He drunk what he called heavenly nectar, and begged me to pledge him. He talked, or rather whispered, the tenderest things imaginable ; he seemed inspired ; his head rested on my bosom, and was supported by my arm. My senses were intoxicated ; my heart beat and fluttered ; voluptuous visions passed in succession in my imagination ; I experienced sensations the most seductive ; dreams of wild delight transported me out of myself ; my good angel fled in disgust,—and—I was undone.

‘After a sleep of deep forgetfulness, I awoke feverish. I looked up, and the light of the moon shone in at my window. I found myself alone, but carefully covered with a rich silk coverlet. I tried to recollect where I was, and what had happened ; when the awful fact darted upon my mind, that the crown of glory and of purity

had fallen from my head. I rose up in an indescribable agony of grief and indignation. 'The vile wretch,' I exclaimed, 'has practised upon my weakness! He enticed me to swallow the stupifying draught, and then robbed me of my innocence. He has cruelly robbed me of my peace and of my self-esteem, and rendered me a loathsome wretch to myself. Just God!' I cried, dropping upon my knees, 'hear my vow, and punish me in thine anger, if I ever again take this traitor to my breast.'

'I remained in the house all day, under the most painful impressions of shame. I scarcely ate or drank for three days, but lay lamenting my own infatuation, and the brutal victory that had been achieved over me. At last, religion and philosophy roused me from my stupor. I reflected that I owed a great debt of gratitude to my parents; and I resolved to act with such scorn and dignity towards Alberto.

'In the evening of the seventh day after my arrival, I yielded to the entreaties of Maria, and agreed to take a short ride upon a fine pony belonging to the mistress of the villa, accompanied by my maid on foot. The sky was beautiful, and I loitered on the road, allowing the animal to walk as slowly as it pleased, when, at a turn of the road, Maria uttered a sudden ejaculation. I turned, and, lo! Alberto stood before me, in a melancholy attitude. I was thunderstruck. He beckoned my maid, with an air of authority, to proceed; and then said, 'Ah! lovely Lindamine, forgive the violence of a passion which is irresistible and unextinguishable. Above twelve months it has been devouring me. You witnessed the agony of my soul, yet you would not pity—you would not relieve me. Often have I thought to pierce my heart, and to die at your feet; for surely never was there love like my love. Your mother pitied me—your father consoled me—even my dog moaned on witnessing the miseries I endured; but you refused even to grant a smile, though that smile was to me more valuable than all the glories and riches upon earth. I knew you loved me, even though you feigned aversion. It was necessary for the happiness of us both that all restraint should be banished. An opportunity offered. Providence——' 'Ah! wretch,' I interrupted him, 'profane not holy names. Me thou hast humbled and polluted, but do not add to thy wickedness by attempting to make God a party to thy crime!'—'No, no, my charming Lindamine,' he said with fervour, 'my dearest wife, I am not the criminal you suppose. Be just to yourself. It is not sinful to love. Our love towards each other is eternal. Let us

therefore join in making this declaration before the altar : let us receive the blessing of your parents—and then where is our criminality?—‘Away, thou deceiver!’ I cried. ‘Lindamine is not to be won either by force or by trickery. Begone, or I shall curse thee. Saying this, I pushed forward the pony, and galloped home without casting a glance behind me.

I went to bed, but not to rest. I reflected on the scene that had passed. Sometimes I felt inclined to pity Alberto, and pictured to myself the happiness he would derive from being taken into favour : but then the insulting mode that he had adopted to secure my person roused my anger anew—I was degraded.

In two or three days my father visited me. He appeared much hurt at my sickly appearance. I remarked that it was owing to my devotedness to study, and added that perhaps a journey to Paris would impart both health and spirits. The good man took up the hint eagerly, and insisted that I should return with him, but I declined this arrangement.

‘Next morning, I and Maria were on our road to Paris. I wished to avoid Alberto, and I expected that new scenes would divert my mind from the melancholy which devoured me. I spent the winter in the capital, amidst the most refined and intellectual society. Many worthy and celebrated characters paid me attentions the most kind and gratifying. I might have been happy ; but the recollection of my weakness always occurred to my mind, and overwhelmed me with anguish.

‘From the letters I received, I gathered that my mother’s health was declining. My father informed me that Alberto had sailed for Oporto, his father being on the point of death. He then lamented the low, nervous state into which his young friend had fallen, and expressed his fears that Alberto would never return. He had frequently written, but I always returned his letters unopened.

‘About three weeks after my return, my father requested me to visit a young lady who was in a room below, to report to him my opinion of the state of her intellects. She was the daughter of a general of reputation, but had carried on an intrigue with her father’s valet, which being discovered, he was banished to Cayenne, and she, after being delivered of a child, had lost her reason. Her father intended to place her in a lunatic asylum at Bourdeaux ; but had, as a preliminary, assembled the first medical gentlemen in the city to consult on her case.

‘I immediately waited on the beautiful patient. It is

not necessary that I should detail the particulars of this interview. I then retired to my chamber very ill. My maid was alarmed, and rung the bell for my mother; and in less than two minutes the five physicians and surgeons, who were in an adjoining room with my father, entered my bedchamber. I refused to answer any of their interrogatories: but at last a skilful surgeon, who was present, said, smiling and shrugging up his shoulders, 'Gentlemen, you will please to walk out of the chamber. Leave mademoiselle to me, and I will soon relieve her.' I burned with indignation at the levity of the surgeon. I saw my father turn pale, and stagger towards the door. At the same moment I felt severe bodily pangs.

'In a few minutes the child was born; but it being a premature birth, it died immediately. My mother never spoke, but her tears fell plentifully. I had intended to have hidden my shame from my parents, and to have entrusted my secret and my child to the mistress of the villa where I had lived; but accident frustrated this arrangement, and my weakness and my crime were now proclaimed in the presence of my father's professional rivals.

'The surgeon took a bottle of laudanum, and was counting a few drops into a tea-cup, when I sprang forward in bed, and hastily snatched the bottle out of his hands; but he wrested it from me, when I sunk down in a fainting fit. On recovering, the cup was given into my hand; but I dashed it against the wall. In short, the violence of my feelings threw me into a fever, and for ten days my life was despaired of.

'When my reason returned, I resolved to rise and see what was become of my father, who never appeared. The sorrow under which my mother and the servant seemed to sink, disturbed me very much; and their answers not agreeing exactly together, I threw myself out of bed, fully resolved to penetrate into this mystery. 'Go to your bed again, cruel child,' said my mother, forcing me to comply, and do not complete the number of your crimes in too soon destroying my life by the loss of yours, which cannot be far off, after the dishonour you have brought upon yourself. Be satisfied with the bitter anguish with which you have overwhelmed me, by bringing your father to the grave through your vile behaviour, and do not add to your further reproach.'—'My father dead!' I cried.—'Yes, cruel creature,' continued my mother, shedding a torrent of tears, 'your father paid the debt of nature two days after that fatal one which you blackened by spreading shame and confusion over the family.'—'My father

dead !' I again exclaimed, and then fell into an alarming hysteric fit.

'When I had recovered my recollection. I found myself in my mother's arms, who did her utmost to calm my perturbed spirits. 'Take courage,' she said : 'what is past cannot be remedied. Your first step at present towards an amendment is to implore the forgiveness of heaven for your crimes ; and I will join with you in good works, that we may obtain so great a mercy. The death of a child and a parent can never be sufficiently atoned for. Nevertheless, we ought not to despair,' continued she, seeing me almost choked with excess of grief ; 'the Gospel assures us that a contrite heart opens the gates of mercy. Should your fever relapse, it may be fatal. Heaven forbid ! What would become of me, if I should lose all that is left me in the world ?' Dry up your tears ; the cruel injury you have received shall be atoned for by your marrying the person who found means to delude you.

'Above a month elapsed before my health was in a tolerable degree established. So much did she respect my feelings, and so strong was my aversion even to allude to the subject, that the individual to whom we owed our misfortunes was never mentioned. As I gathered strength, my poor mother grew feebler. She had supported herself by a great effort ; but her dissolution drew near. 'Lindamine,' said she, in a tremulous voice, 'may God forgive you ! Your father and I wished to see you honourably established in the world. You affected to hate men, in order that you might carry on your secret acts of wickedness. Had you repented, you would have named your seducer to your only parent, who has sacrificed her life to preserve yours.' I seized her hand, and bathed it with my tears. I felt a slight pressure ; when, on looking up, my honoured mother had ceased to breathe. Her death, under such circumstances, threw me into the agonies of despair. The excess of my grief at last rendered me quite frantic ; but the frequent exhortations of a worthy clergyman brought me by degrees to myself. He prevailed on me, after hearing all my misfortunes, to have recourse to Almighty God. My sincerity and innocence appeared to him indisputable ; religion had gained its ascendancy over me, and I made my confession with the disposition of a sincere penitent. He comforted me by representing that I might reasonably hope to find mercy at the sight of God ; but if I had persisted in rebelling against his will, I should have excluded myself from his holy grace.

‘Such exhortations, often repeated with great fervour, had the effect the good curate proposed. After a spiritual retreat of nine days, which he enjoined, an inspiration from heaven induced me to make a vow of going in pilgrimage to Luxemburg. This vow I have now fulfilled, and am firmly determined at my return to become a nun, bestowing one half of my estate on the poor, and dividing the other among my relations, as their several wants may require. I communicated my plan to my worthy director. He congratulated me on such pious resolutions; but he disapproved of the pilgrimage, as liable to great inconveniences, to which, in so long a journey, a young woman must unexpectedly be exposed; but he found me strongly bent on the performance.

‘It is now a year and a day since I came from home in this equipage. I have had the good fortune to execute my design without any troublesome adventure, except the temptations thrown in my way by two emissaries sent by Alberto to dissuade me from my purpose. Thus, mademoiselle, I have given you a brief and faithful history of my life, and which may teach you the necessity of watchfulness. If a beautiful woman slumbers at her post, the enemy is sure to surprise her.’

I wept during this recital, which was delivered with much feeling. I sincerely condoled with the pilgrim, and regretted that I had not the power to express the interest with which she had inspired me. After some further conversation, she begged leave to withdraw. When I was left alone, I began to wonder at Captain Ross’s long absence, which I attributed to his delicacy.

After finishing a letter to Lady Beckford, I walked backwards and forwards in my room. I felt a desire to visit the interesting pilgrim. But on entering her chamber, I was surprised to see at her feet a very handsome gentleman, expressing himself with great emotion, and from whom the pretty pilgrim was trying to free herself, with words frequently interrupted by her tears. I was about retiring, when Lindamine cried out, ‘No, no, my dear friend, come in and lend me your assistance to guard my heart against the unworthy lover you have heard me mention. Behold him, who alleges the most outrageous injury as a proof of the ten-

derest affection.' — 'Yes, charming Lindamine,' cried Alberto, 'may heaven punish me this instant, if I had the least intention of offending you ! From the first moment, my heart, captivated by your charms, to the name of lover would fain have joined that of husband ; for which I had your father's consent. I plead guilty, my charming Lindamine. That you really love me is no secret ; why, therefore, will you make us both unhappy, my wife, my dearest wife, as you are ?' — 'Hold, barbarous man,' cried the pilgrim, all in tears, 'what odious title do you give me ? What base means, O heavens, dare you——' 'Yes, you are my wife,' replied Alberto, eagerly grasping her hand ; 'nothing but death shall wrest from me the amiable name of husband. Let this lady be judge,' continued the wretched lover, turning to me, 'she shall decide.' — 'I take you at your word,' replied Lindamine, casting a look at me ; 'I am convinced her sentiments of honour and religion are such, that I have no room to doubt her passing sentence in my favour.'

Alberto began with exaggerating his passion, tenderness, and constancy. He set forth the most spacious pretences, in excuse of his rashness and its consequences ; and endeavoured to make me enter into his opinion, which was, that since what had happened could not be recalled, decency required that marriage should supply the defects of his past conduct ; alleging that, abstracted from his love, probity obliged him to insist on the marriage.

I said, 'Since you are pleased, sir, to refer your plea to my decision, give me leave to tell you that my sentiments on this affair are very different from yours. In my opinion, you are not only unworthy of the favour to which you aspire, but even of being received into the rank of those whose strict regard for virtue gives them a just elevation of thought ; since you have so outrageously trampled on the dictates of honour and probity upon which you seem to value yourself. Is it possible with your education you should act so inconsistently with

that duty you owe yourself? In truth, I must say it, your behaviour in this affair is properly an assassination. You plead that your love prompted you to this outrage. No, sir, real love never leads to villany. Besides, it is not to be called love, where the passion ultimately centres in itself. But what obligation do you lay upon your mistress, whom you admire because she is handsome—bears a good character—is sweet tempered—has uncommon talents—and is completely qualified to be a companion for life? Put the case, that this mistress, in an unguarded hour, should be susceptible of any frailty; a man of worth, who purposes to marry her, would be the first to support her against any such weakness, instead of taking the advantage of such an inclination.

‘How slender soever my experience may be, I think I have given you a faint sketch of the real character of a man of worth, and an honourable lover, to both which I think Mademoiselle Lindamine is justly entitled; and which, had she found them in you, would have made her completely happy, if she really has those favourable sentiments in your behalf that you seem to assert. But, through an unhappy contract, she is become the most wretched of her sex. Reflect how many cruel evils have flowed from your rashness: she loses her father, brings her mother to the grave, and is on the point of plunging herself headlong into eternity. To complete the whole, she lies under the strictest obligations, both of honour and religion, to make herself a sacrifice, and retire for the rest of her life to a monastery, in order to appease a guilty conscience. Let so generous an effort be equalled on your side; or if you cannot obtain so noble a victory over yourself, at least give this last proof of your love not to disturb her in the execution of what she proposes.’

Naming a monastery Alberto threw himself again at her feet, with such marks of a sincere repentance, uttering the most moving speeches, that the

pretty creature's passion began to revive. Alberto, as cunning as amorous, pursued his advantage so warmly, that, with a deep sigh, followed by a shower of tears, she owned her happiness inseparable from his, and that her vow was the only obstacle left. In transports, Alberto told her that such a vow was of little consequence, and that any priest could grant a dispensation from it; the obtaining of which would be attended with the less difficulty, as there were cogent reasons for their being married. Lindamine again mentioning her vow and the monastery, Alberto in a violent transport drew his sword, and would have thrown himself upon it. 'Hold, cruel man,' cried Lindamine, 'will you put the finishing stroke to all my misfortunes? Put up your sword. I must yield. No, you shall not die; you are too dear to me. Heavens! what would become of me if I had this death also to lament? Do not, Alberto, do not thus terrify me any more. Allow me this night to implore the assistance of heaven, that I may be directed by its inspirations. In the morning you shall have my answer;—alas! too conformable perhaps to my inclinations.'

Lindamine returned to me, drying her tears, and assured me that nothing should prevail on her to alter the resolution she had taken. 'Ought I not to blush,' said she, 'when I look you in the face, after betraying so much weakness? But, dearest Rosina, deprive me not of your esteem.'

The pilgrim then ordered a chaise. 'I must confess,' said she, addressing me, 'that nothing but flight can make my virtue triumph. A man who is not disagreeable is a very dangerous enemy. Nothing but divine grace could have preserved me in this conflict. But the bitterness of death is now past.' Lindamine and I now parted with regret; but she promised, when safely sheltered in a secure haven, that I should hear from her. It was easy to perceive, by her sorrow and her tears, how difficult it is to quit for ever a beloved admirer. At

last she stepped out, muffled up in a cloak. But Alberto appeared on a sudden. 'Pardon my despair, dear Lindamine,' cried he, stopping our passage, 'I had rather suffer death than consent to your unjust designs. Will you then leave me, and withdraw yourself from the legitimate rights I have over you?' 'Rights!' cried the pilgrim very resolutely; 'ah! my God, of what nature are they? Ought you not to blush? Would you resemble those who, arrogating a power to themselves which they have not, think they need but speak, and the matter is done? As for my part, I am not of this opinion,' continued Lindamine: 'you will be so good, if you please —' 'To return to your own apartment,' replied Alberto, growing calmer, and lowering his voice: 'Ah! I ask your pardon, young lady, for thus opposing your designs; but I will perish before I let you go away without me.' This amiable young creature returned of her own accord, rather than suffer violence. 'Ah! how wretched am I,' cried she, throwing herself into an arm-chair; 'those who ought to behave with respect become my tyrants. I submit, O my God,' continued she, shedding tears; 'in thee I place my hope, founded on the purity of my intentions.' 'I leave you, mademoiselle,' said Alberto in a respectful voice: 'I am going to pray to that heaven which you invoke, to free your mind from this agitation. As soon as you give me any marks of it, you shall find me resigned; but, without that, I swear solemnly I would rather suffer death than you should engage in any rash enterprise. If love has no greater sway in your heart, at least let honour reign in its place.' Lindamine, who was pretty warm in her temper, poured out her soul in the most cruel and bitter complaints, as soon as her lover had left us.

Just then, a servant informed me that a gentleman below waited my pleasure. On entering my room, I saw that it was Captain Ross. He bowed, and apologized for his long absence, saying that he

had got the business relating to his passport settled, and that on returning to the inn, he had come into contact with the young gentleman who was in search of the pilgrim. He observed that he was a fine accomplished youth, and that he had heard of his love disappointment at Paris. 'I have taken the liberty,' he added, 'to invite him to sup with us, and hope you will find him, if his agitation permit, a most agreeable companion. He merits the sympathy of every feeling mind.'

Just then Alberto entered the room. He was received by Captain Ross with great cordiality, and by me by a cold civility. He seated himself with a polite and dignified, but melancholy air. Supper was immediately served up; but I perceived that he ate a little merely to avoid our importunities. When the cloth was removed, he said, looking upon me, 'How strange, that so cruel a heart can be lodged in so beautiful a form!' Captain Ross darted a severe glance at Alberto. 'Yes, my dear sir,' continued the latter, 'this young lady has pronounced my doom, and accompanied it with such remarks as have pierced my soul.—'The lady, I am convinced,' said the captain, 'could neither do or say what was unfeeling or unjust.'—'Ah! sir, it was justice unmixed with mercy; but, oh! it was unkind to advise my own Lindamine to become the lingering victim, through a long life of despair or insanity of gloomy bigotry.'

'It does matter,' replied I, 'that you act with the spirit and the courage of a man and a Christian. Poor Lindamine can find no peace of mind in society, and is therefore wise in seeking a dignified asylum; and you, sir, ought to applaud the wisdom and piety of her resolution.' 'Wisdom!' echoed he, 'madness! Piety! no, no, say barbarity! Rather than suffer my wife to take the vows, I will accompany her spirit into the unknown world.' Terrified at the energy with which he uttered this dreadful resolution, I turned pale, and begged him to be calm.

Early next morning, I was awaked by a great noise and bustle in the house, and heard Captain Ross ordering a horse. Alarmed, I jumped out of bed, and, dressing myself, descended to ask what had happened. 'Alas!' said the landlady, 'the pilgrim has escaped, and the poor gentleman is almost distracted. I thought, when I saw her first, that she was not right. Poor woman! what a pity she should fly from her friends!'

I returned to my chamber, admiring the courage and determination of the pilgrim, whose personal appearance indicated the height of feminine softness. In about two hours, Captain Ross returned. He and Alberto had met a countryman, who had conveyed Lindamine to a convent, near an adjoining town called Bauge. He confessed that he had been well paid by the lady's steward, who always followed his mistress; and that he had taken her out of a window, at a quarter of an hour before twelve o'clock at night. She then mounted a horse which he was leading, and galloped off. Alberto, after fruitless endeavours to see Lindamine, made an attempt upon his own life, but was saved by the care and friendship of a young lawyer, who lived at Bauge, and who afterwards accompanied the disappointed lover to Paris. Here he heard that his mistress had taken the veil; but his mind had now gathered strength, and he frequented the gayest and most intelligent parties. In a short time, he married a beautiful and virtuous young lady, and is now one of the most respectable physicians in Paris.

About noon, we set forward on our journey, and next day reached Granville, and sailed for Jersey, and we had a pleasant sail along the French coast; and as the cabin was dirty, I lay all night upon deck, wrapped up in a coat. On landing at Jersey, we found that a ship would sail for Portsmouth in two days, and in which Captain Ross engaged our passage.

We had rather a squally voyage; but at noon on

the third day, we arrived safely at Portsmouth. I was so much exhausted on landing, that I begged leave to be left alone at the hotel during the afternoon. Having enjoyed a comfortable night's rest, I rose next morning, and dressed myself rather smartly, being big with the expectations of what would happen in London.

After breakfast, post-chaises were ordered, and we posted through the country to Richmond. So attentive was the captain to my feelings and character, that he rode in a separate chaise. We drove to the principal inn, and were soon seated at dinner. My mind was occupied with the scenes of former days, and with the hopes and fears so natural to a person in my situation. The captain also was remarkably grave and silent.

On his departure, I took up a book, and tried to amuse myself; but crowds of reflections caused me to lay it down again. A long time elapsed, and the captain never appeared. Once I thought of leaving the inn, of going by the stage to London, and of throwing myself into the arms of my parent: but then the dread of the losing an opportunity of hearing of the earl, and the exultation that Miss Lambe would feel at my down-fall, banished this scheme from my mind. I certainly did not experience much satisfaction in my present situation. Captain Ross was evidently in love, though I had not encouraged him. Like a man of honour, he had declared his passion, and left me perfectly at liberty to act as I pleased. I had candidly informed him, that my affections were engaged. He had behaved towards me with the strictest propriety; and I concluded I ought not, by an affected behaviour, to give him any reason of suspecting me of hypocrisy. Finally, I resolved to accept his offer, and to allow him to engage me apartments in London, which I would pay for myself, until I could hear of my long-lost lover, or procure the advice of Lady Beckford.

Wearied with the day's exercise, I reclined in my

chair, and fell fast asleep. Hearing voices, I started up, and saw two men standing over me. One of them was advanced in years, and by his dress was a person of quality. The other was a tall, precise-looking man, and seemed to be the servant of the old gentleman. My alarm was visible. 'I beg,' said the old gentleman, 'you will not be frightened. We had no intention of intruding upon the privacy of a lady, or of disturbing your repose; but mistook this for our apartment. Having seen you, to retreat immediately was impossible; for, old as I am, I could not deny myself the pleasure of gazing a while. So many charms cannot be destitute of sufficient sweetness of temper to excuse what has happened, and I hope such an attracting motive will plead my pardon.'

This flattery somehow gratified my vanity, and I returned those compliments in the politest manner. The stranger was transported with the complaisance of my answer and behaviour. 'Is it possible,' he said, 'that so much wit and beauty should be united? She has certainly been well educated. Happy man, who is to possess such a treasure of good sense! Who would have imagined, Frazer,' continued he, turning his eyes to the tall man on whose shoulder he leaned, 'that at my years I could have expected so favourable a reception? A great proof of the just way of thinking this young lady possesses.'—'Take care, sir,' replied I, very modestly, 'lest your encomiums inspire a vanity prejudicial to that merit you are pleased to extol. But if, as you seem to say, there is any in over-looking age and personal advantages, I must needs own I have so much good sense, as to consider only character and worth in men; and were I to make a choice, such qualifications would fix it, preferably to those of a more alluring nature.'

The old gentleman extolled my discrimination with much ingenuity and felicity of expression. In the beginning of this interview I had offered chairs; but the stranger obliged me to be seated, while his

attendant brought an arm-chair. For a short time I enjoyed a lively and elegant conversation, until the old gentleman began again to extol his good fortune, in being so accidentally introduced to the loveliest creature in creation. I blushed at the extravagance of his compliments, but thought it now prudent to put an end to the conversation. I therefore rose, saying, 'Gentlemen, permit me to terminate this interview. Your conversation has been instructive and agreeable; but your compliments are extravagant and misplaced.' He replied, 'My dear miss, do not despatch a visit so unceremoniously, from which I have derived so much delight. I could not refrain from admiring your unaffected charms; and if, in doing so, I have offended, you will certainly forgive me.'—'Considering my situation, and that you are a stranger,' I replied, 'I cannot accuse myself either of reserve or incivility.'—'Oh! no, madam,' he exclaimed; 'but if we must depart, shall we not be permitted to repeat this visit?'—'I am travelling, sir,' I answered, 'and when we accidentally meet again, I shall feel happy to listen to your witty remarks; always barring, mind, the complimentary part.'

Just as these gentlemen retired, ten o'clock struck. I resumed my seat,—and eleven struck. Still no tidings of Captain Ross. 'Surely,' said I to myself, 'he would never abandon me in this strange manner. But I have no claims upon him, and I ought to act as equally free. Just then a waiter entered, and presented a letter to me. I sat down and read as follows:

'Charming Rosina,

'A strange accident has happened. Looking through the window while dinner was serving up, I saw--do not start—I saw my cousin, the Earl of Lemington, pass on the opposite side of the street! I was astonished, as I had, the moment before, read in the newspaper that he had joined the regiment which he commands at Bristol. During dinner my feelings were tortured with this discovery; but at length I resolved to present myself before him.

'The earl seemed confused at my appearance. Our conversation was upon general subjects ; though he was twenty times on the point of speaking concerning you. Had he ventured on this topic, I would have answered him honourably. After supper, he inquired to what point I was travelling. I answered to London, and immediately ordered a chaise, in which I departed. If you wish to have an interview with the earl, a note will find him at the King's Head. I have no right to advise in a matter of this kind. Perhaps you may blame my want of generosity to my worthy relative ; but then, dear Rosina, your image was constantly before me, and—love is selfish.

'Should you continue your confidence in my honour and disposition to serve you, I have left one of my servants, who will be at your disposal, and will protect you to town.

'Adieu, my amiable friend,

'JAMES ROSS.'

I retired to my chamber, while my heart beat with joy. 'The earl then is alive and thinking of me.' This filled me with ecstasy. I was once very happy ! But how could I see the dear man ? Captain Ross hinted that I might send a note. But how could I effect this with propriety and delicacy ? Then I reflected on the imprudence of refusing the retreat which the captain had advised me to accept. I saw he was actuated by love and jealousy ; yet who could have acted with more generosity ? My love for the earl was sufficient to guard me against any temptations ; but ought I, by accepting the services of the captain, to encourage his passion ? Then, again, was it wise to sacrifice present advantages for doubtful prospects ? The earl had for a long time made no effort to see me. Perhaps, then, I might be displaced from his affections by some new object ; and Captain Ross's notions of his continued love might have been created by mere jealousy.

These reflections kept me awake most part of the night. On coming down stairs, the landlord of the inn saluted me by a low obeisance, saying, 'Please your ladyship, the gentleman who visited you last

evening, and who are highly respectable, would feel obliged if you would condescend to breakfast with them, and do the honours of the tea-table.' I hesitated; when the tall gentleman, a Mr. Frazer, appeared, and joined his entreaties with those of the landlord; and I was led into the breakfast room.

The old gentleman received me with dignity and affability, avoiding flattering encomiums. I was gratified to see respect substituted for flattery, and resolved again always to resent that familiarity and childish treatment by which some women suffer themselves to be degraded. The old gentleman, addressing me in the Italian language, repeated a line from Petrarch, signifying that I appeared like a new-blown rose. I shook my head, and he smiled. Thinking that I did not understand him, he said, in the same language, 'Are you sure, Frazer, that it was really our young rascal?'—'Quite sure,' replied Frazer.—'The blockhead! he does not possess an atom of sense or spirit. Only think of a handsome nobleman, of high birth, good education, and influential connexions, despising all these things, and running after an ignorant country girl from a dunghill? I too have felt the omnipotence of love; but I always sought for beauty and wit. But—pshaw!—I have no patience to think of it.'

I now saw that this was the Earl of Glenford, and that the discourse concerned myself; and as they supposed me ignorant of Italian, I resolved to obtain information which, to me, was of importance.

'You are severe, my lord,' said Frazer, 'but I think the disobedience of Captain Ross deserves your honour's severest chastisement.'—'Aye, Frazer,' replied his lordship, 'he has played me a trick which he shall repent. He has been sent to Paris by Lemington, to bring him the girl, and bamboozle us. But I will be a marplot. After all, Frazer, is it not laughable to think how that hypocrite Lambe, and her paramour, the lieutenant of

police, would look, when they heard that their victim had escaped ?'

'Oh ! my lord,' said Frazer, 'you speak strangely of the Honourable Miss Lambe. I thought that your lordship honoured her with your esteem and confidence.'—'No, no,—you wily Scot, did you not see that she wanted to make me an instrument of her revenge? I hate her for the thought; and were the girl as beautiful and accomplished as this young lady, I would have protected her, just to vex the venomous toad.'

'But,' said Frazer, 'love is blind; and perhaps Lemington may look upon this rustic girl as possessed of as many charms as this young lady exhibits.'—'Nonsense!' replied his lordship, 'even a madman would see at a glimpse the difference between a lady like this, and the ignorant, proud, cunning wench we speak of. I wonder how Lemington could stoop to touch such a vulgar, coarse-made, uneducated hussy.' I felt vexed at being so cruelly handled; while I was ready to sink with apprehension lest I should be discovered.

The earl inquired whether I continued my journey immediately. I answered in the affirmative. 'Well,' said he, 'I ought to have slept last night at my country seat; but my servants, not expecting me until this morning, did not meet me with the horses. But the disappointment I do not regret, since it has procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance; and I shall be proud if you will accept a seat in my carriage.'

I thanked his lordship, but declined his offer. He then presented me with his card, which I received with a deep blush, caused by various sensations that crowded upon me. 'Perhaps, miss, you travel *incognito*,' said his lordship. I replied, 'I do.'—'I am sorry,' he observed, 'that the vision must be closed in this manner. I shall think of this meeting as of a scene of enchantment.'—'You might with safety,' I said, 'leave these hyperbolical phrases for the rising generation.'—'Oh ! no,' his lord-

ship said, 'the rising generation have no spirit or taste. The court ladies, in the days of my youth, were worshipped with an extatic fervour of devotion; but then they were lovely, attractive, and seductive. Now our young gentlemen call themselves philosophers, and yet doat upon the most vulgar sluts.'

'I am sorry,' said I, 'to hear that the national taste is degenerating; but I hope your lordship's family is exempted from the general infatuation.'—'Ah! miss, I wish it were so,' said his lordship; 'but I am just now going in pursuit of a near and dear relation, who is madly intent upon his own ruin and disgrace, being deluded by the affected simplicity of a sly baggage, base in birth, ignorant as a hottentot, and certainly not more beautiful than one of these African ladies.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'your lordship is wrong in attaching so much importance to this affair. I should think that the friends of the country girl have most cause to be alarmed at the connexion.'—He replied, 'Why, I believe you are right; for I cannot think that my nephew will marry the hussy, though he values himself much on honour, constancy, and such like fooleries.'—'You will pardon me, my lord,' said I, 'but I fear you may have been imposed upon. The girl must have some virtues, or your nephew would not have been so deeply captivated.'—'Virtues!' he echoed, 'Oh! yes, she has many shining ones. She has lived in the family of a married man, under very suspicious circumstances:—she bilked a respectable stock-broker abominably:—she drove a gallant naval officer from the service, to snivel in a church:—she has led my nephew and heir into a variety of broils; has broken my peace of mind; and, in spite of the most admirable schemes for securing and humbling her, I would not wonder to see her driving about amongst us with an air of insulting triumph.'

'Still, my lord,' I rejoined, 'I charitably suppose that the girl's character has been misrepresented to

your lordship.'—'Impossible; I have heard it drawn by a lady of rank.'—'Aye,' I cried, 'perhaps a rival. Have a care, my lord—Love, who is at the bottom of this affair, is a great leveller. The lady who has prejudiced you against the country lass perhaps is young; your nephew is doubtless a very amiable person; where would be the wonder, then, if she really has an affection for him? Perhaps not being able to bear a rival so much her inferior, she has taken this opportunity of punishing her, for pretending to a heart she is desirous of securing to herself.'

But Earl Glenford was too full of the subject; and to convince me of the correctness of his judgment, he continued his abuse of the unworthy Rosina. I listened with feelings not the most enviable; when suddenly changing his manner, he said, 'Had she been a person of merit, I could have pardoned the fond youth. The charms inherent in some objects are irresistible; nor can they be gazed upon with impunity. Indeed, I feel my own happiness is now at stake; and you——' 'Alas! my lord,' exclaimed I, 'this language would be unbecoming in an amorous boy; but to be thus flattered and abused in the same——' Here I stopped short, perceiving my indiscretion. I thanked his lordship for his kind attentions, and, wishing him a pleasant journey, said I must prepare for my own.

'My dear lady,' said the earl, stepping between me and the door, 'do not depart in anger. If I have undesignedly affronted you, I am the most unfortunate of beings. Speak, thou angel, dost thou forgive me?'—'My lord,' said I, with some resolution, 'do not impede me. I assume no right either to hear your confessions, or to grant you absolution. Saying which, I firmly stepped past him, and walked to my room.

I now felt bound to inform the Earl of Lemington that his uncle was in pursuit of him, which would also reveal to him that I was in Richmond.

I therefore wrote a note ; and I determined to deliver it myself, to prevent accidents, and I went in search of the inn where I expected to meet my lover. As I drew near, the captain's servant met me. ' Ah ! my lady,' he cried, ' how glad I am to see you safe ! How lucky that the Earl of Glenford has not discovered you ! ' ' And what if the earl did discover me ? ' I need not be afraid of his lordship. — ' No, madam ; but, though old, he is so fond of pretty ladies, that he might prove very troublesome. It is well that my master and the earl are out of the way, or there might be sad work. ' — ' Is the young earl off too ? ' — ' Oh ! yes. I told his footman that the old General, as we call him, was here ; and they were off in a crack. ' — ' Well,' said I, ' what must I do, John ? ' — ' Why, madam, just step into this house ; I will get you a coach in a minute ; then off you whisk to London. I will stop and pay the inn bill, get your trunk, and follow in quick time. ' — ' Be it so,' I replied.

I stepped into a chaise, and, drawing up the blinds, lest the old earl should see me, passed safely out of the town. Both the earl and the landlord were surprised at my mysterious flight. The earl proposed to have my trunk opened ; but the landlord refused. In the afternoon, he and his train set off for London ; when John appeared at the inn, paid the bills, got the luggage, and followed to town.

I ordered the chaise to drive to the house where Captain Ross stayed, and whom I found walking before the door. He flew to receive me and whispered, ' Ah ! lovely Rosina, you have revived me. I was beginning to sink into despair. I was suspecting that you had ceased to confide in me, and could not well help envying the happiness of my cousin. ' ' I have not seen your cousin,' said I, ' but I found some difficulty in escaping from old Glenford, who is the most importunate gallant I ever met with. ' — ' Good heavens ! Rosina, what do you mean ? You have not been in company with my

uncle?'—'Yes, but I have,' replied I; 'we breakfasted together this morning, and he is peculiarly anxious to be enrolled in the list of my admirers.' Captain Ross seemed much disturbed at this accident.

My travelling name was Mrs. Boyd. The captain had persuaded me to appear by that name in London, and as the widow of an officer. This he stated would procure me more respect, and permit me to use my liberty without suspicion or interruption. It would, he also argued, save me from the importunities of a crowd of idle fops, and I might receive any visit as if consulting on business.

The captain informed me that he had hired apartments for me at the west corner of Parliament Street, and had also engaged a waiting woman and a cook-maid. I remarked that two servants were rather too much for my finances to support. I am grateful for your kindness; but do not attempt to deprive me of my self-respect.' He then said that he had paid the lodgings for a month, and at the end of that time I might leave or continue as I pleased; and that he would afterwards take back what he had advanced on my account, should I insist upon it. With this understanding I stepped into a hackney-coach, and proceeded to my lodgings.

Captain Ross promised that he would give me any information he could obtain respecting the earl. 'I am so entirely devoted to you,—I love you with that delicacy, that I am resolved to serve you against my own interest. No more mistrust therefore, lovely Rosina; no longer look upon me as obstructing your secret inclinations. I vow, notwithstanding the ardent affection I have for you, that I will ever promote your happiness, as far as lies in my power. All I ask in return for an esteem so disinterested, is, that you will never forbid me your company. Unruly passions are strangers to my breast. The virtue I profess to cultivate, will always check any thing improper on my part.'

The landlady received me at the door in a very

obliging manner. 'Good God!' said she to the captain, 'how young this lady must have been married! She is yet only a very handsome infant.' This remark put me to the blush, but the captain, presenting his hand, led me up a handsome staircase, to my apartment on the first floor. The reflection of the sun from the glasses and gilding, had a most brilliant effect. The beauty and freshness of the carpet, the elegance of the window hangings, and the richness of the furniture, combined to afford me delight. I muttered, 'Very beautiful indeed—and very proper for a lady of fortune.'

The maid hired to wait on me came up. She was about fifty, and had an easy insinuating air. Her name was Phillis; and the landlady said she had lately left a duchess's service, by reason of a violent passion the secretary had for her, and which might have endangered her innocence. I could not forbear smiling at this acknowledgment. Her age and plain face were a sufficient security against any attacks of that nature. I soon discovered her foible to be a foolish belief that she inspired love in all the men who looked at her.

Mrs. Myrick, my landlady, next appeared. She was tall, handsome, and well made; and she knew it too well. Mrs. Myrick was so very obliging, that I made her very sincere returns, with too little reserve. The event will show plainly, that young persons ought to be very cautious with new acquaintances. Her behaviour has taught me the value of inculcating so necessary a lesson.

After a slight refreshment, I retired to my bedroom, which was very elegant. Adjoining was a closet, adorned with pannels of looking-glass. The hangings, like those of the apartment, were crimson damask, bordered with gold fringe. Several pictures, representing children playing together, and beautiful landscapes, between the glasses, had a charming effect. But what pleased me most, was a book-case at the farther end, containing a great choice of new music-books. The toilet was well

arranged; and in the boxes were expensive trinkets, in a good taste. This I concluded was the delicate plan which Captain Ross had adopted of making me a present; but I locked them up until an opportunity occurred for returning them.

When I arose in the morning, I unlocked and unbolted my chamber-door, and my waiting-woman entered. 'Lord! madam,' said she, in a wheedling tone, 'you are very timorous, to barricade yourself thus. I have been several times at the door, to know if you wanted me; but the fear of disturbing you made me wait till now.' I answered with great indifference. Her countenance did not please me. Such antipathies are many times involuntary; and from my childhood I was liable to prepossessions of this nature; though they are often groundless, and always argue a weakness in our understanding. We ought to guard against such follies; as there are many who, by an unfortunate cast in their aspect, promise nothing commendable, and yet their real worth surpasses that of others whose countenances are very taking at first sight.

After breakfast, I played an hour on the harpsichord, and then walked to the window. The day was delightful, and the streets were filled with well-dressed people. After being so long abroad, I was charmed with the neatness and elegance of the women's dresses.

Whilst I was engaged in examining every one that passed by, somebody clasped me fast in their arms, without my perceiving who it was that took that liberty with me. My colour came, and I turned about very hastily, struggling to free myself from such an unexpected embrace. 'It would be no easy matter to surprise you,' said Mrs. Myrick, laughing; 'you are so much upon your guard, and are so strong, there would be nothing got by romping with you.' Upon my asking her pardon with a smile, for being so rough in disengaging myself, 'I will pardon you this once,' replied she in a jest-

ing way; 'but another time I shall not be so easily prevailed upon; and even now, it shall only be on this condition, that you do us the honour of dining with us.' Mrs. Myrick had a particular talent for criticising persons. Dress,—figure,—countenance,—nothing escaped her. The women seldom found mercy at her hands. Those who were handsome rarely escaped the most satirical strokes.

'What do you think of her,' cried Mrs. Myrick, 'who comes this way, with that flaunting gait, and false air of beauty? Her fine complexion is only borrowed from the mysteries of the toilet, as her carriage is from the information of a much consulted looking-glass. For all her affectation, she is very plain, as you will own when you see her nearer. Her hair tricked up as it is with ribbons, is none of her own; for she is as bald as a coot. Speak the truth: would you not guess, by her attendants and dress, that her husband belonged to the exchequer? Far from it: he is cook to the Duke of——. Though her mother sold fruit, her vanity aimed at his steward; but she is very well off in marrying his cook, who must cheat his master to maintain her extravagance, and yet, in return for his too great indulgence, has never had a quiet moment.'

'See that other lady,' continued she, 'who is coming down the street. By the airs she gives herself, you would not imagine her to be five and twenty. And yet she is turned of fifty. But the best of the joke is, that she cannot prevail on herself to marry a man who has made his addresses to her, for fear, she says, of dying in childbed.'

'But what cause has drawn such crowds of people together?' inquired I.—'What! child,' answered Mrs. Myrick, 'do you not know that the king goes in state to open parliament to-day? We shall have a fine view as he passes. You have seen his majesty?' she added. I blushed, and my heart began to flutter, while I recollected my first seeing his majesty.

Soon the bishops, lords, and members of the lower house, began to pass. Our window was well adapted for observing them, and for being observed. I was so intent in marking the personages that passed, that I quite forgot that I was in a plain undress. Mrs. Myrick was full dressed, and did not give me the least hint of it.

‘Good God!’ cried Mrs. Myrick, with a mysterious air, but such as betrayed how well she was satisfied with her own dear self, ‘these men were turned fools surely: one cannot be at a window, but they stare one through. See how they eye us.’ In effect, many eyes were directed towards us.—‘Oh!’ said she, ‘I am so very well known, my pretty lady, that you must not wonder at what you see. The king himself is pleased often to favour me with a look. Not that I would have you to think,’ continued the vain thing, ‘that I attribute this to anything very flattering in myself.’

Soon after, the king approached with his retinue, amidst the cheers of the multitude. He looked up to our window, and bowed. Imagining I ought to return the compliment, I made a low curtsy, while the state carriage drove off. ‘There! I told you so,’ exclaimed Mrs. Myrick; ‘the king certainly remembers my face. For heaven’s sake, madam,’ continued she in a childish tone, ‘let us retire; I can stand it no longer.’ Then flinging herself on a sofa, she cried out, ‘Lord! madam, how you have killed me with confusion. Nobody salutes the king. Why, we will be taken for mere country creatures.’ I did not relish this cut at my manners.

My vain, cajoling landlady proposed going down to her apartment; dinner-time, as she said, was drawing near. I replied that it would be proper for me to put on some head dress, since she would not allow me to dress. ‘Oh! by no means,’ cried Mrs. Myrick, ‘you are killingly handsome in the dress you are in. We shall have frequent opportunities of seeing you dressed; for this once let us enjoy you in your native charms.’ This compli-

ment was answered in a proper manner on my side, not forgetting her beauty, with which she seemed mightily taken. 'It is justly said,' cried she, begging pardon for taking me in her arms, 'that women of quality are always distinguishable by their behaviour. I have ever been fond of their company, as their conversation is so instructing.' What does not prejudice effect! As long as she took me for a lady of family, as Captain Ross had said I was, this was always her style; but, the moment she discovered the truth, she thought me a counterfeit.

Mr. Myrick was a professor of music, and a composer to the Opera House; and he therefore imagined himself company for any one. He was handsome, tall, and well made; always in fashion, and very full of himself; had a ready wit, and was so happy in his little sallies, that the spleen was banished wherever he came, which made his conversation much coveted. His satirical vein Mrs. Myrick had acquired, and was very ready at biting expressions; but then she wanted the fine turn of wit in applying them, of which she was a perfect master; insomuch that he would frequently lash people to their faces with so much art, adapting his voice and expression so justly, that every one present, except the person concerned, immediately discovered who was aimed at. Our dinner was perfectly neat and elegant, Mr. Myrick acquitted himself exceedingly well in doing the honours of his house.

A relation of Mr. Myrick's, about fifty years of age, was in the company. Her humour was gay and airy. She amused us with abundance of pleasantries, accompanied with so much wit as threw a veil over her age, and the malicious turns she frequently gave to things. But then her folly betrayed itself in saying that in her younger days she stood unrivalled in point of beauty; and her discourse ran upon the extravagancies princes and noblemen had committed in making their addresses to her.

I soon perceived that the company was agreed upon making me talk, with a design to learn something of my affairs; but I came off very well, by the concise answers I gave. The only secret for baffling curiosity is to say little. There is no hazard in being cautious; whereas giving a loose to the tongue overburdens the memory, and endangers the contradicting one's self.

A servant came and whispered to Mrs. Myrick. She immediately turned towards me, and told me in my ear that a gentleman inquired for me. Imagining that it must be Captain Ross, I ordered the servant to conduct him to my apartment. The servant, hearing me name that gentleman, assured me that it was not he, but that she guessed by his livery that it must be the Duke of Beaufort. The name surprised me; and Mr. Myrick perceiving it, asked me if I had any reason for not receiving the visit, for in that case it was only saying that I did not dine at home. My answer was, that I did not desire to be seen, as the person was an utter stranger. Mrs. Myrick rose from table at this, bidding me make myself easy, for she would speak to the duke herself; adding, with a mysterious air, that she partly guessed at his errand.

After half an hour's stay, Mrs. Myrick returned, laughing heartily. 'Did I not tell you,' said she, 'that we were examined very narrowly when at the window? Without vanity, our charms make some noise in the world.'—'Who doubts that?' replied the husband; 'all the court envies my happiness, in possessing so lovely a creature as Mrs. Myrick.'—'None of your jests,' continued she, half angry at this ironical tone. It is certain I have had a thousand soft things said to me just now by a very gallant spark; though I know very well,' added she, pointing slyly to me, 'that Mrs. Boyd has the best title to the compliments.' I said, 'How can I be in any way concerned? I am but just arrived from the other end of the kingdom, have no acquaintance——' 'Alas! that is no reason,' said

Mr. Myrick; 'thousands will soon beg to worship at your shrine.'

The wife, thinking perhaps this was carrying things too far, like many other women, was piqued to hear another extolled; or she might be a little jealous. She corrected the transport her husband had been guilty of, by saying, that if I had not really been so very handsome, novelty was of great service in this country; that, nevertheless, it must be supported by something more lasting than beauty; that a toast might draw admirers for a while; but when that was over, the object was as easily neglected as it had been eagerly pursued.

Mrs. Myrick brought an example in favour of her opinion. 'You all saw,' said she, 'the famous Irish beauty, so much talked of two years ago at London. She was as fair as alabaster, had fine features, a good shape, and an air of grandeur. Yet I could see nothing extraordinary about her. But she was followed by all the world. One evening I was at Vauxhall, when the Irish beauty was walking there. I inquired what could cause such a crowd. 'Good God! madam, where do you come from,' replied the person, 'not to know that the beautiful lady from Ireland is come to town, and is walking in the gardens?' I resolved to see for myself. I made my way through the crowd, and at last saw this extolled beauty. Whether through prejudice, not being according to my taste, or not so handsome as they pretended, she did not please me at all. I pitied the stupidity of the public, which often lavishes its praises on objects that, upon a nearer view, are scarcely tolerable.

'Some weeks after, I was again at Vauxhall, when I met her; but she was now scarcely noticed. She was exactly the same; and methought she was even handsomer than at first.'—'No wonder,' replied the kinswoman; 'you liked her the better, because nobody admired her; and so envy had nothing to work on. If she had become a reigning toast, and been surrounded with a crowd of admi-

rers, she would have appeared as plain as at first. The thing speaks for itself.'

From one of her character, a sharp reply might have been expected; but she had her reasons for being moderate. Interest, which often rules, and to which she was an absolute slave, prevailed on her to stifle her resentment.

The discourse ran again upon the duke's visit. She told us, that all she could gather from what he said was, that, in walking past her house, the sight of a young lady had made such an impression on him, that he came to inquire after her. She added that all this was expressed in so polite a manner, that though she was prepared to answer this gallant preamble as it deserved, yet she could not avoid replying with some portion of respect, and letting him know who I really was.

'I apprehended, from the confusion in which this nobleman retired,' continued my landlady, 'that without doubt he took Mrs. Boyd for one who had her fortune to make, and that he need only appear to be well received; a foolish presumption men are often guilty of, who think that in visiting a woman they do her an honour.'

As I noticed Mr. Myrick was inclined to loiter in my apartment, I ordered Phillis to light him down, and then shut my door, with a firm determination to avoid, in future, as much as possible, so odd a medley of company. When going to bed, I heard knocking at the door; and it then being very late, I was curious to know what kind of visitors were coming. To effect this, I requested the maid to carry the candles into another room, and then went to the window. By the light of the street lamp, I discovered a tall man, wrapped up in a military cloak, standing at the door; and, on listening, I heard him ask if a young lady had not come to lodge there that day. Finding by the answer that he was not mistaken, he inquired if she could be spoken with; but the maid who had heard of the duke's visit, answered, in an angry tone, that the

lady could not be spoke with, and so shut the door upon him.

I now drew back, and retired to bed, without reflecting much on this circumstance, and slept soundly until late the following morning. After breakfast, I amused myself with reading and drawing; and, about three o'clock, was just sitting down to dinner, when Captain Ross sent in his name. He was elegantly dressed; and, though deeply prejudiced in favour of another, I could not but acknowledge that he was an exceedingly handsome and accomplished gentleman. His address was now peculiarly respectful, and even timid; and while my maid was present, he constantly applied the word *Madam*, and only talked of general things. I insisted on his sitting down to dinner, with which he complied.

When alone after dinner, he began to express his apprehensions lest I should be dull and solitary. Upon this I related to him the visit and familiarity of my landlady, described the dinner scene downstairs, and related the debate that ensued respecting the duke's intended visit. I concluded by expressing my suspicions and dislike of Mrs. Myrick.

Captain Ross applauded my discernment, expressed his entire ignorance of the landlady's character, and offered to look out for a more suitable lodging. He did not seem to relish the duke's visit; and the tall stranger, who wanted to be introduced to me, also gave him some uneasiness. I assured him that no attractions should again draw me to the window; but I declined a change of situation at present, being unwilling to determine on any thing until I received letters from Lady Beckford.

Resuming his usual tranquillity, Captain Ross came at last to the point that concerned me most. 'I have undergone, dear lady,' said he, 'a keen, severe, and unrelenting investigation by Lord Glenford. At first, he was so enraged at my treachery and duplicity, as he called it, that I never attempted to speak until the whirlwind of his pas-

sion was nearly exhausted. He thought that I had acted in concert with Lord Lemington, and had gone over to Paris merely to conduct you safely to London. 'No, my lord,' said I, 'you are mistaken. I acted in concert with no one. I have conducted the young lady safely to England: I acknowledge and glory in it. But, so far from acting under the influence of my cousin, I would have given the whole world that he had never seen or loved the amiable Rosina. To see her, and not to admire her—to hear her, and not to respect her—to know her, and not to love her, is impossible. I struggled violently with myself: but her beauty, sense, and virtue completely vanquished me; and now I love her beyond expression, and would cheerfully die for her. Yet my love is pure and angelic: I respect her feelings, and I respect the rights of my honoured cousin.'

'Very pretty! very pretty indeed!' exclaimed Lord Glénford; 'why, sir, I will have a commission of lunacy taken out against you, eh? But where did you land with this inexpressibly bewitching angel, or devil?'

'At Portsmouth, my lord,' I replied.

'Oh!' said he, winking on Frazer, 'I believe we know the cause of all this strange matter.'

'I immediately recollected your adventure at Richmond, and perceived that his lordship suspected that you are the real Rosina. I therefore took no notice of this remark; and I soon retired, pleased with extricating myself so well out of this ticklish affair. But on reflection, I have become uneasy at the adroit, good-humoured manner in which his lordship passed to another subject. He is a crafty, persevering politician, and has some deep-laid plot in his head. I tremble for the result; but he will find me tracing his track with all the keenness of a blood-hound.'

'Really, Captain Ross,' he remarked, 'you alarm me by using such a wild simile; but I hope I am not to be hunted down. But, captain, I am more

disturbed by your kindness and attentions than by Lord Glenford's intrigues.'—'Ah!' cried he, 'your bare remembering them is too great a return. I beg we may say no more of such trifles.'—'I look upon them in a far different light,' replied I, 'but still some melancholy reflections overpower my gratitude, and give me alarm. I have already said that all the grandeur of the world shall never draw me from the rules I have prescribed to myself; and if your views——' 'Now, once for all,' replied Captain Ross, 'my word and honour are your security, which, assure yourself, I am not capable of violating; and I consent to be looked upon as the basest of mankind, if ever any behaviour of mine contradicts this protestation I have the honour of making to you.'—'On these terms,' replied I, 'I shall take a pleasure in seeing you.'

'Alas!' said the captain, 'let that be no hindrance. On the contrary, charming Rosina, such a confidence would afford me the greatest consolation. How happy should I be to possess it! The effects of love are as various as the persons it influences, and in me widely different from what they are in many others. I was always of opinion, that to love for one's own sake merited no return; for it is properly self-love, when one's own happiness is the end pursued; as it is self-interest, not that of the object beloved, which is consulted. The proof of a disinterested passion is, to promote the happiness of the beloved, even in opposition to our own desires. Judge, then, lovely creature, what kind of passion I entertain in your regard. It is your satisfaction, it is your own happiness I study. Yes,' continued the captain, seizing my hand, 'you shall see me strive as eagerly to promote your union with him you love, as if my own happiness depended on it. In losing you I lose all that is dear to me in life; but I shall have the comfort of reflecting that in point of disinterestedness and generosity, I stand unrivalled.'

Sentiments so delicate and so refined raised an

admiration in my youthful breast that silence alone could express. 'Ah! can you doubt my sincerity?' continued the captain. 'You make me no answer. Will you exclude me from the confidence you mentioned, as one of the favours I may expect? The sentiments I have just now expressed, however commendable in the theory, you perhaps imagine to be impracticable. My former behaviour, my late protestations, all betray some secret views. Yes, such I have, too lovely Rosina. Shall I acknowledge them?' continued he, rising up. 'Will you be convinced of what I have said, if I pour out the secret emotions of my soul?'—'Well then,' replied I, terribly alarmed, 'what is it you hope for?' 'Ah! miss,' cried he, interrupting me, 'hear what I have to say. Do not suspect that, under an apparent probity, a villain lies hid. I love you—I adore you—your charms have vanquished me—and to preserve you, I would sacrifice rank and fortune a thousand times over; but I would owe this happiness to your own choice, and not to any importunity of mine. I am persuaded that, had not your inclination for my cousin prevented me, I might one day have been so happy as to gain your favour; but my honour controls my passion, though it does not extinguish my hope.

The captain's last words were uttered with so much tenderness, that I was affected. 'You are not mistaken,' replied I, with emotion, and yielding one of my hands, which he bathed with his tears, 'you are not mistaken in relying on my gratitude. I will say more: were not my affections already engaged, I know no one but yourself that could succeed in fixing them.'—'For the present this suffices,' cried the captain, throwing himself at my feet; 'I am less wretched: this acknowledgment transports me. How! charming Rosina, may I flatter myself —' 'Perfidious creature!' cried a well-known voice from the door, which was then opening, but in a moment dashed to with violence.

The sound of the voice—the cruel apostrophe—

the sudden disappearing of the vision—the posture of the captain when thus surprised – all combined to strike me as if I had received an electric shock. I started up, and the next moment sunk upon the sofa, crying out, ‘Alas! I am undone.’ Captain Ross seemed no less surprised than myself, though he offered me assistance. ‘Ah! sir,’ I cried, ‘leave me and follow the earl. I am lost—miserable—sunk in despair.’

Without hesitating a moment, the captain darted out of the room, and ran down the stairs. Just then, Phillis entered my room in a violent agitation. ‘O heavens!’ said she, ‘what is to be done? Captain Ross has just gone out with another officer, who seems in such a fury, and they were disputing so angrily, that I believe a duel will ensue.’ This alarming news roused me. ‘My God!’ exclaimed I, in a frenzy of fear, ‘what will become of me, if I lose all that is dear to me in life? Go, Phillis, run, and do not leave them until they come back.’ —‘God forbid!’ replied my maid, with an air of disdain that reminded me how I had betrayed myself, ‘it would be very fine truly, to see young women running after such sparks. If I had imagined I was hired for such purposes, I would never have darkened the doors.’

I now paced the room in an agony of despair not to be described. Though Mrs. Myrick was absent during the occurrence, yet, on her return, my prude of a maid would not fail to represent in high colours what had happened; and I knew that women of my landlady’s character show no mercy on such occasions. I knew not what to do. Sometimes I relied upon the captain’s sincere attachment to me; and then again all hope vanished, when I saw him stand before the jealous and infuriated earl. I felt much hurt at the sudden manner in which the latter had condemned me as false and inconstant. Sometimes I thought of the kindness of Captain Ross, and contrasted it with the long neglect of the earl; but when I viewed him in imagination a

bloody corpse, I involuntarily screamed. Mrs. Myrick bounced into my room, and demanded the meaning of what she had heard ; adding, that she would not for the world that any accident should occur wherein her name should be coupled in the newspapers with an indelicate affair ; for her house, she said, was not designed for such purposes, and she took it very ill that Captain Ross should introduce under her roof any person whose character was suspicious.

I felt so indignant at these insinuations, and at the difficulty I felt in explaining the affair, that I answered not. Mrs. Myrick, taking my silence for acknowledgment of guilt, continued her discourse in so high a strain, with so many bitter taunts about my early marriage, and my disregard for the memory of major Boyd, that at last my patience was quite exhausted, and I said, with a piercing look, 'Pray, madam, leave my room. When Captain Ross returns, I shall acquaint him with the civilities I have received in the apartments he engaged for me, and where I had expected to be free from insult.' My resolute tone and manner subdued her most effectually, and she durst not reply. I then retired into my bed-room, throwing the door after me. There I lost myself in a train of distressing reflections.

I upbraided myself for accepting Captain Ross's services, and for suffering myself to assume a false name. I thought I could discern, in the apparent candour of my new friend, much danger and artifice. At least, it was plain he had intended to seclude me from the world, by giving me an address which I could not publicly acknowledge. I remembered the shame and alarm I felt when once questioned respecting my late husband, Major Boyd ; and how the thought then struck me, that the captain intended, by calling me Mrs. Boyd, to drive me from society, that he might have me to himself. Again I regretted my weakness in entering into such expensive apartments. By doing so, I

had incurred obligations, and diminished my independence. Since I had occupied them, I had suffered temptations, intrusions, and insults ; and my prospects in life were ruined, and my peace of mind lost. ‘For,’ said I to myself, ‘what will not my lover think ? He finds me in a lodging far above my means to support—he discovers that I am known by a fictitious name—he beholds another at my feet : these circumstances are sufficient to condemn me. No, he will never return.’

Three hours were spent in this melancholy condition. No account of what had happened was brought. The undoubted affection of Captain Ross, convinced me that, had he not fallen in the combat, he would not have left me a prey to uncertainty. Being unable to bear this state of painful suspense, I rung my bell. ‘Where is Phillis ?’ said I to a servant who came.—‘Gone to the tabernacle, madam,’ said the girl with a simper, and then shut the door and walked off.

‘This won’t do,’ said I to myself : ‘I am not to remain here, and passively suffer the vulgar insolence of every one that approaches me, down to the very scullion. No ; I have money, I am not destitute—I will therefore fly where I may appear without suspicion. I could speak French and Italian well, I understood music, and I could draw a little. These qualifications fitted me for a teacher ; but who would employ me merely on my own recommendation ? Thus did I see my wretched condition, and bewail it.

About ten at night, Phillis made her appearance. I looked up in anger, and ejaculated, ‘Begone !’—‘Oh ! that is what I wish, if you will pay me my wages ; for I never thought of being let down so.’ But, afraid of my reply, she hastened out. In a few minutes, my cook-maid appeared. ‘Well,’ thought I, ‘now for another trial of patience : but I will be calm ; and it is as well that my servants go before me.’ This woman was about fifty years of age, very plump, good-humoured, and fresh

complexioned. She had always been very civil and attentive, and I had treated her with tenderness. She looked me in the face with compassion, and said, 'Dear me? do people live here on air? Why, your supper has been ready two hours. Bless me! you are all in tears! Can ladies at your age have anything to trouble them? Mercy on us! what will become of others, if such sweet babes take things to heart? My last two mistresses were always snarling and throwing things about; and this here cries like a child. But what makes you, my sweet lady, to take on thus? You want for nothing; and as for youth and beauty, you need not go from home. What need you care for that nasty, impertinent slut, Phillis? I would send her off with a flea in her ear, and let her burst with the spleen.'

I told her to leave me, for I did not intend to eat. 'Then I must fast too,' replied she, 'for it would not be right in me to gormandize whilst my good mistress is in affliction. Well, well, it won't kill me: if I go without supper to-night, I'll eat two to-morrow.' Peggy was leaving me, but I called her back, to order her to go to supper. 'Come, then, said she, 'we'll compound the matter: if you'll pick a bit of chicken, and take a glass of wine, I'll eat as much as any two cooks in the parish. I never knew any one that could out-fast me, except the curate that christened me. Poor fellow! he had his failings, or he would have been quite a saint; but I wonder who's perfect.'

I tried to send Peggy away, losing all patience with her nonsense. 'Well, madam, I am gone,' said she, without stirring an inch; 'I see foul weather brewing, and you must be obeyed. How one may be deceived! Your face speaks nothing but good nature; but I fancy you can scold as well as my former mistress, the Honourable Miss Lambe.'—'Miss Lambe!' said I, 'where is she?'—'Why, are you acquainted with her?' inquired Peggy.—'No,' said I, dissembling the truth, 'but a friend of mine knows her.'—'So much the better if you

are not acquainted, for she is a smooth-faced hypocrite, that never did a good turn in her life. But she is now going to be married, and our village will have a good riddance of her, for every summer she plagued us out of our lives. As a family, we are poor folks, but honest, and we are unrepachable, except one of my nieces, who was always a spoiled child, and who has made noise enough. She is very clever, and will yet make her fortune.'

On this she went away. Let any one imagine my surprise, to find my cook-maid to be my own aunt ; for, by what she said, I knew her to be my father's sister. Good-natured Peggy soon returned ; and, to please her, I ate a few morsels, and sipped a drop of wine, at which she appeared quite overjoyed, declaring that I had pleased her better than if I had given her twenty guineas. When alone, I resumed the consideration of my projects. I was for discovering myself to my aunt, and going back with her to my native village. But the scheme of taking private lodging for a short time was the favourite one, and I resolved to adopt it. Then I took my pen, and wrote a short, indignant note to the Earl of Lemington, assuring him that, since he had thought fit to suspect my conduct, he should never see me more. I wrote a longer one to Captain Ross, thanking him for all his civilities, and assuring him that they were engraven on the tablet of my memory.

My design was in the morning to take a hackney coach, and to drive straight to the office of Sir William Beckford, where I expected to meet with old Evans, who had accompanied me to Calais, and in whose honesty I could confide. Whilst sealing my letters, a gentle tap came to my door. 'Come in, Peggy,' said I. The door opened, and—oh ! what a surprise !—the earl was at my feet. He had seized my hand ; but he could articulate nothing. I was confounded, overjoyed, speechless, and wept.

Captain Ross also was silent. When the first emotions had subsided, he said, 'I have brought

you back a faithful lover. Appearances imposed upon him a moment; but jealousy cannot dwell in an honourable mind. My cousin has often blushed for his rashness, and accident only prevented the penitent from being at your feet some hours ago. Adieu. You are worthy of each other.' Saying this, the generous man retired; and I was so much affected by the presence of a long-lost lover, that I was scarcely able to return his bow.

I felt an inexpressible joy to find myself acquitted by the earl, and wished to hear it confirmed. I had been long sick at heart at his seeming neglect and unexplained silence: I now flattered myself I should receive proofs of his constancy and love. I felt a sweet, pleasant, indescribable kind of melancholy, that soothed my whole soul, after the torturing agitations I had suffered. How delightful is pleasure, when we look only for misfortune. This period of my life I love to reflect upon. Being thus transported at seeing a lover whom I had given up as lost, I forgot the humble posture he occupied. When I desired him to rise, he pressed my hand, and exclaimed, 'No, charming Rosina, I will here die at your feet, if you refuse to pardon the cruel outrage I have committed. I dared to think your pure mind capable of perfidy. I thought my cousin had snatched from me the only prize I value upon earth. Alas! what did I not think? I was mad—I was criminal—I should have known you better.'

How amiable, how graceful did the earl appear in my eyes! A heart of marble would have been moved by his accents. The earl again asked me if I forgave him. 'Yes, my lord,' answered I, hiding my face, 'I do. Perhaps I should not have permitted your cousin to utter his feelings in my presence: but he saved me from perpetual imprisonment—he restored me to my native country—to serve me, he ventured to incur the anger of the Earl of Glenford—and he has always acted towards me with the tenderness and delicacy of a brother.'—'I know it all, adorable Rosina,' exclaimed the

earl: 'he is the most honourable of men. But for his justice and courage, I would have lost you for ever. He loved you; but I cannot blame him.' 'You ought to expect no such thing,' said I: 'different men have different tastes. But if I am suited to your fancy, pray, my lord, why did you never write to me during the long time that I was traversing the continent of Europe?'

'There, my dear,' he replied, 'I feared lest my apparent coldness had offended you, and destroyed your partiality in my favour. After my rencontre with the Honourable Captain Lambe in France, I received a mandate from his majesty's secretary of state for the foreign department, requiring my immediate attendance at court. I suspected that this proceeded from the influence of the Earl of Glenford. I durst not disobey; but I obtained the assurance of my friend, Sir William Beckford, that he would watch over your safety. I left Paris with a heavy heart, knowing that it then contained all the pleasure that I desired on earth. I soon reached London, and waited upon his majesty, who received me graciously, and entrusted me with a secret mission to the court of Denmark. Here I remained miserable. I wrote to you twenty times, but no answer was returned. Still I believed in your constancy, for my uncle was living at Paris, and his influence with the unprincipled government there was sufficient to get my letters intercepted. When I closed my mission, I expected permission to seek you upon the continent; but I was ordered to join my regiment at Bristol. But when the grand review was over, I received leave of absence. I was on the point of embarking, when my faithful Villars told me that you had come to Richmond with Captain Ross, and stranger still, that you were on friendly terms with my uncle, the Earl of Glenford, as informed by his footman. Tortured, I hurried back to Richmond, and then came to town in search of Captain Ross. I met him at our clubhouse in St. James' street. He saluted me with a

cold civility. I felt enraged with jealousy, and immediately retired with a friend. I ordered Villars to watch him. He soon discovered his haunts, and even got a glimpse of you. As soon as I heard this, I came last night to see you, and to obtain an explanation, but was told that you could not be spoken with. An elderly, sober-looking woman came to the door. She told me that you saw nobody but Captain Ross, and that on the preceding evening you had refused admittance to a grand young nobleman. I insisted upon seeing you; but she replied, in a mysterious way, that the captain and you were alone, and that she durst not disturb you. Five guineas removed all obstacles. She grew wondrous kind, and hinted that Captain Ross was the present favourite, and was very attentive in comforting you for the loss of a husband. 'A husband!' I exclaimed, 'why the lady I mean was never married.'—'Perhaps not,' said your maid, significantly; 'nevertheless she calls herself Mrs. Boyd. But come along, you shall judge for yourself. I followed Phillis. I heard your voice, I opened the door, and——But you can forgive the madness of love.'

Oh! how this explanation delighted me! Here was my noble lover restored to me, pure, faithful, and devoted. I could not therefore help acknowledging that I was satisfied and happy. However, I repressed the ardour of my feelings so far as to remind him that it was past twelve o'clock. Ever complaisant, he took the hint, rose, and kissed my hand. I thought I might allow him a kiss, and turned my cheek to him, but with so much confusion, that he easily perceived it was the first favour I had ever bestowed on any man.

I had experienced such violent emotions during this day, that when I retired to bed, I could not sleep. Towards morning, I sunk into a profound repose. About noon, Peggy, alarmed at my long silence, rapped at my door, and awoke me.

I had just sat down to drink a cup of coffee,

when Villars came in, and delivered me a note from his master. It was tender and glowing, and I could scarcely refrain from pressing it to my bosom. It informed me that he was obliged to attend his majesty's levee that day, but he would be disengaged in the evening. I was pleased to see my old friend Villars, whom I invited to be seated ; and my mind being at ease, I asked him how he liked Denmark. Copenhagen, he said, could neither produce horses, beef, beer, dogs, or girls, half so good as those in England. He had been in America ; and even the cleared country he thought more comfortable than the Danish isles.

‘What were you doing in America?’ said I.—‘Fighting, madam.’ ‘What made you leave the army?’ ‘It was my good fortune,’ he answered, ‘to be out one day in a reconnoitering party that my master commanded ; when we were suddenly attacked by one of the French advanced posts. Our fellows were panic-struck, and ran away. Only two men and myself stood by the earl, who fought like a lion. At last, he fell beside our two brave companions, who were killed. I resolved to die also on the same spot ; but another party of our men, with the fugitives who had rallied, appearing, the enemy fled. The earl, who had only been stunned, soon recovered ; but he still bears a slight mark of the blow on his left temple.’

‘Then you were glad,’ resumed I, ‘to revisit old England?’—‘Surely we were ; and the pretty ladies at Bristol did their utmost to amuse my master, who has always been of a melancholy turn.’ I asked Villars to give me a sketch of the society he saw at Bristol.

‘There are,’ said he, ‘a great number of very genteel ladies at Bristol ; and they are not inferior to those of London. Mrs. Russell is a widow lady of great wealth and attractions. Her levee is crowded with admirers ; but her partiality for my master was very apparent ; and I have often heard people wonder how the earl could remain so insen-

sible to her attractions. He dined often at the table of Sir Nicholas Sutton, whose lady is a brown beauty, of lively wit and elevated parts. He was always well received by the late mayor, whose hospitality did honour to the city. He has several accomplished daughters.

I had just risen from dinner, when the earl came in. I thought him more amiable than ever. His dress was peculiarly splendid, and set off his fine, well-proportioned limbs to the best advantage. Delight sparkled in his eyes; and he commenced a conversation at once lively, tender, and affecting. How dear and fleeting are the moments spent with those we love! I never thought of the time, until Peggy reminded me that tea had been ready long ago. The earl apologized for deranging my affairs; but when I asked him, with a smile, if he would partake with me, he gladly consented.

After tea, I related all my adventures in the convent, in the viscountess' family, in Switzerland, and, lastly, with Captain Ross. When I had concluded my narration, which he frequently interrupted with exclamations of indignation against the Honourable Miss Lambe, he asked a thousand questions relative to Captain Ross; and I easily discovered that the detail gave him pain. But he did the captain justice so far as to assure me, that, though he was his rival, yet he relied so much on his honourable feelings, that, should circumstances require it, he would not hesitate a moment to leave me in his power. I answered, with a smile, that I had a principle within that would never cease to be a faithful guardian.

The earl then related his adventures in the following words:—‘On my return from Denmark, his majesty showed me such marks of favour, as were highly gratifying; while the order to rejoin my regiment was communicated with such unusual official politeness, as, had you been here, would have rendered me quite happy. On the contrary, a profound melancholy seized me on my arrival at

Bristol. During some weeks, I never quitted my chamber. My spirits, my appetite, and my strength progressively decreased. My faithful Villars became alarmed, and prevailed upon an eminent physician to call upon me. When the doctor sent up his name, I hesitated, and reprimanded Villars severely for his officiousness ; but common politeness induced me to receive my unexpected visitor. The physician was a little, merry, stout, round-faced Welch gentleman. His jocose manners diverted me. He said I wanted air and exercise, and insisted on accompanying him to his country box, where, he said, I should taste good wine, and see some pretty women, the best remedies in hypochondriac cases. This gentleman afterwards insisted on introducing me to the most fashionable families in town, and persuaded me to attend all parades, and to take the command on field-days. In short, this friendly and judicious physician soon restored my health, and gave me a relish for society. I attended the parties of several amiable and elegant ladies, particularly at the house of the chief magistrate of the city, who had a fine daughter, very much resembling you, except in temper and height.

‘I mentioned before that the mayor had several daughters. The eldest was extremely handsome, witty, and well educated ; and her mother was deeply offended, because I refused to do justice to the merits of her darling child. A rich merchant, whose father I knew at Edinburgh, had long sighed after this blooming maid, but was doomed to sigh in vain. All at once, he was taken into favour, his suit was renewed and accepted, and he was put into possession of the happiness he sought. The bride had always treated me with good humour and politeness ; and as I knew Mr. Smith, I became a frequent witness of their mutual happiness.

‘Scotchmen, I think, are inclined to jealousy : at least, I have often seen them tormented with this demon. I soon perceived that my friend Smith indulged in injurious suspicions. I therefore man-

aged my visits with discretion, and often refused invitations under various pretences. My friend was too sharp sighted not to suspect the real cause. A short time after, he explained himself, and, without allowing me to reply, compelled me to promise to see him as often as formerly. I was satisfied, and promised all he required, agreeably to the laws of friendship.

‘Mr. Smith being very rich, and his wife very gay, they entertained much company. One very stormy morning, he called at my lodgings, and insisted I should step into his carriage, and accompany him to his house, where he expected a snug party to dinner. I complied; we dined, played at chess, and spent the afternoon in the best humour imaginable. Some more company joined, when it was proposed to form a few whist-tables. I took this opportunity to leave the room, and stepped into a dressing-room to wash my hands, and to enjoy a little fresher air. Adjoining was a bed-room, in which was a good fire; and, as the weather was very cold, I shut the door, and walked to the fire. The bed-curtains were drawn, and the room was in good order, being designed for a friend who had arrived that day from Liverpool.

‘I was standing quietly with my back to the fire, thinking of quite another thing than an affair of gallantry, when I heard somebody groan. I asked who was there. A voice, which I knew to be Mrs. Smith’s, answered, ‘Dear colonel, I am very ill—I am like to faint.’ I instantly sprung forward to her assistance, and, drawing aside the curtains, found she had been supporting herself upon the bed, from which she was sinking down upon the floor. I snatched her in my arms, and at that instant the door was thrown open, and Mr. Smith entered. ‘My God!’ he exclaimed, ‘what is this?—I am betrayed—she is false—ah, heavens! Villain,’ he continued, begone—fly from my presence—and may the bitterest curse of an injured man pursue you.’ I lost all presence of mind. I knew

not how to appease him, or how to commence my justification. This silence confirmed all his suspicions. His jealousy blinded him—he would hear nothing—he roared in a horrible manner, and loaded me with every vile epithet.

‘Under these cruel circumstances I retired and found what I suspected to be the case, for all the company in the drawing-room had heard his imprecations. A gentleman asked me what was the meaning of the outcries they had heard. I shrugged up my shoulders, and answered, ‘Some family dispute, I think.’ In a few minutes Mr. Smith joined the company, and, in passing my chair, whispered an order, in harsh terms, for me to leave his house instantly. As a gallant admiral, with whom I was conversing, overheard him, I determined not to comply. Nevertheless, as I did not think proper to run the hazard of Smith’s frantic passion, I stepped into another room for my sword. Poor Mrs. Smith, on my return, showed me, by a glance of her eye, how much she was concerned at my presence; but I was bound in honour not to suffer myself to be intimidated by threats, when denied the liberty to justify myself. The eyes of the whole company were upon me; but I sat down to whist with all the coolness I could assume, though internally I was suffering the cruellest agitations.

‘After playing a rubber, to show I did not care for the man’s fury, I left the house. Whilst I stayed, he was to be pitied, as he gave sufficient proofs of the greatest anguish of mind. I was grieved for the accident, and knew not how to clear myself. The next morning, the admiral, my friend, called to inquire if I did not mean to challenge Mr. Smith. ‘No,’ said I; ‘I do not blame him: he is suffering under a cruel delusion. On the contrary, I will always do justice to his good qualities.’ But I could never prevail on this gentleman to believe me innocent of a base crime, though he called it a good joke. Mrs. Smith, in the meantime, suffered much

from her husband's jealousy and bad temper. At length, her friends interfered; when, after she had taken the most solemn oaths in proof of her innocence, he agreed to live with her, provided she would never see me more.'

My lover related this affair with so much candour, that I no longer suspected his fidelity. Our conversation then turned upon other matters; and, after enjoying one of the happiest evenings of my life he took his departure.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning I arose, after spending a night rendered pleasing by a series of the most delicious dreams. My lover was never absent from my imagination, and my hopes were exceedingly buoyant. Notwithstanding the many obstacles that existed to my final union with the earl, yet I flattered myself with the bewitching chimera. Every thing appears possible that is eagerly desired.

Just as I had entered my breakfast-room, the earl appeared. He apologized for his early visit, by saying that he felt a strong presentiment, that I was not safe, and could not be easy till assured of my happiness. I but felt gratified at this fresh mark of my lover's tenderness. I said, 'but seriously, my dear lord, I am not so happy as I could wish. Your kindness only renders my present situation supportable. These apartments are too expensive for my limited circumstances, and I am afraid that Captain Ross will refuse to take back the rent he has paid for them. I dislike such pecuniary obligations. Neither has my landlady behaved to me with becoming decency and respect. I should therefore prefer another situation, and should be happy to hear your lordship's opinion on the subject.'

The earl appeared thoughtful. At last, he said that there was much prudence in what I said, and that he would take a day or two to consider the subject. He begged me to make myself easy, as

his own happiness depended upon his consciousness of mine.

When Peggy had removed the tea-board, the earl remarked that she appeared a very decent person. It is not easy to conceal any thing from those we love ; so I informed his lordship that she was my aunt, and how I had made the discovery. I then represented to him the misfortunes of Mrs. Forbes, who was shut up in the convent of Amiens, and begged that he would use his influence with the British ministry to obtain her liberation. He promised every thing, and took his leave with regret. Indeed, he acknowledged the difficulty he felt in tearing himself from my presence.

I had taken up a little work to amuse myself, when my landlady entered. I received her with coldness ; when she began to excuse herself for the unmannerly expressions she had employed, alleging that Phillis's malicious insinuations had provoked her. She added that accident had unfolded to her the baseness of that woman's character who had had three base-born children by different fathers. I replied dryly that neither my late maid's character nor her malice were matters of any consequence to me. Mrs. Myrick, however, begged my pardon with so much humility and apparent sincerity, that I could not help being civil ; for I am of a forgiving temper.

Mrs. Myrick now went to another extreme : she invited me to dine with her, in ratification of her pardon. I was not yet mistress of that faculty that teaches us politely to get rid of troublesome people, so I could not refuse her. Besides, I expected the earl shortly after dinner-time, which would afford me an excuse for leaving the company.

When going down to dinner, Villars gave me a note from his master, in which he stated that imperious and unforeseen circumstances would preclude him from the happiness of seeing me for at least two days. I wrote a brief reply, lamenting the de-

privation of the pleasure I had anticipated in seeing him that evening, and assuring him I would count the minutes until he again appeared.

Mr. Myrick entertained our little party with a thousand diverting stories. He rallied me with great pleasantry on my recluse mode of life, observing that I was qualifying myself for a nunnery. He ended by proposing a party to the opera on the following evening, and politely presented me with a ticket. He said the house would be very brilliant; as the king and queen, who had not attended the opera for two years, were expected. I suffered myself to be persuaded to go. Women were always inclined to attend assemblies where grand displays of fashion were made.

Just as we had sat down to tea, Captain Ross was announced. Mr. Myrick favoured us with some sweet pieces of music on the violin, of which instrument he was a perfect master: and two young ladies, his pupils, sung a few most delightful airs. After this, I retired to my own apartment. The captain seemed very desirous to converse with me; but he was awkward and diffident. He knew my nice sense of decorum; and I must do him the justice to say, never was a lover more careful not to offend. I wished him a good night with peculiar cheerfulness, and with which he seemed so highly satisfied, that I dare say he slept well upon it. Lovers are very foolish: the least thing dejects, and a mere nothing raises them again.

The next day, I rose extremely gay. How easily we become acquainted with a life of pleasure! I enjoyed, in anticipation, the highest pleasure at visiting the Opera House. Like a great many women, my looking-glass did not a little contribute to my good humour; for, in those days, it was a dangerous flatterer. I had a mind to be fine that day, though I cannot say that I had any particular wish to please.

In the evening, when the ceremonies of my toilet were over, I walked up and down my room, very

well pleased with myself. I own my weakness, and that in my own conceit I said it would be no misfortune for the earl to have such a wife. In short, I thought myself handsome ; and perhaps, to say the truth, very few could surpass me.

When Mr. and Mrs. Myrick came into my apartment, the husband highly extolled my charms ; but his wife blamed the make of my gown, thought my stays did not sit easy, and that my head-dress was not sufficiently tasteful. She was a woman, and I easily forgave her, and entered the coach that was waiting in high spirits.

I was surprised at the crowds that surrounded the Opera House, the noise and confusion amongst the coachmen. At the stage-door we were joined by a young gentleman of genteel appearance, belonging to the Bank of England, whom Mr. Myrick had engaged to attend us, as he himself was professionally engaged. This youth was about nineteen or twenty years of age, about six feet four inches in height, with a very boyish face. I felt awkward with our young esquire, who stooped down to listen to us as if we were children.

On entering the house, my eyes ran over the objects that surrounded me. The prospect was enchanting, and my whole attention was absorbed with the scene. The sight, however, humbled my vanity. Till that moment, I had considered myself the prettiest and best organized woman in the world, and flattered myself that I could have scarcely any equals. I now recovered, with a sigh, from this error. The beauty, taste, and magnificence that glittered in the boxes around me, struck me with surprise ; and I then turned my eyes upon myself, in order to draw a parallel betwixt those ladies and me. What disparity ! I discovered a stiffness in my carriage very different from the easy, charming manners of ladies of distinction. Though I disapproved of the rouge on their cheeks, yet I could not help acknowledging its astonishing effects when seen with candle-light. I imagined that I

must look rather pale, and excused a practice which certainly rendered one more agreeable.

Mrs. Myrick now whispered, 'See, my dear, how charming the Duke of Beaufort looks to-night. You should not have rejected the visits of so charming a man.' My curiosity was excited, and I said, 'Where is he?'—'Yonder,' she replied, leaning against the middle pillar.' I directed my glass towards the place, and perceived a fine, noble-looking man, whose eyes were fixed on our box. He blushed when he perceived I was looking at him, and I also blushed at my own boldness. I saw a great number of glasses directed towards our box. Unable to stand against such powerful artillery, I rose up, and took my seat behind Mrs. Myrick, who was much displeased at what she termed my childishness.

I was highly gratified with the good taste, feeling, and pathos displayed by one of the singers, who, though an Englishman, pleased me much more than any of the performers I had heard in Italy. Mrs. Myrick said, 'My dear, why do you not reply to his Grace?' I looked up, and saw the Duke of Beaufort standing beside me. 'Mrs. Myrick,' said he, with a respectful bow, 'has promised me the honour of an introduction.' I bowed and was silent. 'How does the performance amuse you?' he inquired—'Very much,' I answered.—'What do you think of that lady with the large white plume?' he asked, on perceiving that I examined her attentively.—'I think her very charming,' I said; 'her open, benevolent, cheerful countenance, pleases me beyond expression.'—'I am delighted with this just and candid opinion,' replied he: 'few women do justice to their own sex, particularly when there exists any thing approaching to a rivalry in beauty. You have expressed that lady's real character in very few words. Her history is peculiarly interesting; and, if an opportunity should occur, I will relate it with the greatest pleasure.' I thanked him very briefly. His conversation and behaviour

were respectful ; but he was a stranger, and I felt no wish to extend my connexions or conquests.

Mrs. Myrick evinced the highest degree of pride and exultation on seeing a peer at her side. She flirted, simpered, laughed, and was very witty. I was melted into tears at the grief and suffering of Iphigenia. I compared her sentiments with those I felt for the earl, and became moved, thoughtful, and anxious. The duke, more inured to theatrical exhibitions, or less attentive, smiled at the sincerity of my sorrow. 'How happy would be that lover,' he whispered, 'for whom you could shed such precious tears !'—'Really,' I replied, 'your grace must be very cruel to laugh at the best feelings of our nature. But perhaps you are above all common weaknesses.'—'Ah ! no, madam,' he rejoined, 'my heart is not marble. I wish it were: then, most charming angel, I should have escaped the torments I have suffered, and am yet doomed to suffer, since I first saw the beaming light of those fine eyes.' Such compliments admitted of no reply, so I again turned my eyes towards the stage.

At this moment a gentleman appeared at our box-door, and beckoned to the duke, who immediately followed him. The next minute, I saw his grace entering into his majesty's box, whose eyes seemed directed towards me. How weak are women ! How I was perplexed by the suggestions of self-love ! I knew I was handsome and well dressed : and how many conjectures did I draw from having excited the notice of royalty. But my vanity was soon punished ; for his grace presently returned, when I found that the king had merely asked my name. However, knowing that my name was only a fictitious one, I stood this reverse of self-love with great magnanimity.

The duke resumed his seat beside me, and said the politest things imaginable. And I candidly confess that, though his discourse excited no emotions in my heart, yet I received them with pleasure. The wisest of us all are not insensible to

flattery, when accompanied with taste and delicacy. I could easily perceive that the eyes of several people were directed towards us; and I felt some triumph in fixing the attentions of such a handsome and distinguished nobleman. But, O heavens! how was I startled when, looking above me, I saw the Earl of Lemington leaning over the adjoining box, as if observing us; but the moment he caught my eye, he raised himself up with great stateliness, and scornfully looked another way. His grace, who saw me change colour, asked what was the matter. 'I am subject,' replied I, 'to fits of giddiness. I shall be worse, and must retire.'

I arose in confusion. The duke presented me his hand; and Mrs. Myrick followed, grumbling at my indispositions, that had prevented her from seeing the whole of the performance. Our tall protector strided away to seek a coach; but his grace pressed me so much to accept of his, while his servants stood uncovered with the door open, and Mrs. Myrick pinching me slyly for hesitating, that at last I consented, and stepped up.

I intended to write an explanation to my lover when I got home; but, on alighting, who should receive me but the duke himself. We had driven rapidly, and how he had contrived to precede us I could not tell. He offered me his hand, with an air of concern for my indisposition, which was visible in my face. I made use of this pretext to get rid of him, by saying that I found it necessary to retire to my bed-chamber. He approved of this resolution, and offered to send an eminent physician for my relief. I declined his obliging offer with thanks.

I now thought I should be quiet; but I had Mrs. Myrick's officiousness to endure still. The honour and distinction I had procured her made her most profuse in her compliments; but I cut her as short as possible, and told Peggy not to disturb me with messages of any kind. As soon as they had withdrawn, I bolted my chamber-door.

Who can imagine my trouble and distress? Innocent and affectionate as I was, how many causes of suspicion had I not furnished. The earl is assured that I live in retirement, I lament his temporary absence, and undertake to count the tedious minutes until he returns. On the contrary, he finds me at the opera, and in the company of a woman of whom I had been complaining bitterly. He sees me engaged with a young nobleman, and attentive to his discourse. When discovered, I am overwhelmed with the confusion of guilt: I fly from his presence, but accompanied by my new admirer, whose carriage I accept. These circumstances were more than sufficient to enrage a man who had already given proofs of his jealousy. Mine was, therefore, a cruel case. From the time I first knew myself, I had enjoyed nothing like permanent happiness; one accident continually followed another; I had not one moment's rest; my hopes were always blasted; and, at the present time, I was surrounded by the elements of trouble.

In a short time, Peggy told me that a nobleman desired to see me. 'Did I not tell you,' said I, 'that I will see nobody? Do as I bid you; fail not on your peril.' When she was gone, I wrote a letter to my lover, detailing, in the most ingenuous manner, all the circumstances that led me to the opera, and caused the attentions of the duke. I expressed the uneasiness I felt at the series of annoyances I suffered, and hinted my wish to retire to the country.

After my letter was sealed, I began to reflect on the importunate visitor that Peggy had spoken of. 'The duke,' I said to myself, would never think of disturbing me by soliciting a personal interview. It must therefore, thought I, 'have been the earl. A little reflection has cured him of his jealousy; and, on seeing me going home indisposed, he has fled to my house with concern, and has been impatient to repair the injury that his cruelty and rashness had inflicted.' I then regretted the orders I

had given ; as an interview with my lover would have restored my peace, and perhaps sealed my happiness. But perhaps the earl would pass a favourable judgment on his disappointment, and would not condemn me in his heart. Pardon me, O best of husbands, the injustice of this apostrophe ! Often did I repeat it ; but I now retract it, as far as it concerns the most generous of men.

I passed the night in great anxiety, and rose early, expecting every moment the appearance of the earl, or of Villars, to whom I might give my letter. Immediately after breakfast, Peggy informed me of a visitor, and asked me if she was still to deny me. I bid her show the gentleman up stairs. But, instead of the earl, a strange gentleman, of noble figure and prepossessing aspect, appeared. He called himself Forbes, and said that he waited upon me to attempt to express his feelings for my generous exertions in behalf of his wife, who looked upon me as her good angel, who was destined to effect her deliverance. I received the gentleman with great politeness. His person and address justified the warm encomiums which my friend St. Agnes had bestowed upon him. I eagerly enquired after his mistress, and begged to know whether his affairs were likely to terminate favourably ; when he offered to relate his tale, so as to give me a correct idea of existing circumstances.

NARRATIVE OF ST. AGNES' HUSBAND.

‘ It is to you, my dear madam,’ said Mr. Forbes, ‘ I owe the hope which renders existence supportable. But for you, the lovely and faithful woman whom I am proud to call my spouse would never have heard of my love and truth. Without your generous exertions, I would never have discovered the place of her confinement. We would, unknown to each other, have sunk into the cold tomb, the victims of craft and of cruelty.’

‘ You know, miss, in what a sudden and cruel manner I was snatched from the embraces of a beloved wife. Her cries would have disarmed the ferocity of tigers ; and, had my strength equalled my rage, I would certainly

have annihilated the ministers of injustice and oppression. But my single arm could do nothing. I was overpowered, gagged, and thrown into a coach, which in a short time conveyed me to the Bastille. I almost bade farewell to hope, while I welcomed despair.

During the first day and night, no person entered into my dark and narrow cell. I would have given kingdoms for a drink of water. The fever in my blood, the internal heat I felt, almost consumed me. I suffered a century of torments in one night. But happily the powers of nature are limited : man can support only a certain degree of pain. In me, nature became exhausted, and I sunk into a state of lethargy and forgetfulness. My skilful keepers were experienced in human suffering. The turnkey aroused me by the rattling of his keys, and the creaking of the hinges of my door. He held a vessel with cold water to my mouth ; and my teeth became fixed in the pewter pot which touched my lips. But I revived, and ate a small crust. No more was offered ; and the struggles or convulsions of my deceased frame gradually decreased with my strength.

‘Youth and a good constitution at last overcame the severe shock. My strength gradually returned, but with it an increased degree of anxiety and restlessness. Day after day, and week after week, passed in this hapless captivity. Often did I question my turnkey respecting the intention of my persecutors ;—often did I demand with vehemence to be confronted with my accusers ?—but he only shook his head, and advised me to be quiet. Once a day only was I visited ; and though the gaoler was apparently a brutish, morose, and ignorant fellow, yet I watched with impatience the time of his arrival, and always saw him enter with joy. So much are men formed for society, that I dreaded, if my solitary confinement was continued, that I should fall into a state of idiotism. I conversed aloud with myself, that I might not lose the use of speech ; and endeavoured to lighten the burden of time, by indulging in reveries the most absurd and extravagant.

• One day, after eating my coarse and scanty meal, I lay down, and was soon wrapped in thought. I fancied I heard chains rattling, and the locks of the distant doors opening. I listened, and was satisfied that persons were approaching. ‘Now, thought I, ‘my doom will be decided.’ The keeper and an assistant presently entered, and ordered me to follow them. I took up my chain, and did so in silence. We passed through several vaulted passages ; when I was pushed into a small dark room,

and the door was immediately closed behind me. 'This, then, is my tomb,' thought I: 'here am I destined to perish by hunger and madness. Never more shall I behold the light of the sun, nor of the bright, expressive eyes of my best beloved. Be it so: I die for maintaining the rights of nature; and the precious moments of ecstatic joy I have passed with Bessey are not too dearly purchased, even by life. Still my case is one of the most cruel and unjustifiable instances of oppression. But the intellects of men are exceedingly dull; and many victims must yet be sacrificed to superstition and arbitrary power, before they are roused to an assertion of their rights.'

'After spending two hours in such reflections, my prison-doors were opened, and I was led into an adjoining hall, hung with black. I perceived no windows; and one solitary lamp, suspended from the centre, added to the horrific gloom of the place. By the glancing of swords, I discovered that several armed men were ranged along the walls. I was led up to a table on which stood two candles, and between them a huge crucifix. Three men, with caps of a peculiar form, and covered with black gowns, sat at the table; and at one end, a clerk, with a small glimmering light beside him. On casting my eyes on one side, I discovered that instrument of devilish invention, the rack; while another similar contrivance, called the thumb-screw, was fixed to the table before me. At this moment I remembered that I was a Scotsman, that I belonged to a gallant nation, and that I was suffering unjustly. These considerations infused confidence into my soul, and I resolved to perish like a man. One thing I had long and firmly determined upon;—that no threats, racks, tortures, or allurements, should ever induce me to sign a revocation of my marriage.

'The president commenced his interrogations by asking me if, in such a month I did not lodge in a particular house in Paris. I answered in the affirmative. He proceeded to ask me a great number of questions relative to my connexion with two young Frenchmen and a German, whom I knew but slightly, having only twice enjoyed their company. The last time we met, we supped and drank wine together in a coffee-house, and did not separate until two o'clock in the morning. I answered every inquiry frankly and fully; though I could not divine what such trifling matters had to do with my crime of taking a lady out of a convent. The three judges whispered together; when one of them signed to the turnkey, who instantly removed me back to my old cell.

‘ Here I remained for another month, when I was again led back to the judgment-hall. My keeper had looked upon me, during the two preceding days, with a mixture of horror and surprise ; but, as I knew he would communicate nothing, I asked no questions. I was received in the hall as before, and I think the same persons presided. After a long pause, the president said, ‘ Prisoner, you stand charged with having committed, in company with other three wretches, who are in custody and have confessed their guilt, a most wicked and unheard-of act of sacrilege, in stealing the holy wafers that stood upon the altar of the church of St. Croix ; and, further, in having most blasphemously, and rebelliously dissolved the thrice holy and blessed wafers in wine, and in having drank confusion to all kings and priests with the same.’ A deep groan resounded throughout the room. I was astonished and confounded. Whatever my private opinions might be, I had always respected the faith and establishments of every country. In short, I was incapable of such an act. I therefore began, with all the boldness and confidence of conscious innocence, to justify myself ; but the president prevented me, by saying I would shortly undergo my final examination, when I would be turned over to the proper court, where my sentence would be pronounced.

‘ I returned to my doleful cell much dejected. I knew not but that the young gentleman, respecting whom I was questioned, might have committed the crime alleged, and that one of them might have been weak and wicked enough to accuse me of participating in its commission. I figured to myself the grief and horror which all my friends would experience, were I to be tried in public for such an offence ;—an offence that would excite the indignation and detestation of all Europe. The punishment of being broken upon the wheel did not appear half so terrific to my imagination, as the curses that the great bulk of the people would shower upon my head.

‘ After the lapse of ten days, I was brought again into the dark hall. The president began by expressing his grief at seeing a young gentleman of such promising parts in so painful a situation. He said the representative of my nation had used all his exertions in my behalf. but that, when my crime was known, it was impossible that I could expect even the royal mercy. I had besides, he observed, violated the laws of France, and the principles of our holy religion, by seducing a lady from her convent, and persuading her to agree to a clandestine and illegal marriage. Nevertheless, if I would consent to the dis-

annulment of this improper contract, means would be found to conduce me out of the country, and to restore me to my friends.

'I instantly perceived the trap, and expressed, in the most resolute tone, my determination never to surrender the just claim I had to my lawful wife. 'You may,' I continued, 'prepare your racks—you may try your ingenuity in torturing—you may violate the right of nations in my person—you may invent and charge me with atrocious crimes—in short, you may deprive me of life; but never—never shall you induce me to abandon the best of women.' I would have proceeded, now that I was roused; but they dragged me away, while I loudly expressed my contempt of their cruelties and their acts of meanness.

'In a few weeks I perceived that my keeper grew more kind and communicative; and, as I suffered much pain from a wound in my leg, occasioned by the chain, he humanely removed it to the other leg, and ordered the smith at the same time to ease its pressure. But the wound continued very troublesome, though the keeper furnished me with a box of ointment. At last, he proposed to introduce his wife, who, he said, was an excellent doctress. He did so, and I found much ease from the fomentations and poultices she applied. The sight of a woman was cheering to me; and though she was neither beautiful nor very sensible, yet I was always glad to see her.

'The means of escaping, or of affecting my liberation from confinement, continually occupied my thoughts. One day, the turnkey's wife seemed particularly compassionate, and bewailed my fate. Perpetual confinement, she thought was the most dreadful thing on earth. I seized this opportunity to hint, that whoever assisted me in escaping would be made happy and independent for life. On this, the turnkey, who was always present with his wife, said that he would allow no such conversation, being determined to be faithful to his trust, and to avoid the dreadful punishments that seldom failed to overtake treacherous keepers.

'After this, the woman was not permitted to return. I remonstrated with the keeper, told him that I did not wish to be assisted in escaping secretly, that all I aimed at was the liberty of writing to my father, to obtain which I would guarantee a handsome sum. This proposition the keeper received with signs of anger and impatience; but, by repeating it frequently, he insensibly became accustomed to it; and at last he yielded. He said his brother-in-law was then visiting him; that he lived upon

the coast, and supplied the English smugglers with French lace ; and that he had undertaken to send my letters to England, and to bring back answers, without allowing them to pass through the post-office.

‘I was delighted with this scheme ; and being supplied with writing materials, I wrote a letter to my Bessy, glowing with the warmest sentiments, and expressed with the eloquence inspired by a refined passion. I assured her of my eternal constancy. I begged of my father to get this letter delivered, wherever she was. I told him that I had been exposed to great sufferings and trials ; but that I would always act in a manner becoming a Christian, a Briton, and a man. After despatching this packet, my employment consisted in calculating the time that would probably be consumed in the conveyance of my letters, and in bringing back the answers. Though impatient, I was happier, as I was now again in communication with the world.

‘Being one night more impatient than ever, I could not sleep. While lamenting my cruel lot, I heard an unusual noise of bolts, which surprised me. It was an hour in which I was never visited. When the turnkey entered, joy beamed in his countenance. I eagerly asked him what had happened. He said nothing, but held out a small packet of letters. ‘There,’ said he, ‘be happy if you can. As for myself, I tremble at the danger I have incurred in serving you. My brother has just returned from the coast, and my wife would not suffer me to rest a minute until I had delivered my dangerous charge.’ I was transported beyond measure. I blessed my keeper for his courage and humanity, and presented him with my diamond ring, as an earnest of what he might expect. This he received with thankfulness, and, having trimmed a small lamp, left me with an air of satisfaction.

‘With a palpitating heart, I opened my small packet. It contained two letters ; the one from my father, and the other from my wife. I kissed with rapture the latter, as the testimony of a constant and ardent love. The warm tear fell upon this precious document as I surveyed it, and some time elapsed before my rapturous feelings were subdued by curiosity. At last, I opened the letter with trembling hands, and read as follows :

“Sir,

“‘I could not well refuse to answer your letter. I am sorry for your sufferings, but am glad to know that they may be terminated whenever you please. Submit then to reason and necessity ; and if I am any obstacle to your liberation, I do hereby most freely release you from all

the engagements between us. I always felt some secret scruples on this subject ; and am now fully convinced, that obedience to parents, and a strict adherence to the precepts of religion, are indispensable duties, to despise which might endanger my salvation. I am now done with the crimes of youth ; and all my affections are placed upon one object, which both duty and inclination render dear. Forget me : and do not again disturb my tranquillity by the carnal suggestions of the flesh. I am happy ; and, if you be wise, you will also endeavour to be so. All depends on sense, resolution, and piety.

‘ ‘ELIZABETH.’

‘ This cruel letter overwhelmed me with grief. I felt as if I would have fainted or died. My sensations were new and exquisitely painful. Despair alone preserved my senses. ‘ Perfidious wretch ! ’ I cried, throwing the letter disdainfully away, ‘ could I have expected such a barbarous return ? Did so much suffering, love, and constancy, deserve a change of sentiment so odious and treacherous ? Were the vows we mutually plighted of no consequence—of no strength ? ’ During two hours, I was in a frenzy of rage. I gnashed my teeth, and uttered a thousand imprecations against my ungrateful wife, her cruel parents, and the stern religion that protected them in the commission of crimes against reason and against nature. My lamp was going out before I could summon patience to examine my father’s letter.

‘ This communication was expressed with great kindness. He detailed the steps he had taken to obtain my liberation, but hinted that my enemies were too powerful for his interest. He next complained of the perfidy of my mistress. He had seen, through the kind offices of the English ambassador at Paris, a dissolution of our marriage in the ecclesiastical courts, signed by herself ; but all his inquiries respecting her place of abode had been fruitless, until about a month ago, that he heard she was married to Count Destival. He advised me to submit to circumstances, and expressed his impatience to see me.

‘ ‘ Married ! ’ I exclaimed, ‘ then farewell to happiness. Let me die, for the world is filled with deceit and wickedness. ’ During the rest of the night, I paced up and down in my cell ; and for three successive days I refused all kinds of food. On the fourth, I became ashamed of my folly. I thought my unfaithful wife was unworthy of my concern, and I resolved never more to hear her named. When I had explained myself to the keeper, he commended my prudence. He said the former accusation

still hung over my head ; but that the government was not inclined to push matters to an extremity against an English subject. However, he observed, the church was not so merciful ; that all the clergy were incensed against me for violating the sanctity of a convent ; and that, unless I agreed to disclaim a marriage which was illegally performed, there were but faint hopes of my liberation. I expressed my readiness to grant the church all the satisfaction it could require. Within two days, the necessary documents were presented to me, which I signed ; and, in scorn of my false spouse, made a bold flourish with the pen after my signature.

‘I was not immediately set at liberty ; but was handed over to an officer, who conducted me to the coast, and, when I was on board the English packet, delivered me an order never to appear again within the territory of France. This I did not regret ; for, as soon as I landed at Dover, I kissed the ground, and thanked God that I was now in a country where no Bastiles, and no secret tribunals were allowed to exist.

‘On reaching London, I took a hackney coach, and drove to the house which my father usually occupied when in town. I ordered the coachman to ring, and inquire whether the lord advocate was at home. A servant appeared : he was dressed in mourning. My mind foreboded some dreadful calamity, and I could scarcely articulate, ‘Oh Donald !’ He advanced to the coach-door ; and, when he recognized me, he actually shouted for joy, ‘Ah ! my dear young master, and are you alive ?—and do I see you ?’ At any other time I should have been amused at the poor fellow’s joy, and his mode of expressing it ; but his appearance indicated that death had been in the family. ‘How is my father ?’ inquired I, fearfully.—‘Dead,’ answered Donald, with solemnity : ‘he died of apoplexy a fortnight ago, when returning from the Parliament House, and his remains have been sent to the family vault in Scotland ; but your mother was too ill to be removed. Come in, master ; my poor mistress will die for joy when she sees you.’

‘I pass over our meeting : it was sufficiently tender and affecting. I found my mother just beginning to recover from the shock she had received ; and I exerted myself to soothe and comfort her. I was obliged to employ myself actively in arranging my father’s affairs, and in carrying the provisions of his will into effect. This tended to divert my mind from brooding over my own misfortunes and disappointments.

‘About six weeks after my return, I was supping with

some of my relations; when the conversation turned upon my confinement in the Bastile, and I related how I had found means to write to my father. But my mother assured me that they had never received any intelligence from me, and that my father had not written, nor did he know the place of my confinement. I then produced the pretended letter. All the company allowed that his hand had been successfully imitated; but the more closely it was examined, the more deviations from his style of writing were discovered. This forgery of the French police gave me some uneasiness; but the fact of my wife's marriage to a count at Dunkirk was confirmed in such a variety of ways, that I had no doubt of her infidelity. Still I could not forget my ungrateful Bessy. Her dear image was too deeply impressed upon my heart to be obliterated. Sometimes resentment gave me ease, but that again soon vanished. I could not conquer a profound melancholy that had seized me. I found myself the most unfortunate and most enamoured of mankind.

'My mother was distressed at the secret grief which she saw was devouring me. To effect my cure, she did violence to her own feelings, by frequenting gay parties during the usual period of mourning; but her aim was to attach me to some other object, in order that I might forget my late spouse. I clearly perceived the policy of her conduct, and internally thanked her for her kind attentions; but I looked upon the beauties of the metropolis with the most perfect indifference. However, one evening, at a private concert, I was accidentally seated beside a young lady, who was just of age, brown complexioned, with fine sparkling black eyes, that expressed the emotions of an intelligent and benevolent soul. It was impossible to look upon this amiable lady with indifference; and, as she evinced a strong partiality for my conversation, we soon became intimate. I felt uneasy when a day passed in which I had not seen her, and my visits were always received with unaffected cheerfulness. My mother, who narrowly watched the growth of this fond partiality, consulted the young lady's mother, and then told me, that, if I could love Lydia, she should be mine in a few days. I received the proposal, not with joy, but with painful surprise. It was admiration of a worthy woman, not love that affected me. My unexpected coldness filled my affectionate parent with trouble and perplexity.

'I always hated disguise, and had no difficulty in unfolding the real state of my mind to a sympathizing mo-

ther. I told her that Lydia was indeed a lovely woman, but that I should despise myself were I to impose upon her sincerity, openness, and confiding disposition. She merited the whole heart ; and this I could not pretend to offer, for my faithless Bessy still reigned there. I bemoaned my folly in preserving a constancy so ill deserved. I hoped that time would effect a cure ; but that my present resolution was never again to place my happiness at the disposal of any woman.

‘My mother’s reasoning displayed the most affecting maternal tenderness ; but she concluded by promising to break off the affair as delicately as possible, and recommended, in consideration of Lydia’s feelings, that I should immediately prepare to go down to Edinburgh. I expressed my acknowledgements for so much goodness in the most lively and respectful terms, and instantly vowed to exert my energies in conquering a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed.

‘With these feelings I arrived in Edinburgh ; but the change of scene affected little alteration in my mind. My early and deep-rooted love seemed identified with my very existence. But relief was at hand. I was invited to dine with the lord provost and the other magistrates of the city. On the road, accompanied by a friend, a young advocate, I met our postman, who put a small packet into my hand, bearing the London post-mark. ‘It is some business matters,’ thought I, and, putting it into my pocket, soon forgot the circumstance. We spent a pleasant evening in the merry, joyous way usual in Scotland ; and I returned home rather late, and somewhat elevated with wine. Recollecting the packet, I opened it ; but when I beheld the hand-writing of my dear wife, I turned pale, and the paper dropped from my hands. My mother, who was sitting opposite, arose quite alarmed. I could not speak, but pointed to the letter. She immediately picked it up, when I snatched it out of her hand, kissed it with fervour, and, with a wildness of joy that defies description, read over and over the melting proofs of love and everlasting faithfulness that it contained. My mother, participating in my feelings, wept for joy. There was also a letter from Sir William Beckford, and one from you, that gave me an exalted idea of human virtue.

‘Filled with hope and joy, we next day set off on our return for London. The coldness and indifference with which my late father’s colleagues received my representations and prayers, excited my indignation. but I was obliged to conceal my resentment. Wearied with my fruitless endeavours, I proposed to my mother to go to

France, and procure an interview with my beloved. On the first hint, she prepared for the journey; and as I durst not accompany her, I waited at Dover for her return. She soon came back, filled with admiration at the love and magnanimity of my unparalleled Bessey. Still I waited for the interference of government, and still I continued to experience only disappointment and vexation. An experienced friend, at length, advised me to adopt another course of proceeding. I did so. I addressed myself to the minister's favourite mistress: she was affected by my misfortunes, and shocked at the indifference and want of feeling shown by her lover. Though unfortunate in her situation of life, yet she possessed many amiable qualities. She never rested until a negotiation was commenced on the subject, and she generously refused any gratuity for her services. Surely women excel us in those kindlier feelings that soften and elevate the human character.

'In consequence of the influence and activity of our ambassador at Paris, a verbal process of my affair was sent to Rome; the holy father named commissioners to examine it; and, after a mature deliberation, it was determined that the nuncio at Paris should determine it. But here the influence of my enemies triumphed, and I was plunged into a state of the deepest despair.

'I now bade farewell to happiness, and performed my duties in society as I would have done an irksome task. I seldom went into company; and my love and regard for the best of mothers was the only feeling that preserved me from adopting the most desperate resolutions. Two days ago, a gentleman called upon me. I liked his manly air and deportment. He announced himself the Earl of Lemington; and knowing his honour and virtue, I received him with becoming cordiality. He appeared impatient to serve me; and I accompanied him in his carriage to the minister for foreign affairs, where he astonished and delighted me with the clearness, energy, and almost superhuman eloquence, with which he advocated my cause. This minister was a stranger to the business, but he promised his good offices. The earl, who knows the procrastinating habits of official people, insisted that we should wait upon him the next day, when he understood the French ambassador would attend on some important business. 'I would be ashamed,' he said with a smile, 'to look my lovely Rosina in the face, before I saw your affair put into a prosperous train.'

'I was now introduced to the French ambassador, who, the earl informed me, was a liberal-minded philosopher,

of the most obliging disposition, and a gentleman with whom he had the honour to be well acquainted. He promised every thing ; and, as the nuncio is his own brother, my success is now certain. Last night, the earl brought my mother, whom you will acknowledge to be an elegant old lady, to the opera. I, of course, was also invited ; but how delighted was I with the kindness of my noble benefactor, when he introduced us to the French ambassador, who expressed his confidence that St. Agnes, as he called her, would soon be restored to my arms. His lordship, towards the close of the performance, entered into an adjoining box ; but in a few minutes returned, and, in an hurried manner, took his leave. I excused him ; for all the glare and glitter of the most splendid assembly, and all the ingenious exhibitions of art and genius, fall infinitely short of the pure delight imparted by the object beloved. He had done much to merit some new tokens of your love ; and during the whole of the last night, I never ceased to pray for your mutual happiness. Had not my engagements with your noble and inestimable admirer prevented me, I should have flown to pour out the grateful effusions of my heart, the moment that I was favoured with your address.'

I was both pained and delighted with this recital. It pleased me much to see the husband of my bosom friend ; I rejoiced in his brightened prospects, and I felt gratified in being instrumental in effecting so happy a revolution in his affairs : but then I was distressed to think, that, while my lover was labouring to please me—that when he was exulting in his success, and anticipating my tenderest acknowledgments—that, at that very moment, I should appear before him under such suspicious circumstances. But I laboured to conceal my uneasiness, and assured him that my credit should always be cheerfully employed to obtain the liberty and promote the happiness of my charming friend. While thus conversing, the Duke of Beaufort was announced. I received him in some confusion, which he easily perceived ; but he adroitly commenced a conversation with Mr. Forbes. This permitted me to recover myself. I could not, in common decency and politeness, offend his grace ; but I observed towards him a cold and distant civility.

At length, they both departed together. I hesitated to send the letter I had written to the earl. My pride revolted at what I thought a mean submission.

Mrs. Myrick entered my room, with an intention of amusing me, as she said; but I this time acted the lady of fashion, by overpowering her with thanks and compliments, and declined the honour she intended, while I conducted her politely out of the room. I then shut myself up in my bed-room, and sat down to think and to cry; but, notwithstanding my grief, I soon fell fast asleep. When I awoke, I went quietly to bed.

Next morning, when I awoke, a tender sadness possessed my heart. Forbes' tale of woe had affected me much; while I dwelt on the sorrows and worth of dear St. Agnes. These feelings produced emotions that softened and melted me. I surrendered myself to my feelings; and though Peggy appeared with my breakfast, I scarcely noticed her. When the poor creature spoke, the tremulous tone of her voice aroused me. In sorrow and grief we are easily moved by sympathy. I arose, looked upon her, smiled, sat down and poured out my tea.

'Will you accompany us to church?' inquired Mr. Myrick, as he stood bowing at my door. 'An excellent preacher has engaged to deliver a charity sermon, for the Magdalen Hospital, at St. John's church. It will be crowded with beauty and fashion.'—'Then I decline going,' answered I.—'Surely, madam,' he resumed, 'you are not *afraid* or *disinclined* to go to church. Besides, in this case, it is an act of charity, as well as of piety. I am sorry to see you so melancholy and so unhappy. It may do you good to attend divine service.'—'You are very kind, sir,' I answered; 'and perhaps I am wrong. I will go.' I was not altogether satisfied with his wife's company; but he had always behaved very civilly and discreetly, and, as I had accepted his invitation to go to the theatre, I could not decently refuse to go to church.

The church was filled to excess. We had met several genteel persons returning disappointed; but Mrs. Myrick insisted, contrary to the opinion of her husband, that we should proceed, and she feared not of obtaining us admittance. Three or four constables were stationed without the door, and refused to permit us to pass, saying that the church was conveniently crowded. Vexed at the repulse she had experienced, Mrs. Myrick pushed forward with resolution and rapped at the door, which was instantly opened; when two of the stewards of the Magdalen Charity appeared, and informed my conductress, in an authoritative tone, that she could not be admitted: but one of them, perceiving me standing behind, cried out, 'Pray make room for this lady.' I know not whether it was my face or my dress, or both, that pleased them; but so it was. They led me in with great politeness; and Mrs. Myrick was obliged to say she was in company before they would permit her to follow. I pitied her, on seeing her so humbled.

I was conducted to a seat. There was but one, and Mrs. Myrick stood beside me. On casting my eyes around the sacred edifice, I was struck with the nobleness of the scene. Nothing but the glittering of rich silks and exquisite lace, the nodding of lofty plumes, and the sparkling of precious stones. The gentlemen also appeared in the gayest attire. 'Surely,' said I, 'misery and crime must be banished from a land where the inhabitants appear possessed of every thing tending to sweeten human existence.' The preacher mounted the pulpit. I was disappointed. His weak voice, his pale, unmeaning countenance, his unmellowed youth, and his dull eye, offended my taste; but as he proceeded, he gradually warmed, his manner became animated, his eyes sparkled with zeal, his cheeks were flushed by a holy fervour, he appeared all mind—all soul. I was moved—affected—enraptured, while he poured forth his eloquent conceptions, of which the following is a specimen:—

‘In some places, the humbled girl is bred and sold to her degrading profession. She saunters along the paths of vice heedlessly, and without any bitter feelings of remorse. She was not the seduced nor the willing sinner. She had no share in determining her fate. She seldom regrets what could not be avoided, and sustains her part as easily and as cheerfully as she may. In England, it is very different. There it may be that a few are bred from the cradle amongst the profligate, and schooled for the brothel: yet there are very many, who have been seduced from their happy virtuous homes—from fond, indulging parents,—from the kind, compassionate master,—from the motherly, sympathizing mistress,—and the cheerful, plentiful kitchen. They fall, alas! to rise no more. With strong minds, and warm domestic affections, they feel their outcast fate most bitterly. They look back to their state of innocence with desperate regret, and they view the virtuous of their sex with weeping envy. A prey to agony and remorse, they drink desperately in the wretched brothel. The hiccup and the oath mingle alike with their caresses and their quarrels. They sing and cry convulsively over the intoxicating bowl; and they alternately fondle, scoff at, scorn, and assault their visitors. Thus goaded to madness, they seem wild, unfeminine, and monstrous, to the modest and the pure; but being thus maddened with indignation, they revel and rave, until they pine and die.’—— I was shocked to observe the indifference and levity that prevailed, particularly amongst the female part of the audience. Some were fluttering the fan; others were darting the bold inviting glance at some amorous looking gentleman; while many were whispering, winking, and nodding in secret communication. ‘And this,’ thought I, ‘is the devotion of the great. True it must be, that not many such are called to the kingdom of God.’ But the amount of the collection that followed surprised me, and staggered my conclusions.

I had twice offered my seat to Mrs. Myrick, who haughtily refused it. I therefore wished to depart as soon as possible, in order to free her from her painful situation. When I arose, somebody took my hand. I thought it was Mrs. Myrick; but a man's voice made me start. I looked hastily around, and, oh heavens! who should I see but the Earl of Glenford. I grew pale, trembled, and, as he held my hand firmly, I articulated, 'My lord!' and tried to disengage myself.

'Pardon me, madam,' said this old nobleman, 'if I take the lucky opportunity for another sight of you. Features like yours are not easily forgotten. Your abrupt departure from Richmond deprived me of the pleasure of expressing my sense of the honour you did me. But what is the meaning of this?' continued he, perceiving my confusion; 'does my presence cause pain and uneasiness? Or have you any private reasons?'—'The lady can have none,' said Mrs. Myrick; 'any one would be flattered by the attentions of the Earl of Glenford. His lordship bowed. He said, 'I am much obliged to you, madam. I wish this lady was of the same opinion.' By this time, the church was nearly empty, and I walked off. Fortunately, Mr. Myrick appeared, and offered me his arm, which I gladly accepted. His wife and the old nobleman followed, in close conversation. At the door, our progress was impeded by the crowd; when the earl, addressing me, said, 'Madam, may I beg leave to pay my respects to you after dinner?'—I answered, 'My lord, I am sensible of the honour you intend me; but at present I am living in retirement, and cannot with propriety see strangers.'—'I respect your delicacy,' he said; 'but surely my character and my age would prevent a friendly visit from being misinterpreted.' I knew not how to reply; yet I wished to conciliate his good-will, for my lover's sake. I knew that he was violently opposed to our union; and I flattered myself that I could disarm his resentment. I knew that his visit would

alarm and perplex my lover; but then I thought he was too wanting in policy. While these thoughts crossed my mind, the earl considered my silence as a tacit consent, and, mounting his chariot, drove off with his brilliant equipage.

Mrs. Myrick thought that I was offended at her conduct in church, and now judged it proper to make some atonement. She evidently thought my acquaintance was worth cultivating, as it obtained her the notice of persons of the first quality. Her motives were easily perceived. I answered her apologies very dryly, and assured her that I felt no offence. She pressed me to dine with her, in which her husband joined; but I excused myself, and retired to my own apartment.

After dinner, Mrs. Myrick entered my room in high spirits. 'Now,' said she, 'we will have a little free chat. These men are dreadful bores; they are always so very precise, so jealous, so selfish, there is absolutely no living with a husband. Would you believe it? my tyrant has been angry with me for leaning upon Glenford's arm. He said my looks were not becoming. Only think of that, madam. My looks—aye, my looks did not please him. What comical animals these husbands are! But it is a mercy we can look as we please when alone. I will tell you a secret. The Earl of Glenford was an admirer of mine before I was engaged. Though advanced in years, he was still dangerous; and my mother watched him as if he had been a fiery young man. He to-day begged leave to renew his acquaintance; but that was only a pretence to gain yours.'—'Madam,' said I, 'you surprise me. Your language is very improper. As for the nobleman you allude to, if the purpose of his visit be in any degree improper, he will find his insults repelled with becoming indignation. At present, I am engaged, and wish to be alone. I will therefore not detain you.'—'Very well, madam,' said Mrs. Myrick, rising with anger, 'this apartment is certainly your own—I will not intrude upon your privacy.'

Immediately the Earl of Glenford was announced. I received him with a stately civility. His lordship behaved with great respect. He reverted to the topics we had discussed at the hotel in Richmond, delicately complimented me on the clearness and soundness of my views, lamented that I should in the infancy of life's enjoyments have been rudely separated by death from my virgin love, and concluded by asking me if he could in any way serve me. I thanked his lordship for his kind offers, but assured him that my income was equal to my wishes. I told him that I had not been so unfortunate as he supposed, for my name was merely assumed for the short time business detained me in town, where I wished to live secluded. He expressed great pleasure at this information, and again offered his services. He then rose, saying, if without offence he was permitted to call occasionally to inquire after my health, he should consider it as a favour, for he was often sick with the sophistical manners of a court. I bowed assent and acknowledgment; the interview did not exceed ten minutes.

'This is strange,' said I to myself; 'his lordship has behaved with all the delicacy and feeling of a brother. Can he mask any bad design under such a kind, candid appearance; or has Mrs. Myrick warned him to be on his guard? Ought I not, then, to inform my dear Lemington that his uncle has discovered my retreat? If evil be designed, he alone can avert it.' I took up the pen, and wrote a long circumstantial letter, and which I resolved to see delivered at his house next day.

I rose next morning, agitated between hope and fear respecting the effects of my letter. I intended to go in a hackney coach to the earl's residence, and to see the coachman deliver it. I was dressed for this purpose, when Mr. Forbes came in. I was glad, as I expected to hear some intelligence of my lover. 'How does your affair prosper? and when did you see the Earl of Lemington?' inquired I.—

'My affair will, I hope, terminate favourably,' he said: 'as for the earl, he was extremely gay when I supped with him last night.'—'Gay!' I repeated to myself: 'the earl *gay*, while I suffer mental tortures almost indescribable.

Mr. Forbes perceived my distress, and kindly inquired if I was well. Secrecy was useless, and I related the cruel perplexities in which I was involved, and spoke of my intention of sending the earl an explanatory letter. Forbes approved of the scheme, offered to deliver my letter in person, and to bring me an answer within an hour. I was glad at this, and thought that I perceived in Forbes the worthy admirer of my affectionate friend St. Agnes.

The hour expired; but no Forbes appeared. Then another—and another. Oh! what a miserable day did I spend! I looked through the window! but I saw nothing. My thoughts were absorbed in reflecting on my own miserable condition. At last, after suffering an age of sickening sorrow, the sun set. Peggy brought the candles in, and passed me with a groan, in order to draw the curtains. I saw she intended to speak; but, to prevent her, I looked stern and displeased.

She had scarcely left the room, when she reopened the door, and the Earl of Glenford entered, preceded by Mrs. Myrick. I took up my work, affecting an air of great tranquillity: but my old visitor perceived the constraint I was under; and politely expressed a hope that he had not come at an improper time. I blushed at being thus detected, said I was slightly indisposed, and began to sew. The old earl sat down in an easy, chit-chat manner. He appeared quite at home; and I was insensibly diverted by his pleasant sallies of wit. The only thing I disliked was his extravagant encomiums on my beauty. As I knew I was handsome, and as he behaved respectfully in other respects, I permitted these expressions to pass. In the mean time, Mrs. Myrick attempted to be very

familiar ; but I repressed her forwardness by a serious air. When leaning over my work-table, she maliciously removed the handkerchief that covered my breast ; at which the earl laughed. I gave them both so severe a look, that it was easy to comprehend I was not of a temper to suffer such sort of behaviour. This instantly checked his lordship, who never again was wanting in respect to me. So true it is, that a virtuous woman may secure a respectful treatment if she pleases. Men endeavour to amuse us, and, under that pretence, take too great freedoms. Unhappy is that young woman who defends herself in mirth ; she must lose ground. Seriousness is the shield of virtue ; and those who are wise know how to use it in a proper manner.

I now repented having admitted the visits of the Earl of Glenford, who, I saw, acted in the character of a lover. I feared that his cunning and influence would cause me trouble. While thinking how to dismiss my old lover, Forbes, thinking me alone, entered without sending in his name, with a letter in his hand. I was so much confounded, that I could scarcely rise to inform him.

The Earl of Glenford observing my trouble, rose and received Mr. Forbes with great politeness. They immediately began a discourse, with all the ease and propriety of two well-bred men. But I continued to think of the letter which Forbes had put into his pocket ; and I wished to devise some artifice to get rid of my troublesome visitor. My simple aunt, who had forgotten her orders to let nobody in without informing me when Mr. Forbes entered, recollecting it now, and came to inform me that a gentleman desired to see me. I blushed, and, apologizing to the company, went out. It was Captain Ross. ‘No, my dear friend,’ said I, ‘you cannot enter : old Glenford is there.’—‘Good God !’ cried the captain, ‘how unfortunate ! I have a thousand things to say ; but I must fly. Be you upon your guard. He is a dangerous man.’

In a few minutes, the Duke of Beaufort entered.

He joined in the conversation, and parried off the old earl's jokes with uncommon address. Indeed, he appeared to great advantage in an intellectual point of view; and, had my mind been at ease, I would have enjoyed the witty conversation. Mr. Forbes said little. He seemed to know what was passing in my breast; and he had too much sympathy and kindness to do any thing that might prolong the visit. At last, my patience being completely exhausted, I took courage, and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as Mr. Forbes was waiting for a letter which I had to write. The two noblemen and Mrs. Myrick immediately took their leave.

The moment Mr. Forbes and I were alone, I asked him for the earl's letter. 'I really am afraid,' replied he, giving me the letter, 'you will not be pleased with it; and I think myself peculiarly unfortunate to be the messenger of evil tidings to one so esteemed and so good.' I read as follows:—

'I am surprised, miss, that you should take the trouble of giving me an account of your actions and motives, which I have no right to expect, and have no curiosity to know. It would be presumptuous in me to disapprove of the civilities which are undoubtedly due to the rank and merit of the Duke of Beaufort. If he should have the same designs as I had, the satisfaction of having put the first hand to the making of your fortune is at least mine. I sacrifice every thing to your interests, and have too much pride to complain. You received the duke's visit, he gallanted you to the opera, and accompanied you home, where he remained to entertain you, while I was denied admittance. All this depended upon your own choice; and tastes are not to be disputed. I wish you every happiness, and do most solemnly assure you, that I will never disturb your new engagements by intrusions, disagreeable to you, and unprofitable to me. Farewell for ever.

'To Miss Hawkins.'

'LEMINGTON.'

I was petrified by this cruel answer. 'Just heavens!' cried I, bursting into tears, 'can any one be so unjust? Ought a love so constant and so fervent to be repaid with such ingratitude? But I

have been deceived—my sincerity has been mocked—I have never been beloved. Unhappy, miserable being! I am now doomed to descend with sorrow into the grave.’

Forbes was deeply affected with the excess of my grief. He sympathized with me—he whispered kind consolation—he tried to infuse hope into my soul. His manly tenderness, his noble sentiments relieved me. I wept more freely. I squeezed his hand as he departed; and, when alone, I prayed most fervently for strength to withstand this cruel, this unexpected stroke.

Next morning I was feverish—I was very ill. Peggy had teased me to drink a basin of tea; but I could not eat. This affectionate servant came in shortly after, saying that Captain Ross begged to see me. By an effort I arose, and, dressed in my morning-gown, went into the parlour. I knew that I looked ill; and the captain appeared alarmed when he saw me. He led me to the sofa, looked at me with inexpressible concern, and said, ‘Ah! Rosina, you ought to mitigate your grief. Pardon the author: his fault arises from the excess of his passion.’—‘No, sir,’ answered I, with energy, ‘he loves me not, nor ever did. He knew me not. He doubts my constancy; but I will give him a convincing proof of it. I will now retire into humble obscurity. Ah! Lemington, was this blow reserved for you to inflict? I lose you—I am spurned as base, as unworthy—you despise, you fly me,—your revenge shall be ample; regret shall end my life.’

Captain Ross behaved with his usual generosity. Instead of taking advantage of the existing difference in favour of his own passion, he exerted himself in favour of his friend, and endeavoured to support my affection for him, of which my extreme grief was a sufficient proof. I entreated him to leave, to abandon me, as others had done; declaring I would in future seclude myself so carefully from the notice of the fashionable world, that no efforts should ever discover me. I had instructed

Lady Beckford to direct to me at my present lodgings, and the fear of losing the expected letter had been the chief cause of detaining me in a situation where I was surrounded with perils and temptations. The captain hinted that he could secure my letters, without detaining me where I was unhappy; but begged me to remain quiet for a few days, as an unexpected revolution in affairs might take place. I promised to do so, and returned to bed.

During the two following days, I was an object of pity. I could scarcely bear the presence of Peggy, who mourned over me, and wondered what could render me so unhappy. I refused to see either the duke or old Glenford; even Captain Ross was denied the liberty of approaching my chamber; and to Forbes I excused myself in the politest manner I could. On the third morning, Forbes called, and sent me in a small paper packet. I sat up in bed, opened it, and was pleased to find that it contained a letter from St. Agnes. Its contents were as follow :—

‘My dearest Rosina,

‘Through the secret agents that Sir William Beckford kindly engaged when at Amiens, I am occasionally enabled to communicate with the world; but it is a privilege that I very seldom exercise, lest detection should again bring down the fury of the convent upon my head. Since you left us, I have suffered very much; but I dare not yet reveal the secrets of my prison-house. The unabated love, the unshaken constancy of my dear Forbes, has afforded me the most gratifying reflections, and yielded a ray of hope to gladden my heart.

‘I have heard, though imperfectly, of your unwearied exertions in my behalf; and I learn that now they will, very probably, be crowned with success. Ah! how happy shall I be to embrace you in my native land!—to thank and to serve my generous friends and deliverers!—and to present to them one of the noblest of the sons of men!

‘I pray for you, my dear Rosina. Yes, I pray for you both evening and morning; and your image is distinctly before me. I see your form, tall and majestic, yet feminine. I behold your white rounded arm, of perfect proportion; the graceful neck, rising stately from your fine,

falling shoulders ; the transparent complexion, and vermillion-tinged cheek ; the delicately-marked prominence of your nose ; the eyes dark, large, and lustrous, and yet languid, veiled by white, blue-veined lids, and fringed by such beautiful eye-lashes ; the ruby lip, sweetly opening and discovering the pearly treasure ; the little, soft, rounded chin ; and the long, thick, graceful tresses. Thus do I see you, beauteous as you are ; and I tremble, and pray for my amiable friend. Few, if any are so enchantingly beautiful ; yet how many are ruined by the little charms they possess. Men—great, rich, titled, unfeeling men, consider such women as their lawful prey. They flatter, they fondle, they deceive, betray, and abandon. Many a heartless man seeks the possession of a fine woman, as he would of a beautiful horse,—merely to gratify his shallow vanity.

‘You are, I am afraid, too tender, too exquisitely sensible, to be very happy. I am sorry for this ; because I fear your susceptibility may consign you a prey to vain regrets, or hopeless despair. Guard against this weakness in your nature. Remember you owe duties to God, to your family, to society, to yourself ; and that these ought never to be sacrificed in order to cherish a vain and hopeless passion. Wishing you all the happiness your innocence and virtue merit, I remain your loving friend,

ST. AGNES.

I read this letter twice. ‘Surely,’ thought I, ‘this is a voice from heaven ; and the sentiments are so pure and true, that I ought to receive them with thankfulness and confidence.’ Having hastily dressed myself, I went to thank Mr. Forbes for this acceptable communication. He was gratified with the satisfaction I evinced, and said that as the nuncio had gone to Vienna on a mission, an answer to the representations sent could not be expected for some days. He departed, promising to call soon ; but he never alluded to the Earl of Lemington. I thought this rather strange.

I now tried to assume all the dignity of offended virtue. I took up a newspaper to amuse myself ; and the first paragraph I read was an account of the Earl of Lemington having obtained the vacant blue ribbon, with an account of the splendid ceremony when he was knighted. ‘It is well,’ said I,

laying down the paper, 'he is honoured, and he merits it. I am too low for one so exalted; and I can show him that a just pride and delicacy can be maintained in humble, as well as in high life. Just then, the Earl of Glenford entered. I received his compliments with a coldness, and a penetrating look, that disconcerted even this adept in intrigue, and he soon took his leave. After dinner, the Duke of Beaufort called in to inquire after my health; when I explained myself with so much resolution on the subject of his visits, that he stood before me quite confounded. At last, he stammered out that his intentions were honourable. 'Then,' said I, 'this furnishes me with sufficient reason for rejecting your attentions; for were I even disengaged, your birth and rank so far exceed mine, that I would die rather than be the instrument of your degradation.' He replied that my reasonings were so unexpected and important, that he would take the liberty of explaining himself by letter. He then withdrew, quite disheartened. I now felt my own power, and resolved in future to exercise it.

One day after dinner, when I was sitting at my work, Peggy burst into the room in a great flurry, crying out, 'Madam, here is an impudent man who insists you are his wife. He won't be said nay, and will come up stairs.'—'His wife, Peggy!' I exclaimed; when in bounced two strange-looking men. One was an aged, tall man, with a weather-beaten face; a black patch on his right eye, and his left closed up. He was dressed in an old, greasy suit of naval uniform, and advanced with one hand on the shoulder of his attendant, and with the other he guided his gold-headed cane. The old, blunt seaman, that acted as his servant, had strong, harsh features; his man-of-war jacket hung loose, and discovered a striped flannel under-jacket, which was tied around his neck with a silk handkerchief. His head was covered with a large slouched hat; and he held a tremendous club under his arm. They both entered with their hats on.

‘Odsbobs!’ cried the first, ‘she’s a nice tight frigate, master; but I’ll soon lay you alongside of her.’—‘Nancy!’ exclaimed the old gentleman, ‘my dear Nancy, why do you not fly to your poor Jack? I’ve lost my stern-lights, d’ye see; it was by orders from the Commander aloft: but my heart is as sound as a new biscuit. Why do ye hang astern, my love? Though my old hull be shattered a little or so, you would not cast an old friend overboard, eh? Has she hoisted no signal, Tom?’—‘No, please your honour,’ replied Tom, ‘she’s shy.’ Then scowling at me, he said, ‘Harkee, lady, here stands as brave an officer as ever trod the quarter-deck.’ I had now overcome the first emotions of surprise, and politely inquired what they wanted. ‘By G-d! it’s all right,’ shouted the old man: ‘that’s her own sweet voice, I’ll swear. Oh! my sweet wife, come to the arms of your own long-lost Jack Boyd;’ and he stretched out his arms. His figure was so grotesque, and the mistake so comical, that I burst out into a loud laugh. ‘Odds my life!’ cried the officer, ‘here’s a fine kettle of fish. After weathering so many tough gales, have I come into port to be bamboozled and laughed at?—by my own lawful wife too—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! Hussy, I heard ye were dodging about with some fresh-water, wishy-washy land-lubbers. But it won’t do, Tom, my boy. Here we’ll cast anchor. A good mooring, Tom, eh? and let’s see who dares open a fire upon us.’ While he was saying this, he seated himself on a chair, cocked up his hat, and stamped his cane upon the floor.

I now began to feel vexed; and I told him, in a peremptory tone, to begone, or I would send for a constable. ‘D—n your constables!’ said he; ‘I’m a gentleman, and bear the king’s commission. I have fought and bled for my country; while you, madam, have been roving about like a pleasure galley. But it’s all over now, and you must love Jack again; or, by the spirit of my mother, I’ll put

you at a short allowance under hatches. Why a bum-boat woman would have shown me more respect. By the Lord, but I'll make a clean ship. Eh, ye may send for your bullies. Who's afraid? The skulking rascals! they deserve to be keel-hauled. Tom, bear a hand, and let's have some grog.'

'His honour wants the keys of the locker, lady,' said Tom, with a serious air, while he scratched his head.—'I can bear this no longer,' said I; 'the law cannot authorize any one to insult me so in my own house.'—'Mayhap not,' replied Tom, with the greatest coolness; 'howsomever, Lieutenant Boyd must be obeyed, so here goes; and he struck violently against the door of a small elegant press that stood near the book-case, with an intention to break it down. Just at this moment Peggy, who had gone to get assistance, came running back, crying out, 'Oh! madam, here is that old lord coming.' At another time, this visit would not have been so very agreeable as it now proved.

His lordship, on entering, perceived Tom was making the door of my closet fly into splinters. 'What is the matter?' he inquired with evident surprise.—'I know not, my lord,' said I; 'but these men have taken forcible possession of my apartment, and are beginning to destroy the furniture.'—'Why, you're a gentleman, I hear,' said my would-be husband, 'and will listen to reason. My name is John Boyd, late lieutenant aboard of the *Arethusa*. I lost my precious eye-sight by lightning in the Gulf of Mexico; and, lookee, here I am safe in port, and here is my own wife pretending not to know my colours.' His lordship immediately perceived the cause of the mistake, and appeared much amused; but as Tom recommenced his operations, he ordered him in an authoritative tone to desist. 'Avast, there,' vociferated Tom; 'd—n me if I receive orders from any fair-weather Jack that comes across my bows, when my own proper officer is here. And shall he not board his own

wife, though she be so finely rigged? Why, d'ye see, I minds a lord no more than a porpuss.'—'Steady, Tom,' cried the lieutenant; 'a seaman knows how to behave to superiors.'—'I hope you do, Mr. Boyd,' said the earl. 'Pray where were you married? and how long ago?'—'Why,' said the lieutenant, 'by my reckoning, I was married fifteen years ago, come next Christmas, at St. Martin's church.'—'Then, my friend, if this be your wife, you must have married her when she was only three or four years of age; but you are evidently mistaken.'—'Mistaken!' re-echoed the lieutenant indignantly, 'i'faith I would be a chuckle-headed lubber did I not know my own rib. Zounds! bring me a bible, and I'll swear that's her; or, if she thinks I'm not Jack because my dead-lights are up, why let us just step into a room together, and I'll soon convince her, I warrant ye.'—'No,' said his lordship, 'I will permit no further intrusion. I am the Earl of Glenford, one of the lords of the admiralty; and if you want further satisfaction, call upon me to-morrow. Perhaps I may enable you to discover your lost spouse.' The old officer rose, uncovered his head, and bowing, said, 'Well, well, your lordship will excuse a poor seaman. My wife, maybe, may think better on't; for its cursed cruel to send her own lawful mate adrift. Odsheart! if she was a Christian, she would never have cast away her poor Jack like a piece of old junk.' Tom, after jerking up his trowsers, and turning his large tobacco-quid in his cheek, muttered out, 'Well, your honour, I guess we must put ship about, and steer another course;' and giving me a terrible look, he led his master out of the room.

I thanked his lordship for his services in this awkward affair; telling him that the first deviation I had ever made from truth and sincerity, was suffering myself to be persuaded to assume a false name, and that the consequences had convinced me that no happiness could accrue from a deviation from propriety. His lordship argued with great plausi-

bility against my opinion, and contended that expediency ought to rule our actions. His conversation evinced how well he was skilled in all the sophistries of vice, and how dangerous such a man was to youth and inexperience.

After his lordship had departed, I sent Peggy for the newspaper, thinking that it might contain some notice of my lover. Nor was I disappointed, as the first paragraph of the day's news ran thus:—'Yesterday, the Earl of Lemington left town in great haste. He proceeds direct to Falmouth, where the Syren sloop-of-war is waiting to convey him to New York. It is understood that he is entrusted with important instructions to the governors of his majesty's colonies in North America.'

I paced the room with hurried steps. I cried—I prayed—I held my burning forehead. Peggy opened the door, and spoke; but I answered not. I knew not what she said; when Captain Ross entered. When I saw this generous friend, my tears were redoubled. I breathed easier—and I held out the newspaper. He knew all. When I became calm, I said, 'Now, Captain Ross, you are the only person in this world that I rely upon. May I flatter myself I am not deceived?'—'Can you question my sincerity?' replied he: 'speak, charming Rosina, for nothing appears impossible to the zeal I have for your service. I have done my best; but would you have me to pursue the earl, and repeat my remonstrances?'—'No,' answered I, 'your friend's eyes are opened. Love—no, not love, but fondness that blinded him. He now sees the great distance between us. He must blush at his own weakness, and could only regain his own esteem by abandoning me. He, however, is still dear to me; and I blame him not, though his behaviour to me has been harsh. I indulged flattering illusions, but they must now be forgotten. I will now descend from the dangerous eminence to which the partiality of friends has raised me. I thank you—most sincerely, dear captain, for your kindness and mag-

nanimity ; and the last and only favour I have to ask is, that you inform your noble friend that I repent my foolish passion, forgive him, and respect even his severities ; and that, in obscurity and solitude, I will ever worship his dear image at the altar of my heart. I have now done with the world.'

The sympathizing tone stole silently down the captain's manly cheeks ; but instead of answering me, he waited until the violence of my emotions had subsided. He then said, 'Alas ! my amiable friend, 'I grieve for my friend, who insists on rendering both you and himself miserable. But, dear Rosina, you must not be too precipitate, Love quarrels often end in the highest happiness ; though oftentimes women will not wait for the ascendancy of their good stars. Sometimes a lady plunges into a wearisome solitude ; while another marries a rival, for whom she has no partiality. And what is the consequence ? The dark cloud vanishes ; she recovers her reason, and looks back with horror on her conduct and engagements. Grief and tears succeed, and death is invoked ; but to youth its approaches are slow.'

In reply, I dwelt on the dangers and vexations I had suffered in London. He said, 'I was to blame to induce you to assume a widow's name. I know that Mrs. Myrick is not a very safe landlady, and that Glenford will never cease annoying you while here. But where would you go ? Into the country, where your history, and your actions, would become the common topic of gossiping ;—where you are sure to be traced out by the Honourable Miss Lambe, Glenford, and the duke also ; besides being attacked by all the rude, drunken, fox-hunting squirearchy of the neighbourhood, while no friend, no protector is nigh. Take decent retired lodgings in London or the suburbs, where you may live unnoticed and unmolested. The earl's mission need not detain him in America. In a little time, he may discover his own injustice, and fly to protest at your feet—'

‘Ah! no,’ cried I, ‘though he should change his mind and return, yet never will I again behold a man capable of suspecting me. No, I do love him; but all his future protestations would be in vain. I repeat it, nothing can alter my mind on this subject. My resolution is irrevocably fixed, and the whole world shall not shake it.’

Captain Ross tried to soothe my mind. ‘You do not know yourself,’ said he. ‘Your imagination is lively, and your heart tender. You cannot live in a state of indifference. You are made to love, and will always love. Would to heaven, in changing its object, it may be remembered you have a steady, sincere admirer.’—‘No more of this, Captain Ross,’ said I; ‘respect my misfortunes.’ My friend bowed, rose, and was about to take his leave; but I thought it cruel to dismiss him with a reproof, so I asked him to take tea. He accepted the invitation.

Next day, I expected Captain Ross returning, and I did not wait long, as he called with a coach just at the time appointed. He informed me that he had engaged a genteel apartment, with a bedroom and small dressing-room adjoining, and an attic for a servant, at a very low rate. The house stood, he said, in a retired situation in Stockwell village, two miles from Westminster; and there were very pleasant walks in the vicinity. He had also he continued, given directions at the post-office for my letters to be forwarded to this place. I was pleased with this arrangement, and immediately called up ‘Peggy,’ and said, ‘I am going to leave this lodging immediately. If you choose to accompany me, it is well; if not, I will pay you your wages, and you are at liberty.’—‘God bless you, my sweet mistress; I can never leave you, if you do not turn me off; and that would break my heart, and you cannot surely kill me. I will go wherever you go, and——’ ‘Very well, Peggy,’ said I, interrupting her, ‘go get ready in a minute.’ I now sat down, and wrote a short note to Mr.

Myrick, thanking him for all his polite attentions ; and in a few minutes after, I was seated in the coach, with the captain and my aunt.

Just as we were driving off, the Earl of Glenford's carriage passed at a rapid pace. His appearance agitated me violently. At last, we arrived at Stockwell ; and I was much gratified by the elegant simplicity of my apartments. The house was secluded ; and the prospect was rural, rich, and beautiful.

My landlady entered to welcome me to her house. She was a clean, old widow woman, and had evidently seen better days. I asked her if the drawing easel, pianoforte, and harp, belonged to the apartment. She said that the gentleman who engaged the lodging sent them about two hours ago. Thinking that my question might cause injurious suspicions, I replied, 'It's all right. I was only wondering how quickly those articles had been removed.' Next day, I received a large package of the choicest books, in English, French, and Italian, with a note from Captain Ross, hoping they would amuse and instruct me in my solitude, and repeating his wishes to serve me.

'Reading, working, and occasionally playing a soothing air, occupied my time for three days. I had been reading, when I mused on my situation. 'I have all that I could desire,' said I to myself ; 'yet I am like a forlorn outcast. I enjoy not the kind smile—the cheerful chat—the joyous laugh. I have fled from society, and prohibited the approach of my kindest friend. This was foolish ; yet I cannot invite him without raising hopes that ought not to be cherished. But why sacrifice all to the love of one who spurns me ?—and while my heart is ready to burst, he is 'gay.' The captain said I was made for love : I feel it so. Then let me decide. Here is one cruel and ungrateful ; and there is another, tender, warm, and constant. Besides, the latter has an agreeable person, an elegant air, and a most generous, confiding disposition. His prin-

ciples also are honourable. Add to this, that he has served——’ ‘Beg pardon, mistress,’ said Peggy, entering with a note in her hand. I took the note, and read the following :—

‘My dear friend,

‘Forgive this infringement of your orders. I have been driven by necessity to risk the chance of incurring your displeasure. Do not punish me too severely for approaching your sanctuary without permission. Only grant me a few moments’ conversation, and I will atone for this offence.

‘Your unalterable friend,

‘JAMES ROSS.’

‘Well,’ thought I, ‘this is a mark of real love. He sighs for my presence; yet he dares not violate my injunctions. Poor fellow! he deserves some little encouragement for this.’ Peggy, desire Captain Ross to walk up stairs.’ I received him with a kindness and cheerfulness that seemed to delight him. He apologized for his intrusion; but I interrupted him by expressing the satisfaction I had received in perusing some of the books. It led to a long conversation on literary subjects, in which the captain acquitted himself beneficially. Time flew unheeded; but at length Peggy entered, and announced the hour. The captain, after expressing his pleasure at the very agreeable evening he had spent, took advantage of my good humour, and asked to stay supper; a favour I could not well refuse.

Captain Ross said, ‘Am I so unfortunate as to be troublesome? or have you so little confidence in me, as not to talk of what is agreeable?’ These questions puzzled me. He saw my perplexity, and continued, having taken my hand, ‘You are transcendently amiable. Twice I have enjoyed your conversation without hearing you mention Lemington.’ He looked as if he would penetrate into my very heart. I felt my heart palpitate. ‘How barbarous you are,’ said I. ‘How can you remind me of a person I wish to forget? What pleasure can

you find in replunging me into the cruelest reflections? And why should I speak or think of Lemington? He has rejected—insulted me.’ Alas! it may be she is rejoicing at my humiliation!—That *sigh*—that *alas*,’ exclaimed the captain, ‘informs me of what I wanted to know. Yes, Rosina, you are deeper in love than you imagine. The earl will be ever dear, and I will be wretched. You have pronounced my doom—I submit—and before another moon, he added, pointing to that luminary, which shone into the room, ‘I will convince you, by proofs, that my passion for you surpasses yours for the earl, which is saying a great deal.’

‘You speak in riddles,’ replied I. ‘What relation can your proofs have to the earl?’—‘Still more marks of your deep-rooted love,’ said the penetrating captain. ‘You would not have been so curious had my words regarded only myself. But unless you promise to remain here until the earl or I return, I wilt not explain—I’ll retain the secret.’—‘Ah! dear Ross, do not delight in torturing me. You have my esteem and friendship. Any thing in mortal power I will do to oblige you. Do not, then, leave me in a state of suspense.’—‘My duty called me to Ireland some days ago; but I could not leave you in the midst of dangers and vexations. To-morrow I must go: and at Cork, where my regiment lies, I will see Lemington, for the vessel in which he embarked has received damages, and put into that port to refit. That is the secret; and I know your lover’s heart so well, that I dare venture to predict I shall be able to restore it to the proper owner.

I was affected by such a noble act of generosity; but the ruling passion of my soul prevailed, and I eagerly imbibed the agreeable illusion of gaining Lemington’s love. I was no longer uneasy at the captain’s intended departure: I was only afraid that he should be too long in reaching Cork to serve me. He asked and obtained leave to correspond with me. Apparently satisfied with this privilege,

he took his leave, after repeated injunctions to take care of myself. I exacted of him that he should not make the least effort in my favour with regard to Lemington. Notwithstanding my tenderness for him, my little heart was nettled at the idea of suing for his regard; and I could not reflect on the spirit of his farewell letter without resentment. I therefore engaged the captain on his honour to inform me, with the sincerity of a gentleman of all that passed respecting me.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE departure of Captain Ross dejected me, in spite of my efforts to maintain my serenity. My only comfort was the hope of hearing from my lover before he took his final departure for America. Oh! the delightful anticipation to receive again the sincere protestations of his love—to hear his regrets—his grief for suspecting my fidelity! Thus doubting and perplexed, I walked backwards and forwards, went to bed, rose again, and, relighting my candle, sat down to read. But I could not abstract my thoughts.

About ten in the morning, I was waked by a female voice, exceeding in sweetness what I had ever heard. Methought at first it was the music of angels, and I saw them fluttering with their brilliant wings around my bed, and anon reclining on an azure cloud, while a heavenly smile beamed on the countenances of these celestial youths as they serenaded me. When I awoke, and still hearing the enchanting sound, I discovered that the person having this delightful voice was a lady that occupied apartments above mine.

On Sunday morning, at church, I saw that a young gentleman eyed me with an intense interest during the service. I was veiled, seldom looked up, and never in the direction where he was sitting: but still I could easily see his motions. On reaching home, I looked behind me, and saw him following at a short distance. Next day, I met

him on Clapham Common when walking; and I could never go out but I found him watching me. He never spoke to me but once; when I turned about, as if I had not heard him. He gave me much uneasiness, and I was compelled to give up my usual walks.

One day, after performing a new piece of music, the maid of the lady who lived above me, came with her mistress's compliments, begging the loan of the music she had just heard. I complied; and this led to an intimacy. She was the daughter of an opulent gentleman at Exeter, who had articked her to a professor of music in London. Her stipulated time had expired: but not meeting with an engagement to her mind, she had taken private lodgings, in order to pursue her studies without interruption. She was about twenty years of age, had an inexhaustible fund of wit, and an enticing sweetness of temper.

In a few days, an adventure befel me, that showed how imprudent it is for a young woman to admit the familiarity of strangers. One evening, I went to the window for the benefit of the air. I was reflecting on the causes that could have prevented Captain Ross from writing, when Miss Jenkinson, the lady I am speaking of, came into my chamber, and asked me to honour her with my company at supper. 'I am extremely dull to-day,' said she, 'and I know nobody but yourself that can divert my melancholy. Let us sing and play a little; and have a good refreshment. It's of no use to be eternally pining and grieving.' I agreed to what she advanced.

At supper, she was very sprightly; and her ingenious turns of wit and drollery made me laugh heartily. But I could not approve of some expressions she let fall from time to time. When this happened, I looked grave and displeased! but then she mimicked my countenance, and laughed me out of my preciseness. 'Are we not alone?' said she: 'nobody hears us; and may we not, as friends of

the same sex, make a little amends for the severe restraints imposed upon us? Believe me, my dear, the prude is seldom the most virtuous.'

After supper, she made some excellent wine-negus, which pleased me much, and I drank more freely than usual. I grew so cheerful that I sang a song, which I had never before done in company. Miss Jenkinson pretended to be surprised and delighted with the sweetness of my voice. 'Really, Mrs. Boyd,' said she, 'you are altogether a charming creature; nor do I wonder at your having been married so young, for you must have had a crowd of ardent admirers. You are now in the right to shun men's company, or you would be eternally persecuted by their importunities.' I replied that I was not insensible to the many attractions she possessed. 'I frankly confess,' said she, 'that I have been in danger by the intrigues of men of address; but I have studied them well, and I can now laugh at them in security. No man should deceive me now with his bows, humble kneelings, heart-breakings, sighs, tears, and all the other artillery of lovers. I once produced much merriment by acting the lover; and now that I am a little maddish, I will amuse you with an exhibition that perhaps has been performed before you more than once; and I'll bet a wager you confess that, had I not warned you, you would not know me in my disguise.'

Just as I was speaking, somebody knocked at the door. 'Who the duce is this,' she cried, 'coming to interrupt us? Go see,' continued she to the maid, 'I am not at home to any body but my friend Miss Morgan. She is an amusing companion; but for any other, mum.' But Miss Morgan was announced. 'Oh! my dear friend,' exclaimed Miss Jenkinson, 'you have just come in time to see the after-piece.' Miss Morgan inquired very gravely what she meant; and being informed, 'You can't imagine,' said she to me joyfully, 'how diverting she is in men's clothes. But make haste,' said she

to her friend ; ' it grows late, and I must not stay.'

The gentleman soon made his appearance, wearing a handsome mask ; a precaution I thought Miss Jenkinson had adopted to render the scene more natural. The pantomime began by a variety of extravagant gestures. When he approached, and I tried to remove the mask, he pretended to resent it, and to revenge himself by preferring Miss Morgan to me. Hearing him whisper a word into the ear of the latter, I became suspicious : and noticing his hands, I was convinced it was not Miss Jenkinson.

I rose intending to slip away ; but this was prevented. But on alleging a necessity for withdrawing, and speaking out without an appearance of mistrust, the maid conducted me into another room, which had a door communicating with the stairs. I darted through it, and swiftly ran down stairs, thanking heaven for my preservation, and resolving to be more circumspect in making acquaintances.

Miss Jenkinson begged me to open the door, to which I made no answer ; and she returned mortified at being the dupe of her own plot. I began to muse on this adventure ; and hearing footsteps, I looked through the key-hole, and I perceived Miss Morgan pass, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, whom I instantly recognized to be the same that I had seen at church.

The next day, Miss Jenkinson came to see me, but was refused admittance. She then wrote to me ; but I returned her note unopened. She talked with Peggy, and expressed her surprise that I should quarrel with her a harmless frolic.

Just at this time, Peggy entered, and announced the only stranger to whom I had never to be denied—the husband of my friend St. Agnes. He showed me the copy of a letter from the nuncio to the English minister, wherein he expressed his confidence in finally liberating St. Agnes from her vows ; but as the bishop of the diocese in which the

convent was situated had started some unforeseen doubts, he had been obliged to refer them to his superiors at Rome. Poor Forbes had been in Scotland, and had hurried back to be ready to receive his wife on landing, but was again doomed to experience the pangs of disappointment. He had an air of sad melancholy, and I was obliged to cheer him by all the arguments I could muster. He begged me to accompany him home, on a visit to his mother, the Honourable Lady Forbes; but at this time I declined the invitation, not daring to appear in town again.

My disconsolate friend had just retired, when the postman brought me a letter. I paid the postage with great agitation, as I knew it to be the handwriting of captain Ross. I trembled to open a letter which might extinguish the few sparks of hope that cheered my heart. At last, I read as follows:

‘My amiable friend,

‘Excuse me for the anxiety you must have suffered since you had reason to expect my promised intelligence; but I must not pester you with what concerns myself, while you are expiring with impatience to hear of another. Lemington had gone to shoot on the moors for three days on the morning of my arrival. I could not learn to a certainty in what direction he had gone; so I thought it safer to watch his return in Cork, than to run the risk of losing him in a wild chase. On the second morning, while dressing, I accidentally looked through my window towards the harbour, and saw the Syren under weigh. I was distressed—I knew not what to do. I had faithfully promised you what I had vowed as faithfully to perform; and now I must be viewed by you as wanting in zeal. The idea was insupportable; so I ran down to the harbour, and, jumping into a pilot-boat which was just coming in, I promised the men a handsome reward to row me to the sloop of war then under sail. They accepted the offer, and by great exertion we reached the vessel. Lemington did not recognize me until I had mounted the deck, when he expressed his surprise by a sudden exclamation; recollecting himself, he assumed a lofty port, and coldly remarked that he had not anticipated the honour of such a visit. The captain said that the repairs had not been completed, but that he could finish what remained to be done with his own car-

penter ; and that, wishing to lose no time, he had sent an express for his lordship, who had arrived but an hour before he sailed.

‘I then turned to the earl, and asked him if he would favour me with a few minutes conversation in the cabin. He bowed assent. I began, ‘Lemington, I am your rival.’ ‘You *were* so,’ he hastily replied.—‘I am so, still,’ I observed.—‘Say no more,’ exclaimed he, peevishly ; ‘I cannot—I will not listen.’—‘But you shall, my lord,’ continued I with all the energy I felt. ‘I know you well ; you cannot tear the dear image of the pure, the beautiful Rosina from your heart. She still reigns there, and she merits the honour. You have, my lord, very foolishly committed suicide upon your own happiness. You have, on the most groundless suspicions, planted a dagger in one of the warmest hearts that ever did beat in a human bosom ; yet, like an innocent and loving lamb, she licks the hand raised to sacrifice her happiness. I too love ; for who can avoid it ? I have used all my address to detect the secret emotions of her soul, and I find her heart is yours alone. Convinced of this, I resign all hope. Never can I expect the heart of this charming creature. Yet, from a proper feeling for her unmerited sufferings, and from a wish to promote your happiness, I have come hither to speak the truth. Your harshness has not diminished her love : therefore, I repeat it, do I no longer hope. In this sense your lordship may be right ; *I am no longer your rival.*’

‘I then recapitulated all the circumstances that had given him offence, pointed out his errors and misconceptions, drew a just picture of the distress you have suffered, and repeated the injunctions that your pride and delicacy had extorted from me on my departure. I had scarcely finished when the captain came below, and informed me that the wind was rising, and that my safety would be endangered if I stayed any longer.

‘Lemington never spoke. He seemed bewildered.—I observed that he trembled and walked unsteadily, as he followed me upon deck. I said, ‘Adieu, Lemington,’ and offered him my hand, which he grasped. The tears gushed out of his eyes ; and, in a voice, choked with the violence of his emotions, he articulated, ‘*Rosina !*’ I acknowledged by a nod that I understood him, and in a moment, we were separated.

‘Now, my charming friend, is it not as I predicted ? You were never so intensely beloved by Lemington, as you are at this moment. You will be sufficiently revenged before he returns ; for he will undergo an eternity of

the most delightful distress, if I may use such an expression. But I am sure that nothing but his duty to his country prevented him from returning on shore, and hastening, like an humble penitent, to sue for mercy at your feet.

‘I may add, that in jumping from the vessel’s side into the boat, I dislocated my thumb, which for some days has prevented me from writing ; and I durst not trust a stranger with secrets so dear, so delicate and so valuable. Be happy, Rosina, and in future look upon me as

‘Your affectionate brother,

JAMES ROSS.’

I wept with joy and tenderness on perusing this epistle. Sometimes I doubted Captain Ross’s discernment, as his friend had said nothing positive. But these unpleasant suspicions I soon dismissed, on reflecting on the singular penetration which the captain had always displayed in reading the secrets of the human heart.

But the joy I then experienced was soon checked ; for Peggy entered to inform me that an elderly gentleman wished to see me on particular business. Glenford occurred to my imagination. I changed colour and felt at a loss how to proceed. ‘Is it the old lord ?’ asked I.—‘Oh, no,’ replied Peggy : ‘it’s a mere man, as thin as a lath, and who looks as if he was always too late for dinner.’ ‘But does he look respectable ?’—‘How can he,’ replied my aunt, with his belly sticking to his back ?—‘Bring him up stairs.’ Peggy obeyed.

As the stranger entered, I exclaimed, ‘Ah ! my good friend, Mr. Evans, how glad I am to see you !’ The old man, who was Sir William Beckford’s confidential clerk, and who had conducted me to Calais, started back, and said, ‘Can this be my young favourite, Miss Hawkins ? I am the messenger of bad tidings. But you must have been familiar with sorrow—as you have been a bride and a widow nearly together.’ I made no answer ; but I handed him a chair. I knew well his habits, and I determined to await the result patiently and quietly.

After spreading out his gloves upon the table, he placed his hat upon them, so as to prevent it from receiving any dirt. He then drew forth his spectacle-case, and his glasses were placed upon his nose. Then he pulled out a large pocket-book, from which he took a letter. He began, 'Miss, I beg pardon—Mrs. Boyd, I have had much trouble in finding you. Having received this letter, with a request to see it properly delivered, I went to the house in Parliament Street. When I asked for Mrs. Boyd, the mistress of the house observed that I was an old man to be a candidate for the favour of so young a lady. But I told her that neither my time nor my temper would permit me to enjoy jests. 'My dear old man,' said she, 'I cannot direct you how to recover the lost lady. Such a person could not be allowed to remain in so respectable a house. I could not remove her before the term agreed upon was expired; but I could remove myself. So, being absent at Margate, my pretty lodger packed up her scanty wardrobe, and fled with her paramour; but whither I neither can tell, nor do I care. I wish you a good morning.' Then I inquired of a friend, who resided close by. He said that he would not have known that a Mrs. Boyd lived at Mr. Myrick's, had he not seen so many of the nobility frequent the house, who were visitors of a lady of that name. I was just going to return the letter, when Mr. Forbes called with one to inclose in our packet, and to whom I related my disappointment. He offered to bring you this letter; but as I had been instructed to see it delivered in person, I declined his offer; and, having obtained your address, I drove hither. Never did I suspect that Mrs. Boyd was my sweet young lady, or I should have affronted the bad woman who traduced your character.' 'Pray, my good Mr. Evans,' said I, 'do have the goodness to give me the letter.'—'Oh! aye, the letter. I am sorry that its contents will wound your tender heart. But there is an appointed time for man to live; and death is the

por — ‘Death!’ exclaimed I, ‘who?—what do you mean?’—‘Do not sorrow like those without hope, my dear lady,’ rejoined he. ‘Sir William Beckford was——’ ‘Sir William Beckford!’ interrupted I, ‘Dead! gone! Oh! the good, dear, generous man! He is in heaven: but where is my best of mothers? where is Lady Beckford?’—‘Read,’ said Evens, putting the letter into my hand.

I tried to read; but the tears filled my eyes, and I could not see. I went into my bed-chamber—I gave scope to the feeling that oppressed me. In time I read Lady Beckford’s long and affectionate letter. From this I learned that the wicked Miss Lambe had still been pursuing me. She got Lady Beckford informed that I had jilted Lemington, and, with an assumed name, lived under the protection of Captain Ross; that I occupied splendid lodgings, and was living in the most extravagant style on the wages of iniquity. Receiving, immediately after, a letter from me, in which I highly extolled Captain Ross, she was much surprised, and wrote to a friend in London, who, on inquiry, found that I did occupy magnificent apartments in the house of a woman of very dubious character, and that I did receive frequent visits from Captain Ross. Lady Beckford declared, that nothing except the death of her own daughter had ever grieved her so much. Her ladyship detailed the illness of her worthy husband, who was ordered to try the waters at Spa in Germany. There he rapidly declined in strength, and died with the utmost tranquillity. Previous to his death, he had received a letter from the Earl of Lemington, filled with the most ardent expressions of love for Rosina. This had given them great pleasure, as it showed the falsehood and malice of the reports circulated to my prejudice. Excessive fatigue and constant watching had injured her ladyship’s health; but still she expected soon to embrace me in London.

I felt the death of my excellent patron, as if I

had lost a parent ; but I rejoiced at the prospect of rejoining Lady Beckford, for I found that I could not live alone without being exposed to the cruellest suspicions, and endangered by the devices and plots of unprincipled persons. The hope of being able to soothe and lessen the griefs of Lady Beckford, mixed up with the prospect of Lemington's speedy return, produced an undefined kind of quiet melancholy, in which pain and pleasure was nearly balanced. I prevailed upon Mr. Evans to take a biscuit and a glass of wine, and to defer the making up of his packet for Spa until the next day, when I promised to have a letter ready for my afflicted friend.

About a week after this, I took up a newspaper carelessly ; when the words, 'Syren sloop of war,' struck me,—'We are daily receiving accounts of the terrible effects of the late tremendous gales. The Glenora, Thompson, of Liverpool, from Quebec, put into Cork on the 5th, having lost her fore-topmast, jib and main-booms, on the 12th ult ; and on the 14th she was struck with a tremendous wave, that stove in her bulwarks, and swept the mate and three others of the crew into the deep. Next morning, the wind being still N. N. W. blowing a hurricane, the captain saw a large Dutch-built vessel go down, within half a league. About one o'clock P. M. saw a vessel water-logged, and which, from some pieces of wreck picked up, the captain thinks must have been the Syren sloop of war. It is much to be feared that this vessel, which was carrying the Earl of Lemington out to New York, is lost, with all the crew.'

What passed after reading this distracting paragraph I know not ; but, above an hour afterwards, I found myself in bed, surrounded by strange faces, and Peggy kneeling and weeping beside me. I started, and inquired wildly what had happened. But the terrible idea of Lemington lying in the depth of the ocean rushed upon my mind, and I cried with affright, 'Ah ! he has sunk !—he will

rise no more! Let me die with him.' A gentleman present said, 'Trust in God: he cannot deceive you, nor will he ever abandon the destitute.' I perceived he was the clergyman I had heard preach in Lambeth parish church, and I felt comforted at his presence. Peggy, in her fright, had sent for him when I was not likely to recover from my swoon.

I looked upon the presence of this minister of religion, as a providential occurrence; and therefore I answered, that the newspaper had informed me of the death of a person who was very dear to me, as my future husband. He accommodated himself to my weakness, and argued on the little credit that ought to be given to the vague reports of the public prints, which were published with great haste and carelessness; and he impressed upon my mind the folly and sinfulness of repining at the wise dispensations of providence.

Then a tall thin man stalked in. He had a monstrous wig, and a small three-c ooked hat under his arm. He had several brilliant rings on his fingers, which were almost covered with ruffles. He calmly laid down his hat and cane, and, pulling out a large watch, he abruptly seized my hand. The odd appearance of the man, and the suddenness of the action, caused me to utter a loud scream. 'That,' said he, 'is an unequivocal symptom of mania, in its primitive stage; and is accompanied by a quick, hard, irregular pulse, vehement restlessness, violent head-ache, redness of the face, impatience of noise, suspicion, and an erroneous perception of men and things.'—'Yes, madam,' replied he to an aged female, 'it is by a kind of divine interposition that I, a poor, humble instrument, am here. Well, now I will explain to you the profound and unnatural nature of this lady's disorder. When the heart is shaken and agitated, the blood is ejected with a volcanic and furious velocity, and, darting like lightning from the ventricle through the veins, mounts up into the brain with incredible precipi-

tancy, and there, by an impetuous motion, disarranges the perceptions, ideas, or motions of the soul; and to free which from such dangerous attacks, it is necessary to employ the noble art of healing. For this purpose, I will commence operations by a copious bleeding. This must be repeated during seven days; and each night, twelve leaches must be applied to the temples of the patient.' I cried out, 'Dear sir, there is no need for such remedies.' On which, he turned to simple Peggy, and said, 'Run instantly for Mr. Sharp, the surgeon: tell him to bring his lancets, for another fit is coming on.'—'What do you mean, sir,' I exclaimed. 'Do you imagine I am mad?' 'God forbid, madam,' said he, 'we'll set you up again, please God.' Then, turning to his admiring friend, he said, in a low tone of voice, 'We live, madam, in very degenerate days. The faculty have lost all rational views of the diseases of the human body. They hate and envy me; but I am preparing a book, that will at once silence and confound them.

I will feed this patient with toast and water, and with barley-water. Every morning I will administer an ounce of Glauber salts, which must be worked off with lukewarm water. I will alleviate the irritation of the bowels by giving every evening a clyster of twelve ounces of warm water, and six ounces of linseed tea. And should a fit come on, cold effusions must be used, by pouring upon her head three buckets of cold spring water. The head also must be shaved, and blisters——' But my exclamations of fear interrupted the recital of his murderous designs: and Peggy ran to me. 'Alas!' exclaimed I, 'my good woman, Peggy, if you have any regard for me, cause that terrible doctor to leave the room. The sight of him makes me tremble.'—'Is Mr. Sharp coming?' demanded the doctor, without regarding what I said. 'Oh! here he is,' continued he, seeing the surgeon enter the room. 'Come, sir, the operation must not be delayed. I order in this case, profuse venesection,

and will direct its extent by the indication of the patient's pulse. The surgeon produced a fillet and his lancets, and called for warm water. I made signs to Peggy to draw the curtains; when, catching up a gown, I slipped out at the bed foot, darted into the adjoining room, and bolted the door in the twinkling of an eye.

'There,' bellowed out the doctor, 'is another proof of outrageous madness. None but patients labouring under this dreadful malady would fly from proper remedies, or look upon their best friends as enemies. We must break open the door. She must be pursued and bound. Fearing that the door would be forced, I threatened to call out at the window for help.—'What has happened?' inquired my landlady, entering the room.—'Oh! madam, save me,' said I; 'a strange man wants to kill me, by bleeding, blistering, drowning, and starving. Oh! protect me.'—'What can this mean?' muttered she, while she opened the door, and out walked the neighbourly lady, the surgeon, and the physician. 'Pray, sir,' said my landlady to Doctor Pennyman, 'who authorized you to intrude into this lady's bed-chamber? She never required your services; and I beg you to walk out of my house. Surely,' addressing her neighbour, 'you were not so foolish as to introduce this disgusting piece of cant and quackery? Observing the state of affairs, I opened my purse, and dismissed him with a handsome fee. This ludicrous adventure left such a strong impression upon my mind, that I never afterwards could relish either physicians or prescriptions, and will certainly never use either except in a very urgent case.

When left alone, I began to revolve in my mind the causes that had produced such confusion; and I found that the quack's visit, however annoying, had counteracted the violence of my grief, and restored the tone of my mind. I now felt comparatively calm; and, on looking over the alarming paragraph, I found the article was not so positive;

but left room to doubt, and this afforded me a little hope. While pursuing these soothing reflections, I fell asleep. Peggy persisted in watching me, and at length fell asleep. I thought it best not to awake her ; and happy it was that my consideration for this faithful servant prevailed, as the sequel will show.

My trouble and agitation through the day, caused me to have a terrific dream. Methought I saw a vessel crowded with men, driving with violence through a most tremendous sea, without masts or rudder. At last, she disappeared, and the ocean rolled over her. The monsters of the deep gaped voraciously. From a dark cave a gristly figure issued, bearing over his shoulder the corpse of the Earl of Lemington ; his hair hanging about his shoulders, his eyes fixed in death, and his lips discoloured. I snatched the body into my arms ; when the enraged phantom attempted to seize me by the throat. Then Captain Ross appeared, and with his sword protected me, while I fled ; but the slippery sea-weeds impeded my progress, and my monstrous pursuer grew in height and dimensions, so as to render our destruction inevitable. Stretching out his supernatural arm, he seized Captain Ross by the legs, whirled him round his enormous head, and dashed him into a hideous pit. The earl gave me a most mournful look ; while the gigantic hand of the destroyer was descending to sacrifice us. I started with horror ; when, hearing my bed-curtains drawn back, I raised my head, and discovered a man standing over me, armed with a poniard, which he pointed to my breast, saying, ' You are dead if you make the least noise. Your purse or your life this instant.

Peggy, who began to doze, as I said before, did not sleep soundly. She heard the robber breathe in a small closet in my bed-room ; but instead of giving way to fear, she with great presence of mind, rose and muttered, so as to be heard, that, since I had got to bed and wanted nothing, she would go

to her own snug bed. But instead of that, she stole softly down stairs, and ran for assistance to the house of a master tailor, a few yards distance, and whose men were sitting up to finish an order. The master sent his apprentice for the watch, and hastened with his two journeymen to the house, just as I had risen to deliver my money to the robber. Being thus detected, the wretch dropped the poniard, and, falling upon his knees, begged for mercy.

The thief was instantly secured ; he was a porter, whom I had often employed. He confessed his intention of robbing me ; but protested that during fifty years he had lived honestly, though now extreme poverty and the wants of a sickly wife and ten children had driven him upon this wickedness. He said, that, in giving him sixpence that morning, he saw that my purse contained a quantity of gold, and that was a temptation which he could not resist. He entreated me to save his life with such pathos and abundance of tears that I yielded, on condition that he never again approached my house. I then told the tailors to release him ; and giving them a guinea, they departed well satisfied. A minute later, and the unhappy man's escape would have been impossible, as two watchmen entered by the front door as Peggy was conveying him out by the back door.

Next morning, the poor man's wife called to thank me for my goodness, in setting her husband at liberty. 'Oh ! madam,' she said, 'my poor Ralph will never be happy again. He believes the devil was in him ; for now that he has his senses, he could not find in his heart to hurt such a sweet angel. He has cried and prayed beside me all night.'—'Well,' said I, 'if the devil has really gone out of your mistaken husband, I hope he will never be permitted to re-enter. There are two guineas for you.' As for my dear aunt Peggy, to whom I owed my life, I promised not to forget my obligations to her.

These shocks, however, affected my health ; and I grew melancholy and weak. The clergyman talked to me like a father, and sometimes insisted that I should take the air upon Clapham Common, in a hired carriage. These excursions revived me, though neither prudence nor economy suffered me to repeat them often. While riding slowly along the road from Clapham one evening, a man rode up to my chaise, and stared at me very impudently. I did not at first recognize him ; but on a second glance, I knew him to be Mr. Frazer. He nodded in a very familiar manner, and, with a peculiar leer, lifted his hat. At this moment, a stage-coach was approaching to pass, and he was obliged to fall back ; when I ordered my post-boy to drive quick, and I would reward him. The lad obeyed, and off we flew with great rapidity.

This Frazer, it will be recollected, was the companion of Lord Glenfield when I first saw him at Richmond. He had originally emigrated from the Highlands of Scotland ; and, from the humblest situations in life, had wriggled himself into some distinction. He had accumulated much wealth. Having a smattering of learning, and knowing all the scandal of high life, he was very useful to the Earl of Glenford. He assisted his lordship in his intrigues, cheered him when confined with the gout, and, in company, was the humble butt of his wit.

Just as I had laid aside my hat and cloak, Peggy opened the door, saying, ‘Madam, a strange gentleman insists upon seeing you, as he has business of im— Lord ! mistress,’ she continued, ‘here’s the man. He has followed me ; but I assure your ladyship’s honour that I said as you bid me.’ Frazer stalked past her, with a self-satisfied air ; and after making a profound, but awkward bow, he sat down without invitation. I was vexed at the provoking insolence of the fellow.

After clearing his throat, and stroking his chin, Frazer opened the conversation with a leering

smile. 'Ah! thou sweet rose of Sharon, why wilt thou blossom unseen in this wilderness? Suffer thy humble servant to pluck thee from amongst these weeds, and to stick thee in my bosom.'—'Mr. Frazer,' said I, 'how dared you thus to intrude upon a lady's privacy?'—'Aye, I love thee tenfold more for this pretty ebullition of spirits. The lovely dove turns with seeming shame from the soft cooings of her fond mate.'—'Are you mad, sir?' exclaimed I; or are you studying to insult me?'—'As David saw Bathsheba in all her womanly loveliness, and she found favour in his sight, so I have observed thy native charms, and I am neither a stock nor a stone.'—'Pray, sir,' said I, 'go and utter your nonsense elsewhere, for I have neither time nor inclination to listen to it.'—'Well, now, be calm, my bonny lammy.'—'I have nothing to do with this balderdash,' returned I: 'all I desire is that you quit my apartment.'—'I doat upon thee, and thou couldst see me blow out my brains. Is that as it should be?'—'Oh!' said I, 'there is no fear of your blowing out what is not in; and added, 'If you do not depart instantly, I shall represent your conduct to the Earl of Glenford.'

Frazer now rose, flushed with anger, and said, 'Very pretty, madam, very pretty indeed. But I would have you to know that I am no lord's slave. My family is more ancient than that of Lord Glenford; for the heads of our house were the favourites at the Scottish court for ages before the days of King David. I can boast noble, if not royal blood. Then, I am nearly as rich as Glenford himself; for I don't care a straw about any bugbear of a lord. I know your affairs better than you do yourself. In the first place, Miss Lambe has done up your character very well. Then Glenford is an unprincipled, impotent goat. He is determined to have you, and then he will abandon you, according to his ancient custom. There's Captain Ross, as poor as a church-mouse; and, as for Lemington, he's engaged to the only daughter of a

nobleman, who has promised to make him a general as quickly as the rules of the service will permit. To hope for good from any of these quarters is folly ; while your father and mother are in a state of beggary. Now, I intend to make a real lady of you. I promise that you shall have the prettiest cottage near London, with a small palfrey for exercise, besides a round income of five hundred pounds sterling per annum ; and to show the sincerity of my affection, an annuity of two hundred pounds in case of accident, beside——’ Flushed with indignation, I darted into my bed-chamber ; but on attempting to shut the door, he put his foot against it, crying out, ‘ My dear !—my pet !’ I screamed out lustily, and called for help.

A gentleman burst into the room, crying, ‘ Don’t terrify yourself, madam ; I will protect you.’ Then turning to Frazer, he said, in a stern voice, ‘ Sir, as your company is not agreeable to the lady, I desire you to face about, and march off instantly.’—‘ Oh ! sir,’ said Frazer, ‘ there is no necessity for big airs. I’m off at present ; but this lady will not find me so docile next time. She must be civil, or it is in my power to——’ ‘ No, you bad man,’ said Peggy, who had also entered, ‘ it is not in your power to harm my sweet mistress ; so walk off.’ Saying which, she pushed him towards the door.

Turning round, I saw the very man who had followed me in all my walks, and whom my fellow lodger, Miss Jenkinson, had introduced under the disguise of a mask. I said, ‘ Sir, accept my thanks for your kindness. The person you found here intruded into my apartment, and his conversation was such as I could not with propriety listen to. His attempt to follow me into my chamber induced me to give the alarm. Again I thank you : it is all I have to give.’ ‘ Sweet creature,’ said the gentleman, ‘ I was never so truly happy as at this moment, if——’ and he hesitated ; on which I said quickly, ‘ Sir, I wish you a good evening ; I desire to be alone.’

Never did I experience such mental torture and such deep humiliation as at this time. Lemington betrothed to a nobleman's daughter! This explained the whole mystery of his cruel conduct. This was the cause of the court-favour he had lately enjoyed. Captain Ross too—there I was again pained; the generous man was poor—yet I had accepted the pecuniary favours he had forced upon me. My old enemy, Miss Lambe, was also still at work. 'Your character is gone,' said Frazer. Oh! how loathsome is even life itself after the esteem of mankind is forfeited. I had watched myself—I had unceasingly guarded myself; yet a thousand circumstances might easily be distorted to my prejudice. My father and my mother too in a state of beggary. 'Oh my God!' I exclaimed, in an agony of grief, 'what a wretched creature I am! To abandon my humble, innocent home—to hunt after vain shadows—and to leave my affectionate parents exposed to want and to grief! I have health—I have hands—I was born to labour—and when these soft indolent habits are vanished, I may still be able to labour. The fear of my enemies has prevented me from informing my parents of my motions or place of abode; yet this secrecy is rendered of no use by the active malignity of my foes, who will never cease to persecute me until I am brought down to my original level, while my parents must be heart-broken by the many slanderous stories reported concerning me.

At eleven o'clock Peggy tapped at my door, and asked if I wanted any thing. I said 'No;' and flung myself upon my bed, and tossed about all night, while my brain burned with the intensity of thought. I had requested Peggy never to disturb me in the morning until my bell rung; and at this time she observed my injunction with punctuality. Ten o'clock struck, and no Peggy appeared. I arose and dressed myself. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'Even my own servant, once so attentive and affectionate, treats me with neglect.'

While I was musing, Peggy entered. 'Beg pardon, madam,' said she; 'but surely you must want breakfast now.'—'I want nothing,' said I, peevishly, 'go.'—'Dear madam,' said she, 'if you do not forgive me, you will break my poor heart. I have not attended to my duty properly; but now that they are gone, I will make amends.'—'Who are gone?' inquired I.—'Why, my poor brother Hawkins and his wife [I started] just took a step from Nottinghamshire to see me. I had told them what a good kind mistress I had, and how very happy I was; so they stopped here last night, and have gone home in the stage?'—'Good heavens!' thought I, 'have my parents then been sleeping under the same roof with their unhappy daughter? Have toil and contentment sealed their eyelids in sleep, while their ambitious child was enduring all the tortures of unrequited love? Has——' But my feelings were so strong that I flew into my bed-chamber, and gave vent to my tears.

Having recovered, I returned; and Peggy was weeping. 'What is the matter, Peggy?' said I.—'Oh! my dear mistress, how sorry I am to have disoblged you so; but I could not turn my own flesh and blood to the door: and really my poor friends had a tramp of it.'—'No, Peggy, no,' said I; 'you are always welcome, while in my service, to see and entertain your friends; but I am angry that you did not inform me they were here, that I might see them comfortably entertained.'

'Lord bless you, my dear mistress,' replied Peggy, 'how could I be so impudent?'—'But where did they sleep?'—'Why, madam, we sat up all night, talking over old times; and I treated them with a bottle of your wine. Had you seen how merry they were, and how heartily they drank your health, it would have made you cry with joy as I did.'—'But why did you hurry them away so?' inquired I.—'Oh! madam,' said she, 'they could not stay any longer; for my brother has taken a small farm near our village, and he wished to be at home

to settle some matters.’—‘I am glad to hear that, Peggy,’ rejoined I; ‘for I understood your brother was too poor to commence farming.’—‘You are very right, madam; my brother is indeed a poor man: but then he is honest, and has credit, and works hard. Nor will it take much to stock the farm, which contains only twelve acres: but there is a good house upon it, and a garden well stocked, that covers a good acre. I have saved a little, and your goodness has made that little much; so I lent him money to buy two milk-cows. I say I lent him the money; for though I neither expect nor would take it again, yet being in debt may make him more careful. I am sorry the coach was so long in setting off, for you must be famishing, and —’ ‘Well, Peggy,’ said I, ‘you are a very good woman for being so kind to your relations. I am sorry I did not see them. But you must accept of me their coach-hire.’

‘Now, madam, you are so good, and I am so imprudent, that I fear I do not deserve so good a mistress; but I never took money with a bad design.’—‘A bad design, do you say?’ replied I; ‘you do not suppose there would be any harm in permitting me to join in rendering your friends happy?’—‘Oh! no, my sweet mistress, you can do nothing bad. But that gentleman who turned out the tall, impudent man, last night, slipped two guineas into my hand. I ran after him with them; but he only smiled: and when I told him that all the riches in the world could not tempt me to do wrong to my good mistress, he said I deserved two guineas more for that.’

‘Ye do all things right, Peggy,’ said I. ‘Bring me a cup of coffee.’

When Peggy returned with the coffee, I said, ‘I think, Peggy, you once mentioned a niece you had—a kind of spoiled child, who had left home, and who lived with some great folk. Pray, has she returned home?’—‘Ah! no, madam,’ said Peggy, mournfully; ‘I wish she was again under her fa-

ther's roof. But the last time she was heard of, she was in France, dancing among French gentlemen, or rather rakes. The French are, I am told, a very abominable race, for they wear wooden shoes, and eat nasty frogs; and worship wooden images, made by men's hands, just like our Papishes.'—'Poh!' exclaimed I, 'it is all nonsense. I have heard something of your niece's character, and I could pledge myself for her purity and virtue.'—'May heaven's blessing rest on your pretty face for that,' said Peggy. 'When my brother, who, after all, is rather a harsh man, has been abusing his daughter, her mother always defends her, and will suffer no one to speak ill of her; and she said to her husband, 'John Hawkins, we have lived twenty years together; but if you ever again suffer friend or foe to abuse your own daughter, without saying a word for her, one blanket shall never again cover us.' The story was told before my brother; and I talked to him so, and made him think so much shame of himself, that he promised never to allow people to tell idle stories about his own child again.'—'You did right, Peggy,' I observed: 'all these stories about your niece's follies in France are invented by the malice of the Honourable Miss Lambe. By the bye, where is this woman now?'—'Why, madam,' replied Peggy, 'she is still down at the Castle, where she and the viscountess have lived since they returned from abroad, at the death of Viscount Neville. Poor gentleman! he died suddenly, of some inflammatory complaint.'

I had read in the newspapers of the death of Viscount Neville, and was told by Captain Ross of the viscountess' return to her country seat; but I suspected she might come up with her daughter to London.

As I was looking at the newspapers for the dear word Lemington, a footman with a gaudy livery, was introduced by Peggy. He bowed three times very low; and returned his profound obeisance by a slight bow. He then delivered me a letter, beau-

tifully ornamented, and directed in a good hand. I asked the dandy footman if he waited for an answer. 'By your ladyship's kind permission, he replied, 'I will wait your pleasure this evening at nine o'clock.'—'Very well,' answered I; when he retired backwards, bowing as before. On opening the letter, I glanced at the writer's signature, which was, 'Sir Henry Cleveland, Kennington.' I found it to be the production of the man who had so often annoyed me in my walks. The style of the composition was altogether so affected and inflated, that I saw the writer was a fop.

Scarcely had I perused this letter, when the postman called with another. When I cast my eye upon the direction, my hand trembled, and my heart fluttered. I knew the hand-writing was Captain Ross's, and I concluded that he had written to prepare my mind for the melancholy fate of my dear lover. The first words re-assured me, and the instant revolution in my feeling was such as I should vainly attempt to describe.

Captain Ross wrote as follows:—

'My lovely friend,

'Happy is he that bringeth good tidings; and I participate so deeply in the joy which you will experience at the return of a penitent lover, that I would exchange my situation with no man living. You and Lemington are predestined to be one and to be happy. I bow to the decree; and, as I can never hope for your love, I am content to enjoy your esteem. I am stationed in the castle of Dublin, but expect soon to return to England, and to witness your happiness. Accept of my unfeigned congratulations, and believe me

'Your most obedient,

'And most devoted humble servant,

'JAMES ROSS.

The enclosed was from the Earl of Lemington, and read as follows:—

At Sea.

————'I dare not presume to call you again, 'My dearest Rosina.' I am unworthy of you. Innocence, confidence, and the warmest tenderness, ought not to be linked with distrust, cruelty, and jealousy. But I have

been mad, most lovely of women. The universe never produced any thing half so valuable as you. I knew that others must envy my good fortune, and I therefore dreaded the efforts of every one that approached you. But I should have known you better: I should have believed you as pure as you are beautiful. Fool that I am! What atonement shall I offer? If a life devoted to an exemplification of the sincerity of my repentance could be taken as some reparation for the injury I have inflicted, this is yours. But if you reject me—then must I bid farewell to that happiness which I have fondly anticipated, but which I have not deserved. If penitence—if grief can plead with you—then pity your own dear Lemington. The hope of being permitted to confess my follies at your feet is the only feeling that tends to render life supportable. The moment that duty permits, I shall rush to hear my sentence from those sweet lips that never yet uttered a cruel word.

‘Yours, eternally,

‘LEMINGTON.

‘P. S. What a happiness that my Mentor, Ross, overtook our vessel. He is a noble fellow. Be careful of your health. I have not been well, but now I feel better.’

I read this welcome epistle over and over again; I kissed it, and talked to the dear man that had written it as if he were present. I arose from my chair in joy and triumph. To find my lover not only alive, but faithful and warm hearted—oh! it was too much.

Peggy asked me to take tea. I drank one cup hastily; but I could not eat. I therefore retired into my bed-chamber with very different feelings from those of the preceding evening. Soon Peggy knocked. ‘What do you want, Peggy?’ said I. ‘Please, madam,’ she replied, ‘here is the fine footman, with his link-boy, to carry back a letter to his master as he says.’—‘Oh! aye. Dear me, I had quite forgot that,’ said I: ‘bid him wait a minute.’ I wrote a brief billet to my new admirer.

Having written a bold threatening note, I undressed, but I could not sleep for joy. My lover—my parents—my friend Ross—my good aunt—all stood before me in the most amiable colours.

Next day, at breakfast, I received a letter which

cast a damp upon my joy. The direction was printed with a pen, and it contained two one hundred pound Bank of England notes, with, 'From a friend—use it freely—ask no questions,' also in printed letters. It could not be from Lemington; Ross was at a distance; and no other person knew my residence who was either able or willing to make me such a present. I determined to lay them by, and, if ever I discovered the donor, to restore them.

After dinner the clergyman called upon me. I received him with great pleasure. He appeared much gratified to hear that my lover was still living; but, with great delicacy, changed the subject: I showed him the letter I had received, enclosing the two hundred pounds, and stated how I had determined to act. He applauded my resolution, and then asked if I had any idea of the person who had sent it. I hinted my suspicion of Sir Henry Cleveland, of Kennington, who had been very troublesome, and had recently forced my servant to accept of two guineas.

'I do not think you need be under any fear of suffering uneasiness from the generosity of Sir Henry,' said the clergyman. 'I know him well. He affects to be a very Lovelace amongst the ladies, yet he is all vanity. He had scarcely completed his twenty-first year, when he contrived to run off with a worthless woman, celebrated for her beauty, and who abandoned a sensible husband and two children merely to be talked of in the fashionable world. Sir Henry was very properly sentenced to pay heavy damages. Should he annoy you again, send me a line; for I possess a certain mode of restraining this man's impertinence.' I thanked the clergyman for his friendly attentions.

One evening in the following week, I heard a carriage drive up to the door. 'Some of Miss Jenkinson's visitors,' thought I, and again commenced my music. But my landlady tapped at the door, and opened it; and a lady in deep mourning en-

circled me in her arms. 'My child—my Rosina!' she exclaimed. I knew the voice, and re-echoed, in broken accents, 'Ah! my dear Lady Beckford—my more than mother!' while my head fell upon her shoulder, and I wept. Lady Beckford looked much older; but still retained that encouraging, cheerful smile, that beautified her benevolent countenance. She had arrived in London only the day preceding, and her first business was to inquire after my welfare. 'You must come and live with me, Rosina,' said she.—'I should be proud, madam,' said I, 'of enjoying your company, and your protection; but here I live concealed from the world, in which I have experienced much annoyance and ill-treatment.'—'But, my dear,' replied she, 'you do not mean to say that consoling me in my solitude would infringe upon your sense of independence?'—'Oh! no, my dear lady, there is nothing that I should not do to evince my love and gratitude to my kind protectress.'—'Very well, say no more. Make your arrangements, and I will come for you to-morrow.'—'If your ladyship would permit me,' said I, 'to bring my servant with me, it would be a great addition to my happiness; for she is an honest and affectionate creature, to whom I owe——' 'How can you mention such a trivial matter?' said Lady Beckford, interrupting me. 'My house shall be yours. Do not compel me to repeat this.'

Having informed Peggy of our intended removal, I settled with my worthy landlady, wrote to Captain Ross, and sent a card of thanks to the minister of South Lambeth, I felt next morning impatient for the arrival of Lady Beckford.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT noon Lady Beckford drove up to our door, and in a few minutes I was seated by her side; while my aunt was accommodated in the family chaise. Just as I was shaking hands with my landlady, I perceived Sir Henry Cleveland

standing at Miss Jenkinson's window. I was sorry for this, as I wished not to be discovered.

About a week after I was again settled at Lady Beckford's, her ladyship's youngest sister, with one man and two women servants, arrived from Lancashire. Mrs. Page was a very handsome woman, and her fine nose and dark eyes gave to her countenance a very animated expression. Every person that saw her was loud in expressions of admiration; and as her parents doated upon her, all their guests vied with each other in panegyricizing her elegance and beauty. Being thus filled with conceit, she soon began to flirt with gentlemen; and in her seventeenth year, she ran off from Lincoln with a cornet of dragoons. Her father pursued, and the fugitives were overtaken at Newcastle upon Tyne, on their road to Scotland. She was brought direct to London, and placed under the care of her sister, Lady Beckford; but her conduct was so light and intriguing, that Sir William Beckford grew alarmed for the safety of his charge, and sent her home again. One summer, while at Scarborough, an old gentleman, sixty-five years of age, would venture upon matrimony, and fixed upon this young, gay lady, as the properest person to make him happy. Allured by his riches, she accepted his hand, and, after a courtship of three days, became Mrs. Page. For a season they appeared happy, and launched into the most ridiculous extravagances; but when old Page began to reflect, he paused, reasoned, remonstrated, and threatened, but all in vain. His feeble efforts were sometimes met by mirth and laughter, and at other times by haughtiness. During ten years, he lived to repent his folly, and to witness the progressive diminution of his riches. After his death she redoubled her profuse expenditure, and soon reduced her large jointure to an annuity of four hundred pounds per annum. On this small sum she had lived during two years at Lancaster; but her creditors being clamorous, she posted up to

London as soon as she heard of Lady Beckford's return. Her ladyship received her with sisterly affection, and invited her to reside in her house; but insisted upon her observing all those rules of good order by which her family had always been regulated.

I was present at the first interview, and was struck with the polite, good-natured ease, with which Mrs. Page listened to her sister's admonitions. She appeared to be about thirty-five years of age; and her innocent, cheerful aspect, led me at first to suspect that Lady Beckford had generally spoken of her with unmerited severity. But I was soon undeceived; for, immediately on her ladyship's retiring, she began to quiz her with the most inimitable humour. I was too much surprised and disgusted to join in her mirth.

I now resumed the study of geography, botany, and popular astronomy, under the able direction of Lady Beckford, from whom I had derived most of the solid knowledge that I possessed. I had put her in possession of all I knew respecting the Earl of Lemington, and she encouraged me to hope for the happiest results. When complaining of the recent neglect I had experienced from Mr. Forbes, she excused him by saying that he had gone suddenly from town to Brussels, to await the expected liberation of his wife, and that his mother had accompanied him.

One day, while reading to Lady Beckford and Mrs. Page, a servant delivered me a note. The neat manner in which it was folded and directed, and its large fine seal, led me to suspect that it was from Sir Henry Cleveland. I therefore returned it to the servant, saying, 'John, please to inform the bearer that I decline all correspondence.' The footman retired, while Mrs. Page exclaimed, 'Lord! Boyd, what a strange creature you must be, to return such a handsome looking note without opening it. Why, perhaps it contains the fervent protestations of some lover.'—'For that reason I

wished not to peruse it,' observed I.—'Why, this is passing strange. I am full of curiosity to know the contents. May a servant run, my dear, and bring back the note?'—'By no means,' said Lady Beckford: 'our friend has refused to receive it on good grounds, I doubt not; and she ought not to be persecuted with your flights of levity.'—'Certainly not,' replied Mrs. Page: 'but as she is a very saint, she can be in no danger from my levity. Perhaps Mrs. Boyd has had a revelation of the contents of this letter in a dream, or a vision.'—'Now I must again tell you, Mrs. Page,' said Lady Beckford seriously, 'that I cannot endure such light, profane jests; nor will I permit my young friend to be teased with your nonsense.'

Next day the footman entered, and asked if I would please to look upon a fine collection of rich jewellery. 'I would rather not,' said I, resuming my work.—'But, madam, they are so neat and fashionable.' At this moment, a Jew met my eye, standing before the door. When he perceived that I saw him, he pulled off his hat, and advanced within the room. I thought this an odd intrusion.

'Vil de laydee look at my nice tings?' said the Jew.—'My good man, I do not want any thing,' said I.—'Vary nice—vary pretty—and vary chape,' continued he, opening his box. 'De laydees and de gentlemans vonder at ma pretty show. Dere is de goods for you,' exhibiting his well-arranged assortment of jewellery. 'They certainly look pretty,' observed I; 'but I see nothing I wish to have.'—'How can von pretty laydee say so?' with a keen look; 'dere is the necklash—pless my heart—only try dis. De shentleman vill be surprished at your peauties.'

'No, no,' said I, pushing his hand aside, 'I do not wish to surprise gentlemen. Pray, what do you ask for that small box?' pointing at a neat fancy article containing scissors, penknife, a thimble, bodkin, &c. 'Oh!' said the Jew, 'me no sell that nashty ting to ma pretty laydee. Dis nice

necklash vill increash your peauties shent per shent.'

On his entrance, it struck me as a curiosity to see a Jew with blue eyes; and I now observed him with a scrutinizing look, when I discovered a small black ribbon under his ear, by which I supposed he had tied on his beard. I saw that he was an impostor; so I rung the bell. The butler, who was passing, entered. 'William,' said I, 'show the gentleman Jew down stairs.'

Mrs. Page came tripping into the room, and, with a loud laugh, said, 'Oh! you cruel wretch, how could you dismiss the dear Israelite so uncere-moniously? I met the poor Jew dog descending the stairs, and hanging his head as if he had stolen some of our silver spoons; so I took compassion upon him, and like a good Samaritan, poured wine and oil into his wounded spirit. Oh! he must be a learned Rabbi, for he talked Hebrew to me; and I, to show my confidence in him, took some of his prettiest trinkets upon credit.'

Lady Beckford entered at this time, and the conversation dropped. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Page said, 'There is to be a sale of exquisite paintings to-morrow. All the world will be there. Mrs. Boyd is, I understand, an ardent admirer of the fine arts; but I will not venture to ask her to view the collection, unless your ladyship will condescend to accompany us.'—'I have ceased purchasing such articles,' replied Lady Beckford; 'but as the sight may be gratifying to you both, I have no objection to spend half an hour in the auction-room.'

Next day we arrived at the sale-room, and amused ourselves very agreeably in examining the pictures. As the heat became excessive, and moving extremely difficult, I proposed that we should retire. Lady Beckford agreed, and we turned towards the door, when who should I see standing before us but the Earl of Glenford. I pretended not to see him: but he addressed Lady Beckford

with uncommon politeness, that I doubted whether he had recognized me. After many compliments, he invited himself to dine with her ladyship, in a manner so polite, that a refusal was absolutely impossible, particularly as his lordship had always been a distinguished guest at her table in her husband's lifetime, with whom Glenford did all his banking business. When our carriage appeared, the Earl of Glenford handed in Lady Beckford, and then offered his hand to me. Still he affected not to know me; but I could easily see the satisfaction that sparkled in his eyes.

Lady Beckford asked who that strange gentleman was. 'Indeed, sister,' replied Mrs. Page, 'I do not think him strange in any way; for he is a most accomplished gentleman. He has an infinite fund of wit, and keeps the best company.' Lady Beckford replied, 'You have been very inconsiderate. I do not wish to open my table to gentlemen, particularly to strangers. If I have surrendered my will to-day, it was under the influence of force;' and she looked at me significantly.—'Tut!' answered Mrs. Page, 'you would not have us to be immured as if in a convent. I hate your stiff, formal prudes. One can derive neither instruction nor enjoyment from their company.'—'Did you,' said her sister, 'wish to select companions for their talents and agreeable manners, I should have no objections to assist you in your choice.'

I obeyed the call to dinner with confusion of spirits not to be described. The presence and good sense of Lady Beckford alone gave me confidence; yet I entered the dining-room with faltering steps. I was seated opposite to Sir Henry Cleveland; and on looking into his face, I recognized the very eyes that had struck me as being so singular in a Jew. The plot was now easily discovered, and our meeting at the auction-room was plainly a scheme preconcerted between the knight and Mrs. Page. Lord Glenford sat on Lady Beckford's right hand, and behaved with strict propriety; yet I dreaded that

he was devising some deep plan for promoting an object which it was not probable he had abandoned.

Shortly after dinner, the gentlemen took their leave, when Mrs. Page said, addressing me, 'Well, my dear, you have quite bored me with your noise. However, you must have amused the gentlemen vastly.'—'I behaved,' replied I, 'as I thought was most becoming; but I do not suppose that my silence would be noticed amidst your loquacity.'—'They are two old friends,' said Mrs. Page; 'but what do you think of Sir Henry Cleveland?'—'I do not think him worthy a thought,' replied I.—'Aye,' added I, 'and the most moral and generous.'—'Poh! poh!' exclaimed she, 'you want a Phoenix, I suppose; but if ever you are inclined to accept of a mere mortal for a husband, you must learn to be less precise.'—'If I never can obtain a partner who approaches to the standard in my scale of excellence,' said I, 'then will I be content to remain in a state of single blessedness.' The entrance of two ladies, who were to take tea with us, interrupted the conversation.

Next morning Lady Beckford and Mrs. Page went a shopping; but I declined going. In about half an hour, a servant informed me that a gentleman desired to see me on business of importance. I ordered him to be introduced, and, to my great surprise, in walked Mr. Frazer. Vexed and alarmed, I stared at him in silence. He walked up to me, and, bowing in scorn, said, 'I trust, madam, that you are in a more reasonable humour than when I last saw you.'—'Sir,' I replied, 'if you have returned to insult me, the sooner you walk off the better.'—'Insult you, forsooth! and the proposal of a gentleman of good family and unequalled talents, to lay his fortune at your feet is an insult! Why, Rose, what would you have me to do?'—'To quit the house instantly,' I replied.—'Aye,' said he, 'you speak with authority—you, who are living on the bounty of——' At this I darted towards the bell-pull; but Frazer interrupted me. 'Hold, miss,

or mistress, or what confounded title is it you have taken?' cried he; 'don't carry it with so high a hand, imagining Lord Glenford does not see through your artifices. You are mistaken, my child,' he said with a sneer, 'you will never catch him; and his command now is, that you never again presume to enter his presence. I will watch over you, and convince you that you must be mine. If you dare to blab, in an instant I will crush you;' and, grinding his teeth in seeming rage, he left the room. Filled with indignation at the machinations of my enemies, I wrote to inform my friend Ross of their cruel malignity, and the impertinence of Mr. Frazer.

Just as I was finishing this letter, the Earl of Glenford entered the room. I coloured deeply, and taking up my writing, prepared to retire. 'Do you fly from me, my lovely friend?' said he. 'Have I then innocently forfeited your esteem?' 'My lord,' replied I, 'I know that neither by birth nor fortune am I entitled to your notice. I thank you for your kindness and politeness on a former occasion. I then flattered myself I possessed your esteem. I may now have lost it, though unjustly; and nothing shall ever induce me to justify myself against loose, vague suspicions. I wish your lordship a good morning,' I added curtseying.

'By Jove,' the earl exclaimed, 'you quit me not thus. I will have an explanation. You torture me. I know not what to think. Pray, my sweet girl, do explain.'—'There is my explanation,' said I, giving him my letter to Captain Ross.—'But this is a private letter,' remarked he, hesitatingly.—'I care not,' I replied, 'if all the world saw my letters. That was certainly written for the use of one friend; but it may serve two equally well.'

His lordship read it over very deliberately. 'There,' Rosina, is your letter,' said he: 'it has rather astonished me. But in all such cases, candour is best. I must confess that I respected you highly; but your sudden departure from Mrs. My-

rick's house displeased me much. Every inquiry relative to your place of retreat proved fruitless; but at last I heard that you lived in private lodgings, under the protection of a gentleman of very doubtful principles, and whose shattered fortunes you had undertaken to restore by marriage with my nephew, who perfectly adores you. All this was related to me very circumstantially, and nothing but a fit of the gout prevented me from sifting the affair to the bottom.'

'I am more surprised than provoked,' said I, looking steadfastly on him, 'at such base and groundless insinuations. Were I guilty of such unprincipled conduct, my answer should be very succinct; for I would tell your lordship that I was not accountable to you for my conduct, and that I had friends who could protect me. But having so far in life preserved a blameless path, and you having frankly informed me of crimes laid to my charge, I will not treat the information with silent contempt.'

'In the first place, you have been correctly informed as far as relates to your nephew, the Earl of Lemington: I value myself too highly upon truth and sincerity to deny it. Yes, my lord, the earl is dear, and ever will be so, to me. This is my crime, and the source of my misfortunes. Without that passion which he inspired, my days had glided on in silent, but peaceful obscurity. Did you know my history, it would rather excite your pity than your anger.'

'Never mind,' said his lordship, presenting his hand, 'let us be reconciled. You are fully restored to my esteem.'—'No, my lord,' said I, resolutely, 'your reconciliation is as fickle as your prejudice. My resolution is unalterable, except on one condition.—'What is it?' inquired the earl. 'It is, replied I, 'to confront me with the authors of those calumnies with which I am aspersed, and to compel them to name my secret and cowardly enemies.'

The earl acknowledged that the demand was reasonable; and if he himself had refrained from

proposing it, respect for my feelings was the cause. A servant was despatched for Mr. Frazer ; and, in the meantime, the earl conducted himself in the handsomest manner.

Mr. Frazer came, with rage and disappointment in his countenance. His lordship began, as soon as he had entered, to express his indignation at the vile stories of which he had been the vehicle. Frazer advanced, and whispered something into his lordship's ear, to excuse himself by some plausible pretext. 'No,' cried his lordship, 'I can listen to nothing but what is open, bold, and honest. Tell me on what authority you presumed to traduce this lady's character.'—'I hope,' replied Frazer, 'your lordship will excuse me. I do not wish to involve people in trouble for what they communicated to me in confidence.'—'That evasion won't do,' exclaimed his lordship: 'explain fully, or expect the full weight of my displeasure.'

'Well,' said Frazer, 'I will make the disclosure. Zeal in your lordship's service led me to inquire into the character and habits of this lady ; so, after discovering her private retreat near Stockwell, I hovered around it for some time. At night, I saw a decent-looking lady come out of the house, whom I accosted, and asked if she knew one Mrs. Boyd. She shrugged up her shoulders mysteriously, saying she was not very intimate with the lady. I prevailed upon her to return to her apartment, where I extracted from Mrs. Boyd's fellow-lodger the particulars, which I communicated ; and I found her amour with Sir Henry Cleveland a matter of general notority.'

'But sirrah,' cried his lordship, in a rage, 'this is not to the point. Why did you misrepresent me, to forward your licentious views ? Why did you this day deliver a false message in my name ?' Frazer now looked abashed, and confused ; while his lordship exclaimed, 'Mr. Frazer, you are unworthy of my confidence. After such a proof of your deceit, insolence, and malice, presume not ever to

approach my presence again. Begone!’ His lordship added, ‘I have long suspected Frazer to be an unprincipled hypocrite. I may be imposed on once, but never a second time.’ I now saw that an acquaintance with Miss Jenkinson was pregnant with the most mischievous effects: and I could easily see through the policy of propagating a report that Sir Henry Cleveland and I were connected, as the surest way of facilitating such an event. But as my letter, which the earl had perused, contained the scene with the Jew, and my conviction that it was Sir Henry in disguise, I stood completely exonerated from this charge.

‘Now,’ said the Earl of Glenford, ‘I hope you will re-admit me among your friends. But, if required, I will make an atonement for harbouring any surmise to your disadvantage.’—‘My lord, it is proper that you should know the person well whom you propose to honour with your friendship. You should not be kept in ignorance that she is merely a poor woodman’s daughter.’—‘I knew and admired you before I was acquainted with this circumstance, and——’ But at this instant, Lady Beckford and Mrs. Page entered; and I was glad of the accident.

In the evening, when Lady Beckford and I were sitting together: ‘I think, my dear,’ said she, ‘that you have completely rivetted his lordship’s attention to-day. But there is no danger; for while you continue to respect yourself, you will be respected.’—‘I know that,’ replied I; and if ever I forget myself, may my best of friends forget me.’

Next day Mrs. Page abruptly entered my room. ‘My dearest friend,’ exclaimed she, ‘save me, or I am ruined.’—‘What has happened?’ said I; ‘do not keep me in suspense. Let me know the worst.’—‘Well then,’ said she, ‘promise that you will not lecture me, nor put on a grave, Methodist-like face, and I will tell you.’

‘Well, but you forget that you were ruined,’ said I.—‘Oh dear! yes, and so I am, if you do not

assist me. You must know, I took a hand last night at Madame Delamore's, and I lost a hundred pounds.'—'One hundred pounds!' exclaimed I, 'why, how do you mean to pay it?'—'Aye, there's the rub. Once, my dear, a thousand never disturbed me. Oh heavens! what shall I do? Hark! they are below stairs, constable and all. Really, my dear, I depend upon you.'

I earnestly begged she would explain herself. 'I sent my maid Nancy to pawn my necklace; the same one I got from that queer looking Jew, and my stupid maid went to a wrong shop. I had told her that if any questions were asked, to say it was her own. I forgot that Nancy had no business with a necklace of such value. I should have told the girl, but —'

'Well, instead of going to the right shop, she went to the first pawnbrokers she came to; so the fellow questioned the girl, stopped the necklace, and sent her to prison, where she now is.' 'How do you know all this?'—'Why,' she replied, 'the girl sent me this letter by a porter. She has kept my secret. Now, you must manage this affair for me, or I am ruined with my sister. She will turn me out of doors. She looks very kind, and very mild; but only offend her, and she will figure away so as to terrify me into hysterics.'

'I am sorry for you, Mrs. Page,' said I; 'and were I able, I would pay this debt for you, expecting you would never again be so imprudent. But I can lend you a hundred pounds. The money is not mine, and therefore I must expect payment as soon as convenient.' I handed her one of the bank notes which I had received anonymously. She took it up in an ecstasy of delight, and called me her charming friend, and promised to repay it in a few weeks. Then she said, 'But what of Nancy, my dear? How shall we save her? Leave that to me,' said I.

My poor aunt Peggy met with a serious accident, which had prevented her entering the house of

Lady Beckford. When approaching our residence, the old housekeeper, who always fancied herself to be ill, ordered the chaise-driver to stop at her surgeon's where she had to call for medicine. Peggy thought she would purchase some drugs also, to prevent herself from being unwell: but, in stepping out of the chaise, her foot was wrenched in a hole in the pavement, by which means her leg was broken. I was sent for, and found her laid upon a bed, and the surgeon bandaging up her leg. As removal was dangerous, I agreed with the surgeon that she should remain in the house until cured. I called to see her daily.

I went direct to the police-office to which Nancy had been brought, but an officer asked with great civility if I had any justice business. 'I wish,' said I, slipping half-a-crown into his hand, 'to speak a single word in private with his worship.' The officer smiled and nodded, and disappeared. In a minute he returned, and led me into a private room, saying his worship would attend directly. In a few minutes, the justice entered. I trembled in every joint. 'Do not be alarmed,' said his worship; 'compose yourself, and relate your business fearlessly.'

I then told him the whole affair, without evasion. I was surprised at the knowledge which the magistrate had of all the parties concerned. 'I hope, my good lady,' said he, 'that a hundred pounds is no serious object to you? for I fear you will never recover this loan. 'But I am perfectly satisfied with your candid and honourable explanation. I will order the girl to be discharged immediately.' Just after dinner Nancy entered the dining-room; when Mrs. Page gave me such a look of thankfulness, as fully recompensed me for all my trouble, and the grateful Nancy never forgot my kindness.'

Next day we had an excursion to Kensington gardens. Lady Beckford, with some reluctance, complied. After walking about for some time, we

retired to a covered seat to rest. Here we had not remained long, when an apparition stood before us, at which I started with alarm, and uttered an involuntary scream. It was the blind naval lieutenant, with his rough, boisterous attendant.

‘Hilloah!’ roared the lieutenant, ‘then we have drove them into close quarters, Tom. Hang me! an’t you a pretty hussy,’ continued he, ‘to keep me cruising about in this way? Mayhap you may laugh at the creeks and the corners we have examined, without chart or compass; but if you escape again, my name is not Jack Boyd.’—‘Odsniggers! your honour,’ cried Tom, ‘though they had their studding-sails set, we are now alongside of the enemy, yard-arm and yard-arm.’

Lady Beckford looked surprised, and Mrs. Page tittered; when I stood up and said, ‘My good fellow, why do you annoy me? Did not the Earl of Glenford give you ample satisfaction?’—‘He!’ exclaimed the lieutenant, ‘he give me satisfaction! Blood and thunder! What’s he? A fellow who never smelt gunpowder—a lubber that can’t splice a rope—and he made a Lord of the Admiralty! There didn’t he keep me in the office five glasses every blessed day, to be hustled by a set of porpus-faced rapsallions; and, after all his jaw, Jack Boyd is still only second lieutenant. Hang it, I never thought Nancy would slip her cable, and sheer off to lie alongside of that old swab.’

‘What means all this?’ exclaimed Lady Beckford, ‘Are the men maniacs?’—‘None of your *mani-aches*,’ cried the blind officer; ‘though I am not covered with lace and thingumbobs, I’ll strike to no man whatsoever. By the Lord, Tom, he continued, ‘were a man to call me such names, I’d grapple him. But no palaver. Nancy, I’ll now take you in tow, and bring you to a good birth, my hearty.’ And one of the keepers of the gardens requested the lieutenant to ‘move on.’ He stamped his foot, and poured forth a volley of oaths, while Tom stood ready to obey the signal for an

attack. 'Why do you terrify the ladies?' said an elderly gentleman.

'Oh! dear captain, save me,' I exclaimed, seeing my friend Ross coming up the walk. At the sound of my voice he darted forward, crying out, 'Who dares insult this lady?'—'Odsblood!' said Boyd, 'and who cares a rope-yarn for your captain? Here's Jack Boyd, a seaman, who never flinched from his quarters. That's my squaw, and I'll maintain it; so, d'ye see, I have a right to moor alongside of her.'—'Softly,' said Captain Ross, 'I too have faced the enemy, both on sea and land. Aye, and I knew a brave tar, called Jack Boyd, of the Growler, who was always ready to lend a hand in defence of the ladies.'—'Did you?' exclaimed he: 'well, now you have come across my quarters, and raked me fore and aft. But my lights are out, d'ye see; and I cannot spy your jack and ensign.'—'When you and lieutenant Ross, with a handful of brave fellows, stormed the outworks of Louisbourg, you could see the enemy if he stirred by day or by night.'—'Ah! Ross, my dear fellow, give me your hand. You are as brave a man as ever fought under the English colours; and you know somebody, not behind you: but I am not my own trumpeter.'—'But, Boyd, what is the meaning of this hubbub?'—'Oh! only this. We weighed anchor this morning, and drove right before the wind, without compass or reckoning: but the wind shifted; so we tacked together the Royal George, when Tom sung out that Nancy had hove in sight. Then we gave chase, and run her ashore.'—'Why, what a fool you are, Boyd, to suppose that this young lady is your wife. Why, who does not know Nancy, the bar-maid of the Green Dragon in Plymouth Dock, whom you first saw on Christmas Eve, and married her the next morning? And who has forgotten how Bet Manly, the mantua-maker, gave you a black eye in the church porch? And——' whisht, shipmate,' interrupted the lieutenant, 'tell no more tales out of school. But if this be not my

wife, where is she?'—'Now, my friend,' said Ross, 'if you meet me to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, in Gracechurch Street, I will take you down in the stage to your wife's door in Depford.'—'Let's have your hand, my hearty. But is not Nancy spliced to some land-lubber?' inquired the rough seaman, in a half indignant tone.—'Yes, she was married,' said Captain Ross; 'but her husband is dead.'

'Well, Boyd, if you expect my friendly assistance, you must apologize to these ladies for your rudeness. I insist upon this.'—'Why look ye?' said the lieutenant, 'I've not hurt the ladies, only just chased them into smooth water; and it was this here lady that decoyed me, by showing false colours; for what has she taken my name for?'—'But,' said Captain Ross, 'your master has no claim upon this lady.'—'Well, well,' said Boyd, 'I am sorry for frightening the ladies; but if a few yellow boys——' 'No, no,' said Ross, stopping the poor fellow, who evidently intended to offer a pecuniary atonement, 'say nothing more. Good day, my friend. Remember, to-morrow at ten o'clock.' We now proceeded towards the gate, where our carriage was waiting; when Sir Henry Cleveland stopped before us, and bowed. I instantly took Captain Ross' arm, and walked past without noticing him. No doubt Mrs. Page had planned this walk in the gardens, for the purpose of introducing her friend; but her design miscarried, for Lady Beckford's coldness induced him to take his leave at the gate.

'What is the meaning of the singular scene I have just witnessed?' inquired Lady Beckford. This induced me to relate all the particulars of the blind man's former visit, at which her ladyship was much amused. I expressed my surprise at Captain Ross' unexpected appearance, and also at his intimate knowledge of my would-be husband. He replied that he had arrived in town only the preceding evening; and that, on calling to pay his respects to me, he was informed that I had gone to Ken-

sington Gardens, on which he took coach, and had fortunately discovered us at a very critical time; for,' added he, 'poor Boyd is as boisterous and unruly as the elements with which he has been long contending. He married, as I before hinted, in a kind of frolic. His wife was a very handsome girl; but going to Newry in Ireland, where her sister lived, either Boyd knew not of her removal, or he neglected to write. Mrs. Boyd now keeps a public house at Deptford, a situation for which she is peculiarly well adapted; and I doubt not but that she will render both her long-lost lover, and his man Friday, very comfortable.'

My kind friend contrived, in the course of the evening, to inform me that intelligence of the safe arrival of the Earl of Lemington had been received at the office of the secretary of state. This news raised my spirits. I forgot the fright I had received at the gardens; and even Lady Beckford observed the buoyancy of spirits, which she mistakenly attributed to the presence of Captain Ross.

When we returned from the opera, Captain Ross described with inimitable humour the scene of the meeting and reconciliation of Mr. Boyd and his spouse. Every thing had been satisfactorily settled; and he left Tom roaring out a sea-song over a bowl of punch. 'It is a pity,' remarked I, 'that Mrs. Boyd was deceived into a belief of her husband's death.'—'Yes,' said Ross, 'but neither Boyd nor his Nancy cares a straw about the matter. They are merely grown children, who eagerly enjoy the present moment, without thinking of the past, or caring for the future.'

Next day, my worthy friend, the clergyman of South Lambeth, called upon me; Lady Beckford and he saluted each other like old acquaintances, and her ladyship insisted that he should stay to dinner, and he acquiesced with the proposal. At dinner, our clerical friend acquitted himself with much pleasantry; and he acquired the good opinion

of Mrs. Page. After dinner, he amused us with a variety of interesting anecdotes.

Lady Beckford having gone early into the country next morning, Mrs. Page and I breakfasted together. 'Some people,' said she, 'make a wonderful fuss about their good deeds. They are always blowing the trumpet before them. I hate such hypocrites, and never can bear to talk of my good works. But, just now, I cannot resist the temptation of permitting you to partake in the pleasure of making a poor family happy. Last Tuesday, a labourer who lived near the Seven Dials, fell off a ladder, and was killed on the spot. When his corpse was carried home, his wife was taken very ill, and soon after delivered of twins, which, with eight small children she had before, made up a family of ten orphans. The poor woman would have died, if I and a friend of mine had not assisted her. She, poor woman, is extremely ill, but I hope will not die, though the chance of her recovery is small indeed. I am going to steal out to visit her, and you shall accompany me.'—'With all my heart, my dear Mrs. Page,' said I. 'You have a good heart, I find; and, if your company and amusements had been better selected, would have appeared an attractive and amiable character to every one whose good opinion is really valuable.'—'Tut! tut!' replied she, peevishly, 'you are always vexing me with your sermonizing stuff. You suppose, I fancy, that you monopolize all the female virtue in town.'—'Well, now,' said I, in a soothing tone, 'do not be offended. Your charity in this affair is more than sufficient to cover a multitude of little errors.'

We were presently on our road to the house of mourning. Mrs. Page held a ticket, with the number of the house upon it. After much inquiry, the door was pointed out to us. When we entered, a scene of great wretchedness was presented to our eyes. The little, starved, squalid-looking children were all huddled together around the mother, who

lay on a bed of straw, with a single blanket upon it. Mrs. Page entered with a confident air, saying, 'Your name is Thompson, I think?'—'Yes,' replied the poor woman, 'I have, during twelve years, been known by that dear name.'—'You are very ill, are you not?' The sick widow shook her head. 'Aye, lady,' said a poor, clean-looking woman, who was dressing one of the infants, 'she has good cause to be ill.'—'But has not Sir Henry Cleveland generously relieved you?'—'There have been no sirs, or great folks here,' said the neighbour woman, 'except a saucy footman, who came last night, holding his nose, and asking some impertinent questions.'—'It is all a mistake,' said Mrs. Page, carelessly; 'but I will put matters to rights.'

She was going out; but I remained, stooped down to the poor creature, saying in a whisper, 'Trust in God, while a tear dropt on her feverish cheek, 'I will see you again,' and slipped two guineas into her hand. The woman looked at me; but her heart was too full to speak. I patted the cheek of the infant that lay in her arms, and then turned to follow Mrs. Page. The kind neighbour, who was acting as nurse, had observed what was passing, and, rising up, made me a low curtsy, exclaiming, 'God bless your pretty face—you are a real lady.'

Mrs. Page overheard this expression, and said to me, 'Oh! you are quite a favourite, I find. You saints have a kind of masonic sign, I guess, by which you know each other at first sight.'—'Really, Mrs. Page,' observed I, without noticing the sarcasm, 'you have surprised me. I thought you had relieved this distressed family; and you seem to be unacquainted with either their residence, persons, or circumstances.'—'All in good time, my dear,' said she; 'you will find I don't do things by halves. I am now going to send a surgeon to the poor woman. He has attended sick families before by my direction; and he is such a benevolent, sweet soul, and such a favourite among ladies of

fashion whom he attends, that he will soon raise a handsome sum for you litter of starvelings.'

Before I had time to reply, she rung at the door of a genteel-looking house. 'Is your master within?' inquired she of a servant who opened the door. — 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, 'but engaged.' — 'Say Mrs. Page waits.' The servant showed us into a room, bowed, and withdrew.

In about five minutes, a little man, about five feet in height, with a wig finely curled and powdered, and a gold snuff-box in his hand, entered. 'Ha! my charming Mrs. Page,' cried he, 'and have you ventured out this thick foggy morning? By heavens! it was a bold undertaking. The clouds are resting upon the pavement, and——' 'Exactly so,' interrupted Mrs. Page, 'I have just emerged from the clouds, and come like an angel of light, with my celestial companion, Mrs. Boyd, to announce a message of heavenly charity to Doctor de Fivars.' — 'Your servant,' said the doctor, bowing to me very profoundly, 'you are certainly of the race divine. Such a benign countenance—such an airy, sylph-like shape—are not to be found amongst earthly mortals.' — 'You are inclined to be merry, sir,' observed I. — 'To business,' said Mrs. Page. 'A poor family near the Seven Dials——' 'The most wonderful thing you ever heard, madam,' interrupted the doctor: 'the Honourable Lady Sydney given up by nine surgeons for the cancer, and cured by myself, root and branch, in eight days. Oh! the murderers now-a-days run about with lancets in their hands, crying out, 'Blood, blood!' Yes, it is, madam, a very strong epithet—a very strong epithet; but a gentleman of skill and science cannot view our modern surgeons in any other light than as privileged murderers. The lance and the knife are never out of their hands. They hack, cut, divide, and scarify Christian flesh, as if people were stocks and stones. Nature has opened her stores, and offered us herbs suited for the cure of every ill which providence inflicts upon the human

race ; but then I must confess there are few, very few, who have been permitted to peep behind the mantle of nature, and to discern her hidden mysteries. I—I have the supreme and superlative honour of being distinguished above all the—— Oh ! you are speaking of the Seven Dials. The derivation of this name is very curious. Those skilled in the history of this island know that it was called, by the famous Phœnicians, four hundred years before Christ, *Baratanae*, or the Land of Tin. This word comes originally from the Hebrew. Others call this *Albion*, from the Celtic, meaning a high or outer country ; though Aristotle, in his immortal work entitled ‘*De Mundo*,’ says—— Now, madam, you must understand that Aristotle was a mighty wise philosopher—none of your modern pretenders : for a fellow now-a-days, whom pure nature and bright science alike disown, if he can but get a certificate from the college of——’ ‘But, my dear doctor,’ cried Mrs. Page, ‘let us discuss the matter afterwards. At present, the——’ ‘Oh ! aye,’ interrupted he, ‘the Seven Dials, as I was saying, is a name or term derived——’ ‘Excuse us at this moment,’ said Mrs. Page ; ‘time flies, and I saw your old patient pass just as you entered.’— ‘Good, good,’ said he : ‘ladies, walk this way. I will hear your case, Mrs. Page, at leisure. At the Seven Dials, I think you said ?’

‘Yes,’ replied Mrs. Page ; and, pointing to a room, she requested me to walk in, and wait a few minutes. ‘I have several important particulars to settle with the doctor,’ she whispered me, ‘and he is so rambling and loquacious with his intimate friends ; but I’ll be with you in a few minutes.’

I entered, and sat down to reflect. I did not understand this business. Mrs. Page was undoubtedly playing off some trick. She had done nothing for the poor family ; and this doctor, so far from being intelligent and benevolent, was, in my opinion, a shallow, flippant, and disgusting quack.

As I was thus indulging in conjectures, the room

door was opened by a servant, who said, 'My master will be disengaged in a minute, when he will have the pleasure of waiting upon you;' and just then Sir Henry Cleveland walked in. I now remembered what the poor woman had said of the spruce footman, and the whole plot was instantly unravelled. I was quickly resolved to treat him with a cold, haughty civility, and rose to receive him; while I felt a glow of indignation spread over my cheeks.

CHAPTER X.

SIR HENRY CLEVELAND looked rather flurried; but he soon regained his self-possession, and stood erect, adjusting his cravat. I saw he was preparing to begin his part of the drama.

'This meeting is very odd,' said he.—'Purely accidental, Sir Henry,' replied I.—'It is, my dear,' cried he, 'and I must seize the good sent me by the gods. I have had the vanity to think, continued he, 'that my rank and my fortune, without alluding to personal accomplishments [and he glanced into a mirror], might have justified me in making proposals to ladies of the first rank; but who can account for the caprices of love? From the first moment I beheld your lovely form, I forgot your want of rank and fortune, and surrendered up my heart to the delicious fancy of devoting my days and nights to the contemplation of your superlative beauty. I indulged the hope that you were possessed of great merit, and am happy that I was not deceived. Let it, then, be my task to rescue you from obscurity and poverty; and, permit me to add, from the dishonourable designs of that fellow, Captain Ross.'

'Dishonourable designs!' echoed I.—'Oh! I beg Mrs. Boyd's pardon. I am afraid I have touched on a delicate subject.'—'You have, Sir Henry,' said I; 'but pray proceed.'—'Then I humbly pray that you would ingenuously confess what you dislike in me; why I am so shunned, and affronted,

and mortified.'—'Amongst other things, Sir Henry,' I replied, 'I hate trickery and bombast.'—'Upon honour I did not expect this. I know not in what manner to address you.'—'Speak truth in plain prose,' said I.

'Alas! my dear charmer,' said Sir Henry, 'your heart,' I am afraid, is engaged; or else you have a mind to deviate from your usual politeness.'—'If my heart be engaged, as you imagine, you will, I hope, cease to persecute me.'—'Persecute you! impossible!' said he! 'if to adore you—if to love you above all things—if to lay down my life, my rank, my fortune, at your feet—if all this be persecution, I must persecute you. Aye, I will tease you with tenderness; I will be your perpetual shadow; whatever wind blows shall waft my sighs to your ears. I will, yes, I will——'

'Go on, Sir Henry,' said I; 'this is really admirable.'—'Admirable!' exclaimed he, peevishly, 'the devil! When will beauty cease to be capricious? Permit me to proceed?' I nodded. 'Finding that without you life would be a dull blank, I——' 'Yes,' interrupted I, 'I clearly understand you. Having desires of your own to gratify, and finding me a retired, unprotected female, you drove me from my usual walks by your rude importunities. You formed a plot to entrap me, in conjunction with your amiable friend, Miss Jenkinson. You are now in correspondence with Mrs. Page; and I am induced, by a tissus of gross, ill-contrived falsehoods, to enter into this house, in order that your knightship might have an opportunity of telling me how you have bemeaned yourself, by stooping to pick me up, and set me aside for your own pleasure and gratification.'

'Nay, by Jove,' said Sir Henry, 'this is too bad. Have I made any proposal to you not dictated by love and esteem?'—'If your proposal, sir,' replied I, 'be honourable, I reject it; for I am sensible of my own unworthiness, compared to a gentleman of such superlative merit. If it implies any thing dis-

honourable, I spurn it with contempt. In either case, we cannot possibly agree; so you will oblige me by dropping the subject.'—'No, my love, I must drop this,' falling down on his knees; 'I must solicit your pardon and favour. Those fine eyes—that beautiful cheek—those lips—that——' 'Nonsense!' exclaimed I, with a look of scorn and anger that in a moment brought the gentleman into his natural posture of erect consequence; when Mrs. Page entered the room.

'My goodness!' cried she, 'who would have dreamed of this? You hear, Sir Harry! Ah! you rogue, what a fine scent you have! And has this gallant knight,' continued she, turning to me, 'been running a tilt against your little stony heart?'—'Madam,' said I, with a grave kind of severity, 'I must return home instantly.'—'Certainly, my dear,' said she. Sir Henry stood, and looked rather sheepish. He durst not offer to accompany us, so we walked out alone. On the road I never opened my mouth; and Mrs. Page, who I suspect had been listening to our conversation, durst not speak, lest she should draw down a reproof upon herself.

During the space of two or three days, Mrs. Page never alluded to Sir Henry Cleveland, nor the poor family near the Seven Dials, whom I had again visited and comforted. At this time, Lady Beckford received a letter from Lincoln, informing her of the sickness of an old maiden lady, sister to the late Sir William Beckford, and who earnestly desired to see her ladyship. Lady Beckford entertained a high esteem for this aged relative, which, combined with regard for her late husband, at once determined her, and she instantly prepared for the journey. After giving Mrs. Page many serious injunctions, and promising me to return in a few days, she set off. I did not feel comfortable at the idea of living under the charge of the volatile Mrs. Page; but I resolved to be always upon my guard, and to avoid company, or the making of visits, as much as possible.

The day after Lady Beckford's departure, Mrs. Page, at breakfast, turned the conversation upon Sir Henry Cleveland. 'Do you know, my dear,' said she, 'that I saw Sir Henry yesterday!'—'I know it now,' said I, shyly.—'Well, to be sure, you are a most provoking creature. Here is Sir Henry, as pretty a gentleman as walks the streets of London, absolutely dying for you; and yet you refuse him the opportunity of winning your affections.'—'It would be labour lost,' replied I: 'Sir Henry can never gain even my esteem, without he becomes quite another person.'—'Did one ever hear such perverseness? Well, now, I think him the finest gentleman I ever knew; and he is celebrated for his gallantry.'—'Yes,' said I, 'he began very early to figure in that line; but I think his gallantry, as you call it, did not please the lord chief justice and the twelve surly fellows whom he consulted on this subject.'

Mrs. Page coloured, and looked surprised; but she soon recovered, and observed, 'You, my dear friend, do not know the world yet. All young gentlemen of spirit commit some few little peccadilloes; but a generous rake always makes a good husband.'—'Do you find Sir Henry generous, Mrs. Page?'—'La!' said she, 'how you talk! But perhaps you want to affront me?'—'Not I; but does Sir Henry really intend to make me Lady Cleveland? He speaks so ambiguously that I cannot understand him; but if he really proposes this,' said I, rubbing my hands, 'it will prove he is in earnest. Speak, my dear Mrs. Page.'

'I do not wonder at your surprise,' said she. 'He always appeared to me so fond of liberty, that I never thought he would marry; but he says that he would be honoured in wearing your chains. He perfectly adores you, and has declared to me a thousand times, in the most solemn manner, that he cannot endure existence without you. You are certainly very pretty, Mrs. Boyd; but you have taken an awkward name. Nobody knows you;

and if you were known, (I speak it without designing any offence,) your birth and parentage would not entitle you to rank in the fashionable world. Now, Sir Henry, dear creature, consents to overlook all this, and to make you his true and honourable wife.'

'Oh! the dear creature!' cried I: 'he is too generous: he is too good. Why do you not take him yourself, Mrs. Page?'—'I once, Mrs. Boyd,' said she, 'heard the praises of my beauty said or sung almost every hour of the day. That time is past, though I do not think I am yet absolutely disagreeable. But you are the unplucked rose: there is the difference. I knew that your feeling heart would express its gratitude when you were assured that Sir Henry's intentions were honourable. Ah! how happy you will be in possession of such a polished gentleman, who can procure you the best company and the most elegant pleasures.'

'The idea of so much unmerited happiness quite oppresses me,' replied I. 'Pray, if you respect me, never say another word on this subject.'—'That would be hard indeed,' said Mrs. Page. 'Why should we not converse about a gentleman who esteems you above all the females in the world?'—'His goodness and condescension are so great,' said I, 'that really, Mrs. Page, the subject distresses me; and if you do not drop it, I must retire.'—'Well, well, you young minx, you will always have your own way. Be it so, then.'

Lady Beckford's maid usually waited upon me after her mistress had gone to bed; but, since her departure, Mrs. Page had sent up her own maid. This was Nancy, whom I had rescued from imprisonment, when taken into custody for offering to pawn her mistress's necklace. I had also conferred some other little favours upon her, for which she appeared very thankful. About bed-time this night, she entered my room as usual, and began to put my hair into curls. She appeared remarkably dull and silent; and before she had finished, I said,

‘What is the matter, Nancy? You look very grave to-night. Are you not well?’—Nancy hesitated, looked frightened, and then stammered out, ‘No, indeed, madam, I am not well.’—‘I am sorry to hear that,’ replied I, in a soothing tone. ‘What is the nature of your complaint?’—‘Oh! I am not ill on my own account. It is for your sake, madam.’—‘You surprise me, Nancy,’ observed I. ‘What do you mean?’—‘I am afraid, madam,’ said she, hesitatingly, ‘that you will despise me for being a listener: but I could not help it; for you know, madam, the Green Room, and the adjoining closet, where Mrs. Page sat down to sew, are divided from each other by a very slight partition only; and when I heard you named, I could not, for the soul of me, refuse to hear what was said, for you have always been so generous and so kind.’—‘But who was it, Nancy, that was speaking of me?’ said I, interrupting her.—‘Well, surely,’ replied she, ‘it was so wicked—but I must tell you all. Only don’t expose me; and if you do, dear madam, only screen me from the anger of Mrs. Page.’—‘Pray go on,’ said I. ‘You speak in riddles.’

‘Why, then, you must know, madam,’ said Nancy, ‘that that bad man, Sir Harry Cleveland, was just now with my mistress. I call him a bad man, for he wanted once to be naughty with me: but I am a poor girl, and if I give up my virtue and my good name, I have nothing left, and must be miserable for life; so I resisted the tempter, and complained to my mistress of his rudeness; but she only laughed, and said I was a silly jade. Well, but that matters not. So, as I was telling you, this Sir Harry called this evening on my mistress; and I thought there was no ill in this, as they sat down to drink a social glass of wine together. So, you see, I sewed away, as I had been bidden, and began to think on the pleasant days I had spent in my native village, when I was a very young girl. But, all at once your name struck my ear. ‘It is

not right to speak of ladies behind their backs,' thought I. So I dropped my work, and moved nearer the partition, where I heard all. Oh! madam, I never thought the world was so wicked.'— 'Too wicked, Nancy,' said I. 'But pray proceed.'

'Well, Sir Henry swore like a bad man, and said you laughed at him, but that he would be put off no longer, for he was resolved to enjoy you, cost what it would. Mrs. Page said that you had some good friends, and that force would not do, but a little stratagem might. So she related what you had said about Sir Harry's intention of marrying you. She told him that you was quite overjoyed at the overture, though on reflection you began to look a little shy again; and she ended by assuring him that nothing would gain you but making you a wife. And then, dear madam, he swore and laughed, and Mrs. Page laughed, for she knew what he intended. So it was settled that his butler, Richard, be dressed up like a parson, and that he be in waiting to-morrow evening, and, if you won't then consent, some other evening, when you are to be married by this mock priest. He is then to take you to his country cottage in Kent, where he says he can safely defy the keenest pursuers. This wicked scheme made my very flesh creep when I heard it; and whatever might be the consequence, I determined to tell you the whole before I slept.'

I answered, 'Nancy, I am obliged to you. Be not afraid that I will betray you, and be easy as it respects me. I know that Sir Henry is an unprincipled man, and that knowledge is my protection. Be silent yourself, Nancy, and do not excite suspicion.' She promised to observe my injunctions; but indeed she possessed a very considerable portion of shrewdness and firmness of mind.

When left alone, a succession of painful reflections and apprehensions crowded upon my mind. I considered the many plots that had been formed to effect my ruin, and the many pretended friends that had attempted to betray me, and almost re-

gretted that nature had been so bountiful in the formation of my person. I happened to be in a high flow of spirits when Mrs. Page conversed with me respecting Sir Henry Cleveland, and had spoken in an ironical tone, which I now found she had mistaken for the language of truth and soberness. This also gave me much uneasiness, and I resolved for the future never to indulge a disposition to wit or satire on serious subjects. These thoughts occupied my attention during a considerable part of the night; and when I did sleep, my rest was broken and unrefreshing.

Next day, the Earl of Glenford made a morning call at our house. He instantly perceived that I was dull and low spirited, and insisted upon knowing what had disturbed me. Thinking that I might benefit from his experience, I told him all, particularly lamenting that I had indulged in a strain of humour while talking with Mrs. Page. I expressed, in strong terms, my sense of perfect security from open attacks; but that, living in the same house with a lady so accustomed to intrigue as Mrs. Page had been, I could not pretend to protect myself from her private plots. His lordship reflected for a moment, and then said that he would advise me to free myself at once from the fellow's impertinence. I replied that I would do this most willingly, did I know how to effect it. 'Why, keep up the deceit,' said his lordship, 'and accept his offer of marriage.' This advice struck me dumb. 'What can his lordship mean?' thought I. 'Does he wish to entrap me into a marriage with this worthless man, in order to defeat the intentions of his noble relative? Or does he only propose that I should procure a promise of marriage from Sir Henry, and then sue him for its breach?' I was lost—bewildered. 'You do not answer me, madam,' said his lordship; on which I replied firmly, 'My lord, the use of deceit is part of your plan. I therefore reject it in toto.' Glenford smiled and said, 'We should all become good Christians, were

righteousness preached from such a pair of pretty lips.'

While he was speaking, the minister of South Lambeth entered. His lordship immediately detailed, with great exactness, what I had said respecting Sir Henry, and added, 'The attentions of such a person are insulting, degrading, and dangerous. I have, therefore, advised our friend to dismiss him at once; for effecting which purpose, it will be necessary that she accepts of his proposal of marriage. But she has rejected my advice with a strong feeling of alarm and offended pride.' Oh! how well this nobleman knew all the workings of the human passions!—how impossible it was to disguise your feelings from the keen discrimination!

The clergyman, I expected, would support my opinion; but, to my great surprise, he said, addressing me, 'I am persuaded, madam, that better advice could not be given.' 'What, sir!' exclaimed I, in a tone of unaffected surprise, 'do you advise me to practice deceit?'—'No, my child,' he replied gravely, 'you mistake. Deceit is an artifice for gaining a bad end. I do not advise you to cheat even Sir Henry; but I think a little stratagem not only harmless, but meritorious, if it tends to check his career of wickedness, and to preserve your own peace and character from the effects of his intrigues. His lordship and I have already discussed this subject; and I am delighted to think that you have treated this proposal with that kind of ambiguous humour which admits of a little counterplot, and which, amongst other things, occurred to us.' He then proceeded to state how narrowly Sir Henry's conduct towards me had been watched, and informed me of several little circumstances of which I had been unacquainted. He concluded by telling me in what manner he could exercise an influence over Sir Henry, and describing how he would have me to act.

Well, what could I do? The matter appeared plain and simple. There could be no scheme to en-

trap me ; and even if there was, I could at the last save myself. I consented, and thanked my friends for the kind concern they had taken in my affairs, when they immediately withdrew.

At dinner, Mrs. Page was more than ordinarily diffuse in the praise of my charms, but always ended her eulogiums by noticing how brief and uncertain was the reign of beauty. After spending some time in small talk, she proposed to sing, if I would accompany her on the pianoforte. In the middle of our amusement, she stopped short, and said, 'We are to have company to tea, my dear.'—'As you please, Mrs. Page,' I answered, 'for I intend to take tea in my own room.'—'What a perverse child you must be ! Now here was I plagued, and teased, and importuned, and flattered, with sighs and tears *quantum suff.* for above two hours, for permission to drink tea with me. These compliments would have been exceedingly grateful to my heart ; but then I knew that all this sighing and sobbing was on account of another. Was that not mortifying, my dear ?'

'I suppose,' said I, 'you are now alluding to Sir Henry Cleveland.'—'Aye, you are right. Who else could show such signs of real love ? I wish the dear fellow would take me. My husband was an old, infirm, cold, ailing shadow of a man, whose very appearance turned one's stomach. Had he been such a smart, spirited young blood as Sir Henry is, I should never have survived him.' 'I pity your case, Mrs. Page,' said I ; 'and, as far as I am concerned, resign the fascinating Sir Henry to you.'—'How you talk !' said she, 'as if true and faithful love could ever change its object. But seriously, my dear, Sir Henry is so ardent, and you are so capricious, that I really tremble lest he should commit any thing desperate ; and I am sure you would grieve all your life long, were you to occasion the death of such a fine gentleman, and one so universally beloved.'—'Now, my dear Mrs. Page,' replied I, rising to go, 'you terrify me. I

shall do nothing but dream of Sir Henry lying weltering in his blood, 'with the murderous pistol clasped in his convulsed hand.'—'Well, but you will take tea with us?' inquired she.—'I shall think of it,' replied I, on leaving the room.

In about an hour afterwards, Mrs. Page came up stairs, to persuade me to join her at the tea-table. At length I suffered myself to be prevailed upon. Sir Henry, who was waiting below, rose and received me with great politeness. I sat down, but I trembled, and my heart palpitated, when I thought of the plots and counterplots of which I was the object. During tea, Sir Henry was incessant in his attentions and compliments; but all this was done with such delicacy, that it was impossible to feel any offence. Shortly after tea was removed, Mrs. Page, on a frivolous pretext, withdrew.

Sir Henry Cleveland began to pour out his protestations of love and honour in vast profusion. He assured me, with the most solemn assertions, that his heart was devotedly mine, and that without me existence would be absolutely insupportable. 'My fortune,' said he, 'is ample, my character unimpeached, and my credit, both in parliament and at court, stands high. I have an uncle, who is now lying ill. He is seventy eight years of age, and has willed me property to the amount of ninety thousand pounds; but he is very whimsical and it would be madness for me to affront him. He urges me to marry a nobleman's daughter, who has been repeatedly pressed upon me. But I loathe the offering. You alone, my dear charmer, can render me happy, or sink me into despair. As to terms, I offer you *carte blanche*; and if you will consent to be mine, I engage to secure your felicity by the most respectful attention to your inclination in every particular of life. Speak—oh! speak peace and joy to my soul.'

'What can I say, Sir Henry?' I replied. 'You overpower me with your eloquence.'—'I wish I

could,' he exclaimed. 'I wish I had the tongue of angels; then might I hope to gain a favourable hearing from the most beautiful specimen of nature's handywork that was ever produced.—'You are a dangerous man, Sir Harry,' replied I. 'You flatter so skilfully, that I think I must listen to such language no longer;' and I rose to depart.—'Then,' said he, 'you will leave me, my life, my soul, my all!—and you leave me to misery, to despair, to anguish unutterable! But it cannot, shall not be,' he said, with energy; and pulling out a fine polished dagger from his breast, he tore open his waistcoat, and presenting the hilt of the dagger to me, continued, 'There is my heart: pierce it, search it to the bottom, for there your image lies hid.' This was done with such a theatrical air, and with such well-counterfeited sincerity, as to stagger me for a moment. On recovering, I said, 'Sir Henry, this is strange. What do you want?'—'I want you to give me hope. I want you to enjoy all that I possess, and to make you as happy as you deserve.' 'Let me alone, Sir Henry,' replied I; 'I do not merit the notice of so great a man.'

'So then,' said Sir Henry, 'I am doomed to hopeless misery. All my vows and protestations are disregarded and misbelieved.'—'You dare not marry,' said I, 'on account of your capricious uncle. What, then, do you mean by giving me *carte blanche*?'—'Not marry you, my love! Do you think Sir Henry is capable of insulting so pure an angel with a dishonourable proposal? Perish the thought! No, my love, I will marry you this very week, this day, nay, this hour;—and the moment the old man departs to Abraham's bosom, I would show my wife in triumph to the world, and present her at court. In the mean time, I have a delightful cottage in Kent, within two hours' ride of London.'—'But I think,' said I, 'we had better wait till the old gentleman goes to heaven.'—'Oh! no,' exclaimed he: 'if you knew the impa-

tience, the self-tormenting cares of a fearful lover, you would not hesitate. Why not make me happy now? At this moment, my life, rank, and fortune lie at your feet. If you refuse them, you will hear to-morrow a tale that will harrow up your soul.'— 'Now, Sir Henry, do not frighten me so.'— 'May I then send for a priest? A worthy clergyman, whom I know, lives in an adjoining street. I will give him fifty guineas to perform the ceremony.'— 'Well, really, I do declare, you are so positive— there is no withstanding you. But you must grant me some time to think.'— 'Think!' cried he, while he was writing a note hastily; 'think!' ringing the bell; 'why, as to thinking——' A servant appeared, who received the note, with the injunction to run, to fly. 'As to thinking, my heavenly charmer, you must think only of the joys, the raptures, the never-dying pleasures of wedded love;' and he attempted to salute me. 'Not so fast, Sir Henry,' said I, pushing him away; 'such favours, I think, should be reserved for husbands.'— 'Well, I submit,' said he, seizing my hand.

Above half an hour passed in these kind of petty attacks and repulses, interspersed with vows of ardent affection, when Mrs. Page appeared. He rose, met her with joy and triumph in his countenance, and announced his happiness? but I thought her looks showed doubt and perplexity. He hoped, he said, he might be permitted to use the house with the same freedom as if Lady Beckford had been at home. 'Oh dear!' I exclaimed, 'how could I have forgotten my dear lady? You must absolutely wait, Sir Harry, until her consent be obtained.' Both now united in showing me my folly, and how Lady Beckford would be enraptured with the occurrence; when a servant announced that the clergyman had arrived.

On hearing this, I confess I grew pale. I was acting under instructions which I could not well justify; and I felt fearful for the result. Sir Henry requested me to take his arm; and, as we walked

out, he rallied me upon my fear and trembling. We were conducted by Mrs. Page to the drawing-room which had been chosen for the scene of action. As I passed Nancy at the door, where she attended by order, the poor girl gave me a look of unutterable sorrow and surprise. The room was large, and but badly lighted ; but, on entering, I could perceive a clergyman, in his canonicals, sitting with a prayer-book open before him, and his face covered with one hand, which supported his head. John, our footman, stood with a book a few paces behind, ready to act as clerk ; but I perceived some lines of drollery in his face that re-assured me. When we had approached the tables, the clergyman rose slowly and solemnly, and began, ‘Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the sight of God, and in the —’ ‘Stop, sir,’ cried Sir Henry Cleveland, ‘there must be some mistake here.’—‘Sir Henry ! is it possible ?’ exclaimed the clergyman.—‘I beg, sir, ten thousand pardons,’ stammered he. ‘This was just a little frolic—no harm intended, upon my soul, sir—just some mistake of my awkward servant—a Christmas jest with this young lady, sir—and, sir, I hope——’

But I permitted him to stutter out no more broken sentences and lame excuses. I now relied on the wisdom and spirit of my friends, and entered into the design of the stratagem. ‘What, Sir Harry, do you now refuse to have me ? Will you not suffer me to pick up your life, rank, and fortune, from my feet ? Do you deny me, your angel too, the supreme felicity of rendering you happy ? And must I never see your delightful cottage in Kent ? How am I to exist after this terrible blow ? Oh ! you cruel, deceitful man—give me that pretty shining dagger in your breast there, and I will do a deed that will harrow up your false soul.’ While I thus rallied him, he looked most inexpressibly sheepish, and I desisted from pure compassion ; while Nancy, without regarding her mistress’ frowns, laughed aloud.

‘You were just about to commit a great crime, Sir Henry,’ said the clergyman; ‘but I will now introduce to you the real Lady Cleveland, whom you ought to adopt as your guardian angel, to preserve you from evil. Come forward, my friends.’ When, lo! a well-dressed, elegant looking young woman, issued from an adjoining small apartment. She had a fine child, about fourteen months old, in her arms, and was led by the Earl of Glenford. Sir Henry started as if he had seen an apparition, and the cold sweat dropped from his forehead.

‘Sir Henry Cleveland,’ said the clergyman, ‘attend to my words; and may the arrows of truth penetrate into your obdurate heart. This woman now standing before you was marked out as the victim of your lusts. She was innocent, unsuspecting, and confiding; but she could not be induced to abandon the paths of virtue and honour, and never would have consented to yield to your importunities and the impulses of her own feelings, if the union had not been legally sanctioned by the rites of religion. Your servant, Richard, was instructed to assume the character of a priest. He was unwilling to lose his place, but he was still more unwilling to commit a cruel sin. I had attended him when he was lying at the point of death of the typhus fever, and he applied to me for advice. I communicated the business to your uncle, with whom I live, I am proud to say, in a state of sincere and unreserved friendship. Agreeably to his desire. I personated Richard, who had been instructed to assume a complete disguise; and I married you, in your own house in Kennington, to this woman, Ann Nelson, who thereby became your lawful wife.’

‘I’m not so simple as to swallow that improbable tale,’ said Sir Henry, rather pertly.—‘But, sir,’ rejoined the clergyman, ‘you shall not only swallow, but also digest it. ‘Richard!’ cried he. On which Richard likewise appeared issuing from the closet door. ‘Did you not engage me to unite

in marriage Sir Henry Cleveland and Ann Nelson ? 'I did, sir,' answered Richard, 'and was witness to the ceremony.'—'You lie, you rascal,' vociferated Sir Henry, 'and I'll kick you down stairs.'—'Sir,' replied Richard, 'I am not inclined to suffer myself either to be bullied or kicked.'—'You shall be dismissed from my service this very hour,' said Sir Henry, warmly ; and it will be for you, Sir,' continued he, turning to the clergyman, 'to justify yourself for performing clandestine marriages. Such conduct cannot be legal.'

The latter replied, 'Big talk, Sir Henry, will avail you nothing. Richard is already provided for, and next week takes possession both of a wife and a public-house. I am prepared to prove the validity of your marriage, and am capable of defending my own conduct. Your connexion with gamblers and Jews has led you to the brink of ruin : and your uncle will save you only on condition that you repair, as is in your power, the injury you have inflicted upon this innocent woman, whom you cruelly turned out of doors when your sensual appetites were sated. All the favours you are to expect can be received only through your wife, on whom, this child, your uncle has settled that personal property which was once destined for you alone. Your attempts to ruin this other young lady were from the first hopeless, though your excessive vanity led you to believe the contrary. She possesses too much discernment and virtue to become the prey of such a man as Sir Henry Cleveland. As for you, madam,' said he, addressing Mrs. Page, 'I leave you to settle the matter with your own conscience. You have endeavoured to minister to the vices of this wicked man, by the betrayal of innocence ; and to bring down disgrace and vexation upon your sister, Lady Beckford, by making her house the scene of an infamous intrigue. I know that you must have been bribed to partake in this infamous transaction ; but I know the necessities and meanness of Sir Henry too well to be

lieve that you will ever be rewarded. You will find, madam, that the devil is a bad paymaster.'

Sir Henry was transfixed to the spot where he stood: he looked pale and trembled. Mrs. Page cried aloud, and wrung her hands in an agony of grief. The poor woman with her child slipped around, and, falling at Sir Henry's feet, clasped his knees and wept bitterly. I was deeply affected, and all my gaiety was dissipated. At last, Sir Henry found words, and, addressing his wife, said, 'That is a d—d hard case. I am finely humbugged truly. But how the devil can a gentleman of my rank acknowledge a shoemaker's daughter for his wife? By Jove, that would be a fine go indeed.'—'Not such a disgrace, Sir Henry,' said the clergyman, 'as if you were to persist in a course of infamous hypocrisy, meanness, and wickedness. At present, Lady Cleveland,' continued he, raising the poor woman, 'you must return home with me. When Sir Henry has had time to reflect, we will hear from him.'

'Oh! I am undone,' exclaimed Mrs. Page.—'There is no person here,' said the Earl of Glenford, 'belonging to the family, except John and your own maid. You understand me. We shall say nothing, but leave you at leisure to repent your connexion with the gallant Sir Henry Cleveland,' whom he turned about to address; but Sir Henry had vanished. We heard him run down stairs, and his chaise, which was waiting at the door, drive off. Thus was I freed from the persevering attacks of a vain, specious, but unprincipled man.

It was the second day after this occurrence before Mrs. Page was visible. We met first at breakfast. I felt ashamed to look upon her, lest I should hurt her feelings; but she was perfectly unembarrassed. When the servant had withdrawn, she said, with much gravity, 'I think my dear, that men were sent on earth to punish us for our sins. For my part, I shall renounce the whole sex. That monster, Cleveland, has given me a shock which

my poor nerves will never recover. Who could have imagined that such a genteel, fair-spoken gentleman, could have been so bad ? Then he is as stingy as an old miser. The creature stinks in my nostrils.'—'He is an intolerable bore,' replied I. 'He holds his purse-strings so tight, that I wonder you could ever endure him.'—'Oh ! I know how it is, my dear. You intend to be severe upon me. But I shall bow my head to the lash, and meekly receive my merited chastisement.'—'You wrong me, Mrs. Page, if you suppose me capable of vindictive feelings.'—'Well, my dear, if you forgive my imprudence, I shall go to church to-day to return thanks, and to make some fresh good resolutions. Will you go ? Dr. Bland preaches ; a most charming preacher, whom all the town is running after.'

I agreed to accompany her to church. The audience was numerous and genteel ; but the preacher, though neat in his language, was so cold, formal, and affected, that I heard him with an indifference that alarmed me, lest I had lost my devotional feelings. In the porch I again saw the same striking figure that had appeared in the door of our box at the opera. His dark shaggy eyebrows were knit in anxiety, while his eyes shot forth a species of consuming fire, which I could not contemplate ; and I started and held by Mrs. Page's arm. Without noticing my confusion, he raised his hat, and made a very graceful bow, which Mrs. Page returned by a low curtsy. When in the carriage, I said, 'Do you know the gentleman that saluted you ?'—'No, my dear.'—'Then why did you recognize him as an old friend ?'—'Oh ! I have met him at Scarborough a few seasons ago.'—'What is his name ?'—'The Honourable Colonel Douglas,' she replied. I said no more. I had heard of Colonel Douglas.

I went again to visit the poor family near the Seven Dials, in whose welfare I felt a deep interest. I was surprised, on entering the house, to find

an elegantly dressed lady, of about fifty years of age, patting the head of the elder boy. She immediately rose, saluted me, and took her leave. Her dress, on a second look, struck me as being rather gaudy than chaste; and her manner as uncommonly free, and I thought almost bold. I had noticed a very elegant landau standing a few yards from the door, attended by two servants in rich liveries. I therefore concluded that they belonged to this lady, who must move in the first circles of fashion.

‘Do you know that fine lady?’ said the poor widow.—‘I do not,’ I answered. ‘Pray who is she?’—‘Indeed, madam,’ she replied, ‘that is more than I can tell. Mrs. Somerston, my kind neighbour, is also anxious to know her title: she thinks there is a coronet on the lady’s arms. She appears to be a good-hearted Christian. I do not like her way of talk; though it does not become me to say so, as she has been a messenger of glad tidings to me and my poor babes.’—‘Has the lady called often?’ I asked.—‘Oh! no, madam,’ said she, ‘I saw her yesterday for the first time; but she lamented very much that she had not heard of my case sooner. She is to provide for my eldest boy in an hospital to which she subscribes, and she has promised to take home and educate my poor Barbara. Her ladyship insists that I should take a green-grocer’s shop in some good situation, and has offered to raise a purse amongst the nobility to set me up; but I am not yet able to move out. Ah! my dear lady,’ continued she, weeping, ‘how wonderful is the goodness of God! He took my husband from me; but he has himself become a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.’ I sympathized in the grateful feelings and joyful anticipations of this poor woman, and returned home pleased with the reflection of so many, who fare sumptuously every day, doing good.

Next morning, I received a card, with a Lady Warrenford’s respects, who begged a few moments’

conversation. I acceded ; when the charitable lady I had seen the preceding day entered. She introduced herself with great politeness ; said she had heard with delight, of my charities and my amiable disposition ; and she would feel proud of my acquaintance. 'I live,' said she, 'very dull and retired, and would highly esteem the occasional calls of a lady so accomplished, and whose character stands so high.'

'I fear,' replied I, 'that your ladyship has been misinformed. My charities are as limited as my means ; and I am too obscure for the world to know or care any thing of my character ; nor have I any pretensions to the title of a lady.'—'Just as I expected : the very personification of modesty. But I will have no excuse. You must dine with me to-morrow, as I wish to introduce you to my Lord Warrenford.'—'I am sensible of your ladyship's kindness,' replied I ; 'but I am living here under the protection of Lady Beckford, and I cannot form new connexions or repay visits without her approbation.'—'Exactly as it ought to be,' said her ladyship : 'But my friend Beckford and I have always entertained for each other the most profound esteem. I wish her ladyship had been at home. We had many little projects on foot for the good of the poor.' After some further talk of this kind, she asked me if I would accompany her that evening to the theatre, for Quinn was to appear in one of his very best characters. I refused, and her ladyship took her leave.

At tea, I was surprised by the return of Lady Warrenford. She ran forward, exclaiming, 'Oh ! my dear Mrs. Page, where have you been for this century past ? I have often talked of you, but always understood you had renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, and gone into retirement. Well, I am sure the world would have been dull without you. And how delighted I am to find you with the excellent Lady Beckford. I do not know how it is, but I think you monopolize half of the

virtue in the world in this house. This sweet young angel,' she continued, looking at me, 'has attracted my admiration. She almost agreed to accompany me to see Quinn to-night; and as you are here, I will accept of no excuses. Come, my dears, make ready.'

Mrs. Page answered in a similar strain, and began to prepare for the theatre. I liked the manner of Lady Warrenford less and less; but I could not refuse to attend her and Mrs. Page, as she promised to bring us back, before the farce began, in her own carriage. We accordingly set off together. I was surprised at the number of gentlemen who came into our box, and laughed and chatted with my two companions. I sat in the front seat, and seldom took my eyes off the stage. At last, a deep, sonorous, well-modulated voice, struck upon my ear. I turned to view the person from whom it proceeded, and was both surprised and alarmed on perceiving Colonel Douglas. I had often heard his name mentioned, but always as connected with some affair of gallantry. His conversation now surprised me, as containing a stronger mixture of good sense, and discovering more marks of deep thinking. When the play was finished, he led us to our carriage. A young gentleman present offered me his hand, which I accepted, and I saw the colonel appeared piqued. I had an opportunity of viewing this gentleman. He was tall and muscular, and about forty years of age. His eyes were dark, quick, and penetrating; his whiskers and eyebrows large, black, and bushy. In short, I had never seen a man that had impressed me so powerfully, except the chief of the Italian banditti. I now dreaded lest Lady Warrenford might have engaged to betray me into his power; nor could I place such reliance upon Mrs. Page, after what had occurred. I therefore tried to excuse myself from dining with her ladyship next day; but being assured that no strangers would be present at a mere family dinner, I consented.

Next day, Mrs. Page and I set off to Lord Warrenford's. The house seemed large and splendid. When the dinner hour arrived, a tall athletic figure entered the room. He saluted Mrs. Page without ceremony; and, when introduced to me, I was honoured with a broad stare. 'And this vulgar and impertinent fellow,' thought I, 'is Lord Warrenford!' During dinner, he talked almost incessantly. He told us of the feats and pedigree of a mare he had just purchased, described his favourite greyhound, cursed the poachers, and informed us how he and Jack Noble, with Tom Dixon, had served a gang who were poaching in Noble's wood. These his companions he dignified by the appellation of 'jolly dogs,' and 'devilish hearty fellows,' from whom he had won a thousand pounds the last season. I was weary of this vulgarity and nonsense, and longed for the time when I could escape from this accomplished English gentleman.

Soon the Duke of Beaufort entered. On seeing me, he expressed his surprise and pleasure in warm terms; but his eulogiums were interrupted by the appearance of Colonel Douglas, whose attentions were incessant. I behaved to both with unaffected civility, but with great reserve. Cards were proposed; but I pleaded illness, which was true, and begged to retire. The duke watched all my motions; but I eluded his vigilance, and drove home, without taking formal leave.

I had received no news lately respecting Lemington. The sight of the Duke of Beaufort brought fresh into my mind the mental suffering I had endured from the fond jealousy of my lover. I felt apprehensive that the company I was then in, as well as some former incidents, might be converted by my enemies into charges pregnant with suspicious results, and I resolved to redouble my circumspection.

During two days, I spent my time in calculating how long time the Earl of Lemington would probably require to finish his business, in what time a

passage home might be effected, and under what circumstances our happy meeting would occur. I had also received a letter from Captain Ross, stating that he would leave Aberdeen in about ten days, and requesting to know if I had heard from America.

The next morning, Lady Warrenford called. She was dressed in a style of great splendour, and pressed us to accompany her to see a fine painting of Christ entering into Jerusalem, which was exhibiting in the Strand. Mrs. Page joyfully accepted this invitation; and I acceded. We examined the painting at our leisure. Lady Warrenford conducted herself with great courtesy towards me, and twice repressed the levity in which Mrs. Page was indulging. 'I am going,' said her ladyship to me, 'to take a peep at the sale of the effects of the late Lopez, the rich jeweller, in St. James' street, after which, we will take dinner together. I am sorry that the rudeness of Lord Warrenford should have been so annoying the last time you honoured me with your company; but we shall not be exposed to-day to any disagreeable incursions. Come, my friend, I want your advice on a matter of some importance to myself.' And she walked off to her carriage. I felt rather vexed; but there was no time for remonstrance, so Mrs. Page ordered our coachman to follow the carriage of Lady Warrenford.

The sale-room was filled with people of rank and fashion. Many very expensive articles were sold at high prices. In a short time we were joined by Colonel Douglas. I answered his bow very coldly. 'Ah! how lucky, colonel!' cried Mrs. Page. 'You are the very gentleman I wished to see; for I am so poor that I expect you will treat me, and shall insist upon having whatever I may fancy.' Lady Warrenford bid for many articles, and Mrs. Page for a few. They both called upon the colonel to pay their prices. He purchased a handsome diamond cross, which the ladies viewed with de-

sire ; and he put it into his pocket. In a few minutes afterwards, while the ladies were examining an article, he turned round, and offered me the diamond cross, which he said he had purchased for my use ; but I refused his present with displeasure.

At length, we left the sale-room, and the colonel conducted me to our carriage ; but while I was waiting for Mrs. Page, she came and said, ‘Colonel, I shall for once trust you with this lady, as Lady Warrenford wishes me to go into her carriage.’ I was offended at this unwarrantable liberty ; but, before I could answer, the colonel was seated by my side, and congratulated himself on his good fortune.

The carriage instantly drove forwards. ‘Beautiful angel,’ said the colonel, ‘how exquisitely lovely you are !’ Alarmed at this abruptness, I was about to answer with severity ; but he continued, ‘I know you will be offended ; but I cannot sacrifice my happiness to my fears. I first saw you when you landed from France with Captain Ross. I have ever since unnoticed followed your footsteps ; but the timidity of love restrained my passion. I also feared that the prejudices which have been excited against me might operate to my disadvantage. Some part of common report is true ; yet I flatter myself I am not wholly beyond a cure. I have suffered for my errors ; and, if the gates of reform be open, I will enter them.’ Here I interrupted him by exclaiming, ‘Sir, I neither know, nor desire to know, any thing respecting your character.’

But the colonel proceeded. ‘I was uncontrolled master of myself and my estates at the age of twenty-two ; and I had no wise friend to direct my footsteps. Pleasure opened all her alluring stores ; and I was fascinated by the blandishments of the enchantress, and preferred the intoxicating joys of love and wine to self-denial. The choice, though unwise, was natural. But what is your opinion ?’

‘I have no opinion on the subject,’ I replied.—‘I

confess,' said he, 'that the subject is abrupt.'— 'And very impertinent, sir,' said I. 'I must request that you will say no more.'— 'Loveliest of women, why this contempt?' exclaimed he.— 'Sir, if you proceed in this manner,' said I, in anger, 'I must order the coachman to stop. Why should I be insulted with your disgusting impertinence?'— 'Oh! you have a lofty spirit,' said he, with assurance; 'but it really is of advantage to your beauty. I think you never looked so killing.' I now drew myself up in the attitude of offended dignity, and suffered this libertine to proceed without interruption. Then he dropped his rudeness, and began fawning; but I was invulnerable to both species of attack.

We arrived at Lady Warrenford's at the hour of dinner. There were no strangers except Colonel Douglas; and he then behaved with politeness and respect towards me. I was silent and offended; but Lady Warrenford appeared not to notice it, and Mrs. Page rattled away in her usual style.

After dinner, the Colonel took his leave, pretending that he had an indispensable engagement. Mrs. Page left the room. She was absent half an hour conversing with the colonel, and my vexation increased. When she returned, I insisted upon ordering the carriage, to which she assented. Lady Warrenford did not make the least attempt to detain us.

When seated in the carriage, I said, severely, 'Mrs. Page, I thought that Sir Henry Cleveland's affair would have deterred you from entering into any new plot, for the purpose of ruining a young person whom your sister enjoined you to protect.'— 'How unreasonable you are, my dear!' replied she. 'If you are so beautiful as to make all the gentlemen run mad that see you, am I to be blamed? Now you have captivated the heart of Colonel Douglas; and I am to be held criminal, because I have not prevented it from taking place.'

'I do not wish to hear this person mentioned,'

said I, 'I desire to know nothing about him.'—'Nay, you must not despise your conquest,' said she, 'for Douglas is one of a thousand. None of your stingy wishy-washy fellows, like that miserable poltroon, Sir Harry; but a gentleman of generosity and spirit, who fears the face of no man, and of no woman either. He has clear estates of eleven thousand per annum, exclusive of his pay; and I never heard he had any other fault than that of being a terrible rake.'

'I aspire not to such a distinction,' said I.—'Poor innocent,' replied Mrs. Page, playfully, 'how you detest a gallant red-coat! But you will never make your fortune at this rate. Only reflect upon your folly in refusing that beautiful diamond cross. I would as soon take a present from a man I hate as from a man I love. Oh! I can show you lots of presents when I get them from the pawnbroker's, which I received from one blockhead or another. Lord bless me! child, I never cared how many lovers I had, for I knew that none of them could become my husband without my own consent.'

'I am sure you are perfectly welcome to it,' said I.—'You mistake,' replied she, 'I have taken it only under the condition of keeping it until I prevail upon you to accept it.'—'Then you may consider it as your own.'—'Well, I do not believe that,' said Mrs. Page, 'for the colonel is not so very abominable. The wretch, to be sure, is very positive, and will have his own way; but a woman might easily bring down his proud spirit.'

When we arrived at home, a servant informed me that a gentleman was waiting. I went into the parlour, where I found my good friend, the clergyman. He appeared very grave, and to have his mind occupied by some subject of importance. He looked at me with a searching eye, and then said, 'Will you pardon me if I address you as an adviser? If you value the opinion of the world, give it no opportunity of fixing upon you as the object of its scandal.'—'What do you mean, sir?' said I

alarmed.—‘I mean,’ rejoined he, ‘that there is society of such reputed profligacy, that it is almost the loss of reputation to be seen with them.’—‘For heaven’s sake, sir,’ said I, ‘explain yourself.’—‘I mean, then, that profligate, Colonel Douglas. Why did you appear with him alone in the park, and driving round the ring?’—‘I am ignorant, sir, of having been driven round the ring; but Lady Warrenford and Mrs. Page were immediately behind us.’—‘You are mistaken, my friend,’ said he; ‘you were alone when I saw you in the park.’

I quickly saw the trick that had been played off upon me. The colonel, taking advantage of my agitation, and ignorance of the town, had adopted this stratagem of lengthening his opportunity. ‘But you mention Lady Warrenford,’ said he, ‘I hope you have no connexion with that woman?’ I then related how my acquaintance with her ladyship had commenced, with all my doubts and resolutions on the subject. He said, ‘I see through the whole plot. Lady Warrenford and Mrs. Page are both engaged to promote the colonel’s intrigues. I fear the poor family you mention will profit little from their benevolence. But avoid this Lady Warrenford. She is a dangerous woman, of bad character. Her husband’s intellects are below par; and he can witness his dishonour with stupid indifference. His property has long ago been either sold or deeply mortgaged; and he now lives in the country, with such sporting gentlemen as can bear his vulgarity; while his lady leads a life of undisguised dissipation in town. She supplies the want of a fortune by the privileges of her peerage, and keeps her house open as a general rendezvous of the most distinguished gamesters, who support her splendour by a subscription purse.’

At this explanation, I was ready to sink with shame. The delicacy and nice sense of propriety always evinced by the Earl of Lemington might receive a shock, were he to hear of the disgraceful company in which I had openly appeared.

My reverend friend, seeing my affliction, now tried to comfort me. He again warned me to beware of the colonel. 'I know him well,' said he; 'and to the rake he adds a peculiar atrocity, peculiar to the ruffian. If seduction does not succeed, he scruples not to use force. It is not for a little, he knows, that a modest woman would undergo the interrogatories of a public court; and he boasts of the policy in warfare of giving the enemy an excuse to surrender.' After much good advice, this kind friend took his leave.

Being anxious to know what my new acquaintances had done for the poor orphan family, I resolved to satisfy myself after dark, for I durst not go out during the day, lest the colonel should be upon the watch. After tea, I walked to the Seven Dials. The poor woman was glad to see me. She said that the fine lady had called with a grand gentleman, covered with lace; that she had ordered her own grocer to supply her with the little things she would want in her shop; and that she had taken away Nelly, her eldest daughter, whom she had promised to make a lady of. I was pleased to see the poor widow so happy, and perhaps I had judged too uncharitably of Lady Warrenford and her friends.

I was walking home, thus musing, when I espied a woman stretched upon the steps of a large uninhabited house. The night was dark, and a drizzling rain was falling. I stopped, and, by the light of a lamp, perceived a white, delicately-formed arm, lying over the foot-scraper. I lifted this cold arm, but it fell down lifeless. I raised her bonnet; but her eyes were shut, and I concluded, from the paleness of her lips, that she was either dead or dying. I requested a person to call a hackney-coach. He readily obeyed, and a coach drove up. 'Pray,' said I, 'help this poor creature into your coach.' The man obeyed, and we lifted what seemed to be a lifeless form into the coach. He then inquired who would pay his fare. I stepped

into the coach, saying, 'I will pay you.'—'Where am I to drive, madam?' demanded the fellow. 'To any of the hospitals?' continued the coachman, 'or to the nearest workhouse?' The woman at this moment opened her eyes, and sighed convulsively. 'No,' said I, 'she appears not accustomed either to hospitals or workhouses.'—'Search her pockets, mistress,' added the coachman; 'perhaps you will find something that may tell you who she is, and some money to pay her fare.' 'Drive on,' said I. 'Did I not say that I would satisfy your demands?'—'That's enough, madam. Shall I drive straight on?' Then I recollected that the surgeon where my aunt had lived was a humane man, and very moderate in his charges. My aunt's cure had been completed; but, as confinement had rendered her sickly, I had sent her down to my father's, to see her friends and recruit her health. Her room was empty, and in it I determined to place this distressed stranger.

The woman gradually recovered; and, by the light of the shop-lamps, I saw that her eyes were peculiarly soft and beautiful. Her countenance, her air, her shape, were above the common model. She was scarcely, except in the tallness of her person, arrived at womanhood. Her age could not be more than seventeen. As she returned to consciousness, she muttered, 'Ah! where am I?' I tried to comfort the poor creature; but she seemed absorbed in grief and despair. At last she cried, 'Oh! madam, why have you recalled me to life and to misery? My heart would soon have ceased to beat, if you had not interfered.'

At this moment the coach stopped, and I whispered to the disconsolate mourner, 'Here we alight. You will experience nothing but tenderness, and I will nurse you as a sister.' 'Oh! madam,' continued she, 'if you possess the feelings of humanity, suffer me to leave you here. I am too miserable to exist; nor will I live subjected to the scorn of those by whom I was once beloved.'

‘Fear nothing,’ said I. ‘You shall not return to your friends except you please. I too have suffered, and can sympathize with you ; and, if I mistake not, you are more sinned against than sinning. I will try to comfort you, and to screen you from the disgrace you apprehend,’

The coach stopped. I helped out the feeble girl, and, slipping half-a-crown into the coachman’s hand, led her into the house. ‘Show us into Peggy’s room,’ said I to the servant ; and when I had placed the stranger in an easy chair, I stepped into the parlour, and explained to the surgeon how I had brought a stranger for shelter and relief. The good man starting up, accompanied me to the stranger’s room. By his skill and assistance, she was soon revived. She wished to speak, but the servant enjoined silence and quiet ; and we left her to repose. He then accompanied me to the door of our house ; and, though I had got cold by wet and exposure to the weather, yet I never lay down with a more satisfied mind.

Next morning, I hastened to see the unfortunate girl. Her improved appearance excited my surprise. I had seldom seen such grace united with natural beauty. She received me with tears of gratitude. ‘You have saved me, madam,’ said she, ‘from committing a great crime. When snatched by you from a state of exhaustion, I was crawling towards the Thames, to terminate my existence. This was a presumptuous sin ; but I was crushed with grief, and durst not lift my head in hope. This kind gentleman, turning to the surgeon, ‘has taught me to think aright ; and, if you will allow me, I will relate the circumstances which have deprived me of my innocence,—which, to a woman, is her crown of glory.

ANN KERR’S BRIEF RELATION.

‘My father, David Kerr, was a farmer near the Tweedside, twelve miles west from Berwick. By his skill and industry he saved a little money, with

which he purchased a small estate at Norham, worth about twenty-five pounds a year. This, with a farm of about two hundred and fifty pounds more, made a very ample income for him. I was his only daughter.

‘My mother, at the time of her marriage, was housekeeper in the Earl of Roxburgh’s family. Our farm-house was the neatest in the neighbourhood, and our victuals were the best cooked. We never sent butter to the market, it being all sold to gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who admired my mother’s skill in the dairy. An elderly maiden lady engaged our spare apartments. I soon became her favourite; and she instructed me in French, drawing, and music. I also read all the novels in her library, and thus acquired a tolerable education. My benefactress died in my sixteenth year, leaving me five hundred pounds. But I had a severer loss, the death of my affectionate mother, six months afterwards.

‘My father was consoled by the hope that I would, in a great measure, supply my mother’s loss, and smooth the evening of his days. In a few months we were informed that our landlord was about visiting his estates in Berwickshire, which he had not seen since he became the proprietor. Nothing else was talked of but the appearance of the Honourable Colonel Douglas.’—‘Who?’ exclaimed I; but apologizing for the interruption, I requested her to proceed.

‘Yes, madam, this gentleman is the second son of a peer; but an aunt dying shortly after he came to age, all her valuable property devolved to him. He had served with honour in the German war, and at the battle of Minden, took a standard from a strong party of French horsemen, which he carried off with the assistance of only a few brave men. His daring feats were a favourite topic of conversation in our neighbourhood. He was, in my imagination an unparalleled hero, and the most honourable of all the descendants of that flower of

chivalry, the Earl of Douglas, who fell at Otter burn.

‘At length, the colonel called at our farm ; and I was forcibly struck with his military figure and manners, and could not avoid wishing that I had such a husband. I was flattered to observe that he seemed pleased with my person, and that he called frequently at our house under various pretexts, when his eyes were always rivetted upon me.

‘My father excelled in the knowledge of agriculture. He understood the breeding of stock and the value of land, and was proud of being often consulted respecting the new modes of husbandry that were introduced on Tweedside. The colonel soon discovered this ambition, which he highly flattered. Not a day passed but he called to ask my father’s advice, upon the proper rotation of crops upon lands of different soils ; and he never took his leave without lavishing compliments upon his tenant. In return, the good unsuspecting man was loud and ardent in his praises of our landlord. I saw that the colonel’s fondness for me formed a chief motive in his frequent visits to our house ; but he artfully avoided making any declaration of his sentiments to me. The word *love* never escaped his lips ; and I began to fear that I had deceived myself, and was not so beloved as I imagined.

‘Douglas at length saw that the time was come when he might unmask his designs. In our part of the country, the season of harvest is the season of joy and gladness. Alas ! how do I regret our rustic pleasure ; when the kirk-baby, or harvest-queen, was borne in triumph and exultation by the labourers—when the fields and woods re-echoed with the harvest home—and the cheerful horn of ale rewarded the last labour of the reapers !

‘Though regret now can avail me nothing, yet I cannot banish the remembrance of bliss. It was at the close of our harvest, when our neighbours, our servants, and our hired reapers, had assembled to make merry, that the colonel rode up to the door ;

and, hearing the sound of music, he alighted and joined the joyful group, and endeavoured to promote their mirth. He also invited me to join the happy dancers, and honoured me with his hand in two or three dances. When the sport was at its height, he whispered me that he must breathe the pure air for a few moments, and insensibly led me into our stack-yard.

‘How lovely is the night!’ said he; ‘would to heaven I was happy enough to enjoy it!’—‘Are you not happy?’ inquired I.—‘No,’ replied he, ‘and cursed be the prejudices of the world, which makes me miserable! Cursed be those laws that dash the cup of happiness from the lips of the unfortunate! No,’ continued he, with wild abruptness, ‘blessed—for ever blessed be that matchless beauty, that lovely innocence, that has captivated my heart. On which he threw his arms suddenly around me, and clasped me ardently to his bosom. ‘Pardon me,’ he then cried, releasing me; ‘do pardon me, for I know not what I do.’

‘By thus exhibiting all the vehemence of the most intense love, he drew from me the confession that I loved him; and I know not how far his importunities might have been carried, had not my father called me to prepare supper.’ ‘Say nothing to your father,’ said he, ‘I have a long and a sorrowful tale to unfold to you. I will prove the sincerity of my love in a manner that will astonish the inhabitants of England and Scotland. In a little, I will raise you from this paltry thatched house, to ride in your carriage, and to excite the admiration of all the nobility and gentry in Edinburgh and in London.’

‘After supper, the colonel took his leave. The music and the dancing were renewed; but to me the rude, hearty mirth of the company had become wearisome, and I was glad when the feast was terminated. I retired this night to rest, but not to sleep. I had drunk deep of the insidious poison. ‘What could the colonel mean?’ I asked myself.

‘What renders him unhappy?’ But these perplexing doubts were succeeded by pleasing dreams of the honours that awaited me. I thought of the surprise and happiness which my father would feel, and of the envy of all my young acquaintances at my unexpected good fortune.

‘It would be endless to recount the various means which Colonel Douglas adopted to confirm the impression he had made upon my heart. One was a master-stroke of policy. My father’s lease was nearly expired; but, confident of its renewal, from the friendship of his landlord, he gave himself no concern on the subject. But hearing a rumour respecting the disposal of his farm, he rode over to see the colonel. He was from home; but the steward informed my father that the colonel had promised the farm, before he had left London, to the brother of a merchant in Berwick, for which borough his master was resolved to stand at the next election. Highly irritated, my father proceeded to Kelso, where the colonel had gone; but he met him at Coldstream returning. An explanation took place. ‘A gentleman cannot forfeit his word of honour.’ This was the excuse; and my father with a heavy heart, returned home.

‘My dear Ann,’ replied my father to my inquiries, ‘we must leave our farm. The ground which I have so long tilled, and my father before me, I must quit. In this house I was born, and here you first saw the light. I considered it as my paternal lot; yet we must now prepare to bid it, and all the surrounding scenes, a lasting farewell. The colonel’s constant kindness to me has made this blow doubly severe, for I did not expect it.

‘I was grieved at seeing the melancholy of my father. He had not looked around him for another situation, and now he seemed incapable of exertion. Two days were passed in this state of silent grief; when I mounted my galloway, and rode off to try my influence with the colonel.

‘I had scarcely hinted at the nature of my appli-

cation, when the colonel said, 'Yes, dearest Ann, that rash promise has cost me many a bitter pang. My honour I will never sully; but then I have discovered how to preserve my word, and yet gratify one dearer to me than life. All that I have will soon be yours; but I have ordered my steward to transfer the land your father occupies to you, as a small part of your jointure. The writings cannot be ready for a few weeks; but, as I have in my instructions resigned all my claim to the land, it is, of course, yours, and it is out of my power to grant it to any one. Return, therefore, my dearest angel, and request your father to apply again to my steward; and, to gratify the worthy man, I will direct a lease to be made out for twenty-one years. He then led me to where workmen were employed in repairing his house, observing that no expense should be spared to render it a fit habitation for so much virtue and beauty. All now was again hope and happiness, and every thing smiled around us. Our landlord renewed his visits, and nothing was neglected by the most artful seducer.

'A neighbouring farmer, who had a large family of children, fell into a state of melancholy, imagining that he was predestinated to eternal perdition. He neglected his farm, and his friends were compelled to send him to a lunatic asylum. The colonel's steward seized his effects for the arrears due; but the farmer's brother came from Wooler, and, after investigating the state of affairs, expressed his conviction that all might be retrieved if a little time was granted. The schoolmaster drew up a petition; and as the neighbours had observed that I was a favourite with the landlord, I was entreated to present it. Pity for the poor family, and curiosity to know why the colonel had been four days absent, determined me to accept the commission.

'A servant informed me that his master was indisposed; but, on sending up my name, I was admitted. The colonel was sitting in his morning gown, and looked pale and desponding. Oh! how

I wished to nurse and comfort him, and to raise his fine playful spirits. I told my tale, and presented the petition. He then wrote a line or two on a scrap of paper, and rung the bell for a servant, whom he ordered to carry the note to his steward. Then he said, 'All is done as you wish; and before your return, the officers will have quitted the premises. There is a twenty pound note, which may enable the poor woman and her worthy brother-in-law to resume the work of the farm.' I was enraptured with so much generosity, and rose to return him my thanks. Then gazing upon me ardently, he ejaculated, 'What a heavenly creature! And must I die, and resign her to the arms of some rude brute?' Though this was whispered to himself, yet I caught the alarming sounds. 'Are you not well colonel?' inquired I.

'No, my angel, I am ill, very ill,' replied he. 'My heart is bursting with grief. Only place your hand there, and feel the violent palpitation;' and he pressed my hand to his breast. 'I feel my end approaching, continued he; 'but before I die, I will leave you some tokens of my love. Some months ago, I was introduced to a young lady, the only daughter of a distinguished duke. She is a rich heiress. Though a cold, selfish, frivolous woman, she conceived a strong partiality for me. My friends were importunate that I should seize the golden prize; and, though my heart was unaffected, I consented. The marriage articles were drawn out before I came into the north; but when I saw your lovely form, I swore that I would never execute them. One of the ministers promised to raise me to the peerage before my marriage. I have been lately urging him to perform his promise, when I would endeavour to offend the lady who wishes to enslave me, and thus to be dismissed. But my powerful feelings, are so uncontrollable, that every hour seems a day. I cannot survive such long delays. Whilst your indifference, I had almost said your hatred wrings my very heart.'

“‘I hate you!’ said I: ‘It is impossible. I cannot hate you.’—‘This is the language of your tongue,’ replied he; ‘but the cold indifference of your conduct demonstrates the contrary.’ But I need not dwell on the crime and horrors of that evening. I became the victim of seduction. Even at that time I felt some dreadful forebodings; but the colonel threw himself upon his knees before me, and invoked the vengeance of heaven upon his head unless he fulfilled his vows. ‘Yes, my dearest Ann, though not sanctioned by the forms of the church, I consider you as my lawful wife; and I shall hasten to proclaim our union to the world, the moment I am freed from the disgusting engagements in which I am involved.’

‘I believed my betrayer, and looked upon myself as his wife. I loved him most affectionately, and was never happy but when in his company, or listening to the conversations of my father and his neighbours respecting my dear husband’s generosity. At last, I found myself pregnant; but the colonel consoled me by assurances that in a few weeks he should lead me to the altar.

‘At this period, Lieutenant David Patterson, a cousin of mine, came from Leith, where his vessel lay, to visit my father. This noble youth was highly esteemed by my father, and, before I had seen the colonel, had been most distinguished by my favour. He had visited us about a year before, when we had exchanged tokens of love. His appearance now, to remind me of my former vows of constancy, troubled me; but a sense of my situation led me to dissemble my feelings. Indeed, my clandestine meetings with the colonel had initiated me in duplicity, so that I found no difficulty in treating my cousin with apparent kindness.

‘Douglas still loved me, and remonstrated on the uneasiness he suffered at the constant assiduities of my cousin. I threw myself into his arms, and, with tears, implored him to save me from infamy. He was moved, and begged of me to meet him on

the morrow evening, near the village of Swinton. I attended at the hour appointed, when I found him waiting with a chaise, into which I entered, and we drove to Coldstream. From this place we posted to London, and halted at the Colonel's town house. The splendour of the furniture, the respect with which I was treated by the servants, and the fondness of the man I loved so dearly, all contributed to lull me into a state of false security.

'As we saw no company, Colonel Douglas frequently drove me out into the country. One day, our horse, a young spirited animal, took fright, and galloped along the road with the utmost fury; and the vehicle was dashed with violence against a gate-post. I recollected nothing more, until I found myself in a neat bed-chamber, and the colonel sitting by my side. He beckoned me to be silent; and, going out, a doctor entered. In consequence of the fright, I had miscarried; and it was three weeks before I could be safely removed from the farm-house into which I had been taken. The constant attentions of the colonel had increased my high opinion of his character and sincerity; and I soon relapsed into the former scene of gaiety and thoughtlessness.

'One night, we went to the theatre. I was handsomely dressed, and felt vain of my personal charms, which seemed to have been softened and increased by my late confinement. The colonel had bespoke front places in the dress-boxes. Except our places, which had been reserved, the box was full when we entered. I was handed to my seat; but was scarcely seated before the whole party, consisting of six ladies and two gentlemen, rose and left the box. I looked at the colonel for an explanation, and saw him knitting his brows with vexation. At this moment, the box-keeper entered, and whispered to the colonel, loud enough for me to hear, that the company had felt insulted by the introduction of a kept mistress amongst them, and that it was necessary that I should with-

draw. The colonel answered by collaring the fellow, and kicking him out of the box, in sight of the whole house, which joined in assailing us with the most opprobrious epithets. He seemed inclined to brave their anger; but I begged leave to retire, and was followed by loud hisses and yells. On setting me down, at home, he hastened back to the theatre, to show his contempt for those that had insulted him. On entering the passage, I felt so ill that I leaned against a pillar for support. Finding my hand hastily snatched, I beheld my father, who exclaimed, 'Oh! Ann, Ann, God forgive thee!' and instantly darted out at the door. I sunk down, and did not recover until I was carried into my own chamber.

'The colonel was late of returning, and was restless and uneasy during the night. I related my father's strange appearance; when he solemnly assured me that two days should not elapse before he would fulfil his promise. In the morning, after taking a very affectionate leave of me, he promised to return to breakfast. 'Breakfast time passed over, and noon arrived; but the colonel never appeared. About two o'clock in the afternoon I received the following note:

'My dearest Ann,

'I returned to the theatre last night, burning with impatience, to chastise some of those fellows that had insulted you in such an unmanly way. A naval officer viewed me with scorn. I in return, insulted him. We met this morning, and he fell. On inquiry, I find he is your cousin. At present, I am on my road to Dover, and will wait at Calais until I know whether Lieutenant Patterson's wound be mortal. Should he die, you must join me in France until the affair blows over. Yours,

'JAMES DOUGLAS.'

'This afflicting note overwhelmed me with grief. My reflections were interrupted by a servant announcing that a gentleman desired to speak with me. A well-dressed, elderly man entered, and said, 'Your name, I believe, is Ann Kerr?'—

‘Douglas, if you please, sir, replied I. The stranger shook his head. ‘Poor, misguided girl,’ said he, ‘I come to discharge a mournful task. I am the minister who was chosen to succeed the late pastor of your native parish. My first duty was to mourn with an affectionate and deserted parent ; but all in vain. At length, in order to arouse him, I proposed a journey to London, and offered to assist him in reclaiming the deluded sinner. Yesterday morning we arrived ; and your father slipped out alone, and he accidentally saw you. In returning, he met Douglas, whom he upbraided for his wicked cruelty. The colonel answered him with violent threats ; and about noon this day, he arrested your father for his last half-year’s rent, which he had neglected to pay, and had him dragged to prison.’

‘Now I know you speak falsely,’ interrupted I wildly. ‘My dear Douglas is incapable of such conduct. Besides, he could not arrest my father, for he set off to France this very morning.’

‘Ha ! do not deceive yourself,’ rejoined the stranger. ‘I have just now left Colonel Douglas at Lord Warrenford’s house, where I found him gambling with a set of rich, worthless wretches, who know not the end of their creation.’

‘Oh ! my dear sir,’ exclaimed I, ‘where is my father ? I shall fly to his relief.’—‘It is too late,’ said the stranger, with a solemn accent that froze my blood. ‘Your father,’ continued he, pointing above, ‘has gone to his father and his God. He is beyond all human aid. He had scarcely entered the prison, when he heard that your cousin, Lieutenant Patterson, had been shot dead by Douglas. Alas ! his honest heart burst, and he dropped down dead in a fit of apoplexy. I accompanied my departed friend to prison. On the road he said, ‘I find that these repeated blows will kill me ! but you must bear to my dear child Ann my forgiveness.’

‘I heard no more. On recovering, I found my-

self supported by the kind stranger. My waiting-maid was also trying to recover me. I passed the whole night in an agony of grief which surpasses all imagination. I considered myself as a base out-cast from society, and as the guilty murderer of the most indulgent of parents. Peace of mind and tranquil enjoyment seemed to be fled for ever, and I therefore coolly and deliberately resolved upon committing suicide. This horrid determination tranquillized my mind so effectually, that I had a few hour's sleep. I arose, and dressed myself in the same clothes that I wore when I left my father's house; and I prepared to leave a house which had become detestable. In the morning newspaper I read an account of the duel in which the youthful Patterson had fallen. Here I learned that his wound was not likely to prove mortal. 'Thank God,' exclaimed I, 'here is one murder removed from my guilty head.' In a few minutes, a stranger requested admittance on business of importance. His business was a proposal from Douglas to give me a sum of money, and all further communication to cease. I replied, with an air of contempt, 'Go, sir, tell your friend that his wish shall soon be satisfied.'

'My father had given me my mother's ring, which the colonel affected to wear as a mark of his regard for me, I determined to recover this pledge, and to die with it. With this intention I repaired to Lord Warrenford's. The colonel had gone into the country to hunt; but he would return to dinner at five o'clock. I went into St. James' Park to await this time. When the clock struck five, I hurried to see the colonel. He received me with surprise. I upbraided him not—but simply asked him for my ring. 'Ann,' said he, 'I have seen into my folly. You must return home. I will pay for your passage in a Berwick smack.'—'Silence, wretch!' I exclaimed, 'return my ring.' He grew pale, and in alarm rung the bell. A servant entered, to whom he said, 'Joseph, see this insane crea-

ture out of the house. I know her not; she must have escaped from some lunatic asylum.' I thrust my hand into my pocket, but found no knife. I looked wildly around for some instrument that would kill my seducer; I saw nothing; but the servant advancing to seize me, I sprung forward, and seized Douglas by the throat. Other servants entered, and I was dragged out, and led to the corner of the square. This effort exhausted me; but still I thought I could walk to the Thames. On the road I sunk down, where I was found and saved by you, madam, whom I consider as an angel sent from heaven.'

The surgeon joined me in comforting the penitent. He undertook to see her father decently interred, and promised to write to a land-steward whom he knew, to look after the farm, and dispose of the stock. In short, he took an interest in poor Miss Kerr's affair that gratified and delighted me.

On my return home, Mrs. Page presented me with a letter from Lady Beckford, in which she expressed her uneasiness in being so long from home, but as her aged relative had now closed her earthly career, she hoped to be in town in a few days. 'There,' said Mrs. Page, 'you will now be gratified. There will be nothing worn here, for a twelvemonth to come, but grave looks, black crape, and bombazines; and no company but that of our ghostly confessors.'

The news of Lady Beckford's speedy return delighted me. I was sick of the follies of Mrs. Page. My heart yearned towards my parents, whom I wished to serve in their attempt to better their condition; and only the absence of my benefactress prevented me from leaving the follies of fashionable life in town, to enjoy the sweet air of my native village. I now wrote to Peggy, to put the apartment I had engaged in order, as I expected to leave London in seven days.

Just then, a servant informed me that a poor woman wished to speak to me. It was my widow-

ed pensioner from the Seven Dials, weeping bitterly. 'Ah! my sweet lady,' cried she, 'I have lost my dear Nelly, the pride of our family, and the object of my hopes! But I have been a fool: I did not ask your advice, who should know grand folks better than I do; and I saw you did not approve of my rashness.'—'Nelly,' said I, 'your eldest daughter, whom you placed under Lady Warrenford's care. She is not dead, I hope?'—'No, madam,' replied she, 'she is not dead; but if I cannot get her back again, I hope she will soon die: for what is life without a good name? And I hear that Lady Warrenford is a very vile woman, and that my dear Nelly will soon become as bad as a prostitute by her wicked lessons. Oh! do save her from ruin, my kind angel, and I will ever pray for your prosperity.'—'Go home, my good woman,' replied I. 'You shall hear from me soon; and, depend upon it, I will not close my eyes in sleep until I have made an effort to recover your daughter.'

I immediately stepped to the neighbouring police-office, and handed a note to the justice whom I had seen before on the necklace-affair, desiring a private audience. The old gentleman led me into his private room, where I stated the poor woman's case. The justice regretted his want of power to interfere, but strongly recommended the adoption of some means to recover the girl, when he would render his assistance, if necessary, in protecting her from any attempts to take her back to her ladyship's house. I thanked him, but retired rather mortified at the failure of my scheme.

After dinner, the Duke of Beaufort called in his carriage. He brought me a note from the Earl of Glenford, who announced his gradual recovery, and expressed his impatience to see me. His grace asked me if I would accompany him that evening to Lady Warrenford's route. I had resolved to avoid the house and company of this woman; yet I now accepted the duke's invitation. In the confusion of the route, I hoped to find, and carry off the poor wo-

man's daughter; and I hoped to meet Colonel Douglas, and demand Ann Kerr's ring, in such a manner as must sink him to the earth with shame, and save me from his importunities. My resolution in this case, was virtuous; but the means were improperly chosen. We should never tread the paths of danger, when the open high road lies before us.'

At tea Mrs. Page appeared tricked out in the gaudiest manner. 'I have the pleasure,' said his grace, 'of informing you, that my young friend intends to honour me with her company to Lady Warrenford's route.'—'Surprising!' exclaimed Mrs. Page; 'but, mind, I have no hand in this affair. I will never again take charge of Mrs. Boyd's virtue or person, so I wish you joy of your commission.' I wondered at all this. Mrs. Page seemed displeased at the company I had chosen. I knew not then the full extent of this woman's art and wickedness. Conscious that I was about to perform some good actions, I set off with his grace in tolerable high spirits.

At Lady Warrenford's, all the company were assembled. The rooms were splendidly illuminated; and the crowd displayed the most magnificent dresses. There was a profusion of grandeur: bronze figures, Grecian vestals, and Egyptian sphynxes, supported innumerable lights; whilst the display of fruit on the sideboards, and flowers in the recesses, created a rich scene of fairy beauty.

I took the duke's arm, and promenaded up and down the several apartments. On returning into the great oak room, a young girl with a smile offered me some fruit. O the pleasure I felt when I recognized the object of my search. Begging his grace to wait a moment, I hurried the girl into an adjoining recess, and obtained her promise to watch my exit, and accompany me in the carriage to her mother's house. She was a quick girl, and understood pretty well the character of the family in which she lived. On turning to rejoin the duke, I found Colonel Douglas standing before me. My

indignation was aroused, and I said, 'Colonel, I am authorized by Ann Kerr, the victim of treachery and brutality, to demand the——'

But I was interrupted by a scene of general confusion. The defiance of law with which Lady Warrenford had opened her house as a professed subscription-house, had excited the observation of the police magistrates, whose officers, in attempting to detect the gamblers in the act, had been several times repulsed by the porters, drawn up in array at the grand entrance. But, this night, the officers mustered strong, rushed into the rooms, and every thing was thrown into confusion.

The Colonel, when the constables burst into the room, left me with a sneer, and darted through a private door in the wainscoting. Then Sir Henry Cleveland accosted me, saying, 'His grace has run off; but he will wait for you in his carriage, to which, if you have no objection, I shall feel happy to conduct you.' On any other occasion, I would not have spoken to this despicable fellow.

'His grace is not to blame,' said Sir Henry, 'for the officers of police, having a warrant against all whom they may find here, will make no distinction. They seize the first who falls in their way, whose names will be rather disagreeably published.'

He stopped abruptly, and a servant opened the door of a travelling chariot. Four horses were harnessed to it; and I saw a pistol in the pocket of the door that was opened. I started back in terror, seeing that it was not the Duke of Beaufort's carriage. 'Fear nothing,' said Sir Henry, 'you are perfectly safe.' And passing his arm around my waist, he raised me into the chariot; and the postillions drove off at an unusual rate. I was rendered motionless by terror. For some minutes I was insensible. On looking around, I found myself seated between a man and a woman. The former was a fierce, dissipated looking blackguard; and the other was the most coarse, unfeeling, man-

culine woman I ever beheld. 'Good God!' exclaimed I, 'into what hands have I fallen!'

'Into very good hands, miss,' replied the woman. 'Neither Mr. M'Curdy nor myself want humanity; and there is not a gentleman in his majesty's dominions fonder of a pretty girl, than his honour, Colonel Douglas.'—'Douglas!' cried I, 'Oh, my God!'

'It may be very lady-like,' said she; 'but it is very blaspheming to call upon God when one does not want him. And why such a fuss, when you are going into the arms of a gentleman, who loves you as his own soul? Don't he, Mr. M'Curdy?'—'Yes, and better too,' replied he.

'Lord, have mercy upon me!' ejaculated I.—'I tell you,' said my she-guardian, 'there is no occasion for it. You are going to be as happy as the day is long. Is she not, Mr. M'Curdy?'—'Indeed, she is, Mrs. Kelly; and the night too.'—'I assure you,' said she, 'I have had the care of several young ladies for his honour in America, England, and Scotland; and some of them prayed and grumbled as you do: but they soon changed their tone. Oh! his honour is the devil amongst the lasses—and so honourable too.'

'Come, come, miss,' said Mrs. Kelly, 'think of heaven on Sundays, and now think of your own frail body, which cannot thrive without nourishment. Here is a biscuit, and we'll have a drop of something nice to it.'—'No,' said I, 'I don't chuse any.'—'Psha! don't tell me,' said Mrs. Kelly, 'none of your points. You have a long journey to perform, let me tell you; and you must both eat and drink, or do worse.'

'Don't trouble me, good woman,' replied I.—'Houty touty!' said Mrs. Kelly, 'don't be after provoking me with your airs and your tantarums. No, that won't do, honey. I know my office, and will cure you of all this, I warrant you.' It would be a pretty thing, if I did not know how to manage one of my own sex. Why, I am as fond as a mo-

ther when young ladies do as I bid 'em; but if they are opstropolous Mrs. Kelly is the woman to tame 'em. Now, miss, just take this biscuit.'—'Pray do, miss,' said M'Curdy. I did take the biscuit; but, thinking that this submission betrayed a weakness unsuited to my present trying situation, I threw it out of the coach-window. Mrs. Kelly said nothing; but her eyes glared fire, and I never before saw such a demoniacal countenance.

Daylight was now advancing, and we were proceeding rapidly along the turnpike road. The horses had been changed at every stage with great expedition; and as my guards never quitted the chariot, I could not solicit the interposition of the people at the inns on the road. At last, we stopped at a little country inn to breakfast. When the chariot-door was opened, Colonel Douglas offered me his hand. The mingled emotions of terror and anger, deprived me of motion, and I sunk down upon the seat. In a moment I recovered myself, descended from the chariot without assistance, and, walking into the house, cast a glance of anger and contempt at the colonel.

In a short time, the colonel entered the room. 'You see, my dear,' said he, 'the power of love. I found it impossible to live without you; so, instead of falling upon my sword in despair, I thought it best to give you an opportunity of judging of my merits.'—'Of your merits!' re-echoed I, contemptuously, 'rather say of your baseness.'—'Why, that is heroically spoken, I must confess; though I cannot perceive the baseness of designing to make you happy, and myself too.'

'Well, sir,' said I, 'you are, I believe, callous to all sense of virtue. But you will not find me the tame, yielding thing you suppose.'—'O! I know,' replied he, 'part of your notable scheme of resistance. But it is all in vain. The people of the inn know that you are my sister, and that I am your guardian, who have found it necessary to prevent you eloping with a libertine lover.'

These last words were uttered with something between the smile of raillery and the sneer of triumph. I was silenced by his assurance; and I could easily see, by the looks of the waiter and attendants, that the postillions, and my companions, M'Curdy and Mrs. Kelly, had published the story which Douglas had just told me with such effrontery.

I eagerly seized the opportunity to excite the compassion of the landlady, whom I found in an adjoining room. She looked upon me with an air of incredulity; but she listened patiently until I had finished. She then coolly answered, 'I get my bread, madam, by minding my own business, and never interfere with other people's affairs. Your brother seems to be a good-natured gentleman, and I am sure will not ill-treat his sister.'

'Oh! mistress,' exclaimed I, 'if you have the feelings of a mother, of a woman, save me. He is not my brother; indeed, he is not.'—'That may be as it may,' replied the landlady; 'but I would advise you not to be so hasty. Look before you leap. Marry in haste, and repent at leisure. Aye, I know the truth of that wise saying.'

I was now convinced that it would be in vain to persuade this ignorant woman against the truth of the first story she had heard; for vulgar people are always the most obstinate. I therefore turned to leave the room, when Colonel Douglas took my hand, and, with the most incomparable assurance, said, 'The chariot is ready, my dear sister. All this is for your good; and you will yet thank me with tears of gratitude, for my brotherly interference.'

On recovering from my first amazement, I indignantly withdrew my hand, and ran down stairs to implore the protection of any stranger I might see. But, alas! I could see no one except the people of the inn and the colonel's servants. 'Mr. Jewett,' I exclaimed, 'I demand your protection from illegal violence in the king's name. If you refuse, you

will feel the consequences. The landlord partly laughed and partly coughed out, 'Ha! ha! ha! there's a go for ye!' The chariot-door was now opened; and Douglas put his arm around me, and lifted me in, with a suddenness that left me not a moment for reflection.

About noon this day, I perceived a gentleman's travelling carriage was approaching us. Just as it had come up, I uttered a loud scream, and waved my handkerchief out of the window. At the same instant, I found Mrs. Kelly's sinewy arms around me, but had the pleasure to see that the postillions of the strange carriage had stopped their horses. The last glimpse I obtained of my expected deliverers showed me the colonel talking to them into the carriage window. As our chariot continued to proceed without interruption, I inferred that this attempt had also failed.

About eleven o'clock at night, the chariot halted for the first time since the morning. My guards had eaten and drunk well; but I refused to share in their repasts, though now I felt hungry. I also entered the house the more willingly, as I still hoped I should find some persons whose courage and humanity would rescue me from violence. But at this inn I did not see a single soul, except a clumsy, vulgar-looking country girl, who served up the tea with the greatest awkwardness. On re-entering the chariot, I saw the colonel mount up behind. From the sun, I knew that we had proceeded northward; but how far, or in what direction, I could not tell. From the time and rate of our travelling, I conceived that we must have gone at least about three hundred miles; and I inferred from the appearance of the cottages and the country, that we were in Scotland. After descending a very lofty hill, we passed a narrow bridge, which crossed a most terrific chasm; and then rode along a narrow, neglected gravel-road, on the summit of a precipice, and overshadowed by lofty trees. One of the postillions dismounted, and opening a gate,

we entered into a small grass area, behind which stood a strong, gloomy, square house. I started with terror at its desolate appearance, which seemed to adapt it for any work of lawless outrage.

The postillions knocked for some time in vain. The inhabitants of the house seemed buried in a profound repose. At last, I heard the drawing of bolts, the turning of locks, and the rattling of chains. An old woman opened the outer door. 'Are the chambers aired, Tibby?' said the colonel, in a loud voice; 'and are all my orders obeyed for the reception of this young lady?' Tibby curtsied and answered in the affirmative.

Douglas now handed me from the chariot, and conducted me through a small hall, and up a winding stone staircase, into an old-fashioned parlour, where he said, 'M'ss Hawkins, you will consider yourself as mistress here of every thing but one;—that is to say, having taken so much pains to obtain you, I shall not easily suffer your escape. My wish, in detaining you here, is to afford you the opportunity of judging of my character. Yet I will never see you without your permission. The sincerest respect for your wishes will attest my love. Rest, at present, is most necessary. Tibby will conduct you to your chamber.' The old woman made me a bob curtsey, saying, 'You follow me, miss;' and I obeyed. She led me into a roomy chamber, which, being covered with oak wainscoting, was very dry. Two long, narrow windows were screened by old-fashioned curtains, that also concealed the great thickness of the walls. But I was so exhausted in spirits and strength, that I scarcely observed the furniture; and throwing myself upon the bed, it was with difficulty the old woman could persuade me to take off my clothes.

'You'll find the Ha, vera pleasant,' said the old woman. 'What is the name of this hall?' inquired I. 'Aye, aye,' said she, with a look of pleasure, 'this is the brawest auld house on the Borders. Mony a hearty towzle hae our fore-elders stood

within these wa's wi' the English loons, when they cam like hungry wolves to tak our siller, and our kye, but, aboon a', our bonny lasses. When the English thieves on the Borders found they could not ding auld Scotland down, they spoke fair, and we gied them the hand o' fellowship; an' we are now ane people, under ane king, God bless him, an keep him in the right path. I hae lived in the Ha' saxty-sax years; I was born under this blessed roof, when my mither lived wi' the auld squire. Nae harm in that, lady; for he was a canny man, and my mither that's dead an' gane was a God-fearing woman, and she an' the squire was as good as married in the sight o' God an' man.'

'Guid night,' continued the talkative old woman, 'I'll warrant you'll sleep weel. The bed and room are weel aired. Nae ane has slept in it for ten years by-past. Hell-fire Haliburton, as we ca'd him, slept in it last, on that mournfu' night that he selled his estate to Pringle, the Edinbro' writer.'

'Does not the hall belong to Colonel Douglas?' said I.—'Na, lady, the braw colonel only rents it for a time. I wish he was our lawfu' maister, for he is as handsome a man as ever een could wish to see.

I took up the candle, and, after fastening the door, examined the wainscot, to see if there were any concealed doors. I looked carefully into an adjoining closet; and seeing that all was safe, I lay down. I enjoyed a profound repose, in spite of my situation. Late in the forenoon I arose refreshed and tranquil.

My apartments were the highest in the house. The closet window looked direct into a small garden, surrounded by a very lofty stone wall. My chamber window commanded a very limited view, being within a few yards of a large rookery, behind which a steep bank rose abruptly, and shut out the prospect of the adjoining country. In the closet was a collection of English, French, and Italian books; a harpsichord; a variety of music;

and a large bureau, filled with linen, and drawing materials. How odious did these attentions appear to me, from a man I hated.

I then descended to the parlour, where I found breakfast prepared. I breakfasted alone and leisurely. I then viewed the paintings and engravings hung round the room, but was shocked to find that they were all of the most indecent description, consisting of naked Venuses, a Daphne and Apollo, David and Bathsheba, and similar subjects. Mrs. Kelly presented herself at my room door, asking if I would permit her to show me the house and gardens. I had resolved to treat her with cool civility. I thought that, perhaps, I might bribe this woman, as the wicked are the most ready to betray the trust reposed in them. I looked into two or three rooms, and then walked round the garden.

On returning, I read till bed time; occasionally pacing the room, meditating on the means of escape. Thus I spent four days. I saw—I heard nothing. On the fifth day, I noticed that the dinner-table was spread for two. ‘What means this, Mrs. Kelly?’ said I.—‘Oh!’ replied she, ‘if your ladyship’s honour pleases, my master proposes to dine with you; but if his company be not desired, he will not come.’

In a few minutes Douglas appeared in his military uniform, as being that which he conceived would render him the most fascinating. His address was passionate, but submissive; and he received my repulses with respect and even humility. His language and manner were unobjectionable. But I was more than ever convinced that he was a dangerous libertine. After dinner, I demanded to know how long he intended to detain me in custody.

‘I hope,’ he replied, ‘that my self-denial will dissipate all idle apprehensions, and entitle me to some portion of gratitude. I would rather perish than violate the dictates of decorum; though it

will be better to die than thus to live unblessed and unloved.' I smiled scornfully at this hypocrisy, and rose to leave the room; but he prevented me. I could not but admire the uncommon powers of Douglas, whose mind appeared to be richly stored with literary and scientific knowledge.

Two days were again passed in solitude. Mrs. Kelly was the only person I ever saw; and though she treated me with respect, yet my fears increased. The Public Ledger, a London paper, was sent up to my chamber every morning. On glancing over it, the loved name of Lemington caught my eye. But, O heavens! I tremble when I recollect the agony I felt in reading the melancholy paragraph, which ran thus:—

'Letters from Philadelphia, dated the 3rd ult., have been received at Liverpool, from one of which our correspondent has sent us the following very afflicting intelligence. The Earl of Lemington, having official business to transact at Charleston, embarked on board a schooner at New York, with his secretary and two servants. The crew consisted of two Americans and five negroes. They experienced a dreadful gale from the north-east. The vessel sprung a leak, and the crew were obliged to run her on shore near Cape Henry, at the mouth of the Chesapeake. The earl's servants and three negroes were drowned in attempting to reach the shore; but a more dreadful fate awaited the survivors. A gang of monsters in the shape of men assembled to plunder the vessel; but the spirited young nobleman determined to save his instructions at all hazards. A fierce struggle ensued, when the cowardly Americans fled, and left our gallant countryman in the hands of the ferocious plunderers. His face has been shockingly disfigured, and one eye was entirely beat out. He also received a wound on his right arm, which rendered amputation necessary. At last, he was happily rescued by a magistrate, aided by two or three planters, who put the wretches to flight, and con-

veyed the brave youth to an adjoining house, where he remains in a very doubtful state.'

The paper dropped from my hand. A cold sickness came over me, and I tottered to my bed. I will not attempt to describe the degree of misery I suffered during two or three hours. The handsome, the manly, the gallant Lemington, to be thus disabled and mutilated! It was dreadful. Oh! how I wished to be at his bedside, to comfort, to nurse him! At last, a thought suddenly struck me, that this paragraph might be manufactured by the ingenuity of Colonel Douglas. There was some comfort in this. I was now less uneasy, but much perplexed.

On the morning of the tenth day of my confinement, I perceived the gardener, an old man, working in the strawberry bed. I immediately wrote on a slip of paper, 'If you be a man and a Christian, save a poor female prisoner, whom Colonel Douglas detains in this house unlawfully. Write to Lady Beckford, Portman Square, London, that Rosina Hawkins is here; and I will reward you beyond your hopes.' This I tied up in a paper, with five guineas, which was all the money I had; I then threw the parcel close beside where he stood. He stared, looked up at the closet window, and resumed his work. I hoped that he had noticed the parcel fall; but I soon had the mortification to see Mrs. Kelly enter the garden, pick up my parcel, and take the gardener away with her.

In the afternoon, Colonel Douglas solicited leave to wait upon me. I refused. Next day, he renewed the request; and I again refused. 'You don't know his honour,' said Mrs. Kelly: 'he is not to be fooled.'—'I defy him,' was my laconic reply.

After dinner, the colonel tapped gently at my chamber door; and he entered in a state of agitation. 'I have, miss,' said he, 'waited and sighed in solitude, expecting a ray of hope to proceed from the bright star which I adore. I might have treated

you differently ; but I love you too well not to show you the greatest respect.’—‘Oh ! then it appears,’ replied I, ‘that I am yours by right of conquest, and ought to be grateful for all the evil you do not do me.’—‘You are a most extraordinary lady, and must have a very proud, and a very hard heart too.’—‘Hear me,’ exclaimed I ; ‘I am not the timid, weak, yielding being, you must have supposed me to be. Were you as dear to me as ever man was to woman, the situation into which you have betrayed me would tear you from my heart ; and while you confine me here, there is no consideration on earth would tempt me to be any thing more to you than I am now.’

‘Make no rash or foolish resolutions,’ said the colonel. Your character is now irretrievably gone. Every body knows that you eloped with me, and that you persisted, contrary to the wishes of Mrs. Page, to attend Lady Warrenford’s route. Perhaps you may blame me for all this ; but it is in vain that you oppose fate, by which you are destined for my arms.’—‘Thou despicable, wicked wretch,’ I exclaimed, ‘how I loath thee ! Go—avoid my sight, and shroud thy guilty head in darkness : then reflect upon thy cruelties to poor Ann Kerr, and her murdered father. Repent thee of all thy falsehoods, crimes, and pollutions, which render thee unworthy to live. Go—for if thou insultest me by thy hateful presence, God, the avenger of innocence, only knows how soon thou mayest be made to expiate thy sins.’

‘I find you are in a state of high excitement,’ said he. ‘I will therefore leave you to reflect upon matters, and to-morrow will hope to find you more reasonable.’—‘I despise thy threats, and will never bend to thy power,’ replied I. Douglas gave me a look indicative of fury, and hastily walked out of the room.

I now saw that matters were drawing to a crisis, and that no time should be lost. I had discovered the marks of a door in the wainscotting. I also

had found in a table-drawer a small dagger, which I concealed in my pocket; and every night I laid it under my pillow, being determined to defend my honour to the last. The possession of this small instrument calmed my mind.

The only way of escape was by the window, which was so high, that, even now I cannot think of it without shuddering. But as no time was to be lost, I began to cut up the sheets into long slips, which I twined and sewed together. Then I extinguished my candle, and on looking through the window of the closet, I saw the figure of a man walking in the garden. I saw that it was the colonel. He walked up and down the garden for two hours, when he disappeared. I waited an hour after this, when, hearing no sound, I prepared for my dangerous descent. I carefully fastened the end of my rope of linen; and, with a prayer to heaven for help, I crept out of the window, and began to descend. This was hastened by the barking of a fierce mastiff dog, which was let loose in the garden every night. My hands suffered by coming into contact with the old stone walls of the house; but at last I gained the top of the garden wall, upon which I sat down to take my breath. It was very lofty; but, fortunately, a quantity of manure lay upon the outside, just below where I sat. Then I swung myself with one arm from the top of the wall, and dropped down upon the heap; for a moment I was stunned; but when I arose, I found, to my great joy, that none of my bones were broken, nor had I suffered any serious injury.

As the dog continued to bark, I walked quickly forward; and, after climbing over the gate that led into the road, I ran with all my might. It was dark; but I found the bridge which I mentioned before, which I passed, and continued walking on with great speed, stopping occasionally to listen if any one was behind me. At day-light I thought it safest to leave the road, and to cross the country by a narrow lane upon my right.

I walked along this lane for a long way, but could see no human habitations, except two or three poor cottages. At length, I saw two young women returning across a field from milking, and I resolved to follow them. On entering the next field, I gained the rising ground, a neat little village was near. As soon as I was discovered by the villagers the houses were emptied of both men and women, who regarded me with the utmost curiosity. My muslin dress, soiled with manure and the dirty roads I had passed, and the slight fancy hat on my head appeared a very odd dress for a solitary traveller. I was hesitating which house I should venture into, when, looking behind, I saw two horsemen galloping up the road towards the village, and shouting. 'I am pursued and lost,' I thought; and seeing a genteel house before me, I ran towards it, darted through the flower-garden, and rushing into an apartment, exclaimed, 'Save—oh! save me from a ruffian.' This was the last convulsive effort of nature, for I instantly sank down upon the floor.

On recovering my recollection, I found myself laid upon a bed in a very handsome chamber. My brain felt as if on fire—frightful figures flitted before my eyes—and the room and the furniture were succeeded by other strange scenes. I thought I saw a woman standing beside me. 'Hush!' said I, 'speak low, or the colonel will hear. He will carry you away to his den. But since I died, I am happy: he cannot catch me now. See how the imps grin at me. But stop—Lemington will be here by and by, and then I'll not be afraid.' Thus I raved, as I was afterwards informed.

Next morning, I awoke refreshed. I heard a footstep tread softly over the carpet. 'For God's sake,' said I, 'tell me where I am.—' Silence,' said a sweet voice, 'you must be quiet: it is necessary for your recovery. Be assured you are amongst friends.'—'I have heard that voice before. Do, dear madam, draw the curtain,' said I.—'The doc-

tor says that calm repose is necessary. Be reasonable, Rosina.'—'Rosina!' I exclaimed, 'then you know me.'—'Yes, I do know you to be every thing that is gentle, good, and virtuous. Ask no more.'—'I thought that the world had abandoned me,' replied I: 'no person seemed to care for me. Yet I have still a friend; and shall I not know her.'—'Oh! my dearest,' said the lady, drawing the curtain, and embracing me, 'you shall live; and here you are at home.'—'Merciful heaven!' I exclaimed, 'is this my dear St. Agnes? or do I dream?'—'Yes, you are a little incorrect,' said she, 'for I am not St. Agnes, having now, through your noble friendship, the liberty of calling myself Mrs. Forbes.'—'But why in mourning?' inquired I, raising my head.—'Mr. Forbes is well,' she answered. 'To-morrow I hope, you will be better, when I will tell you all.'

On the morrow I was much better, rose, and dressed for breakfast; when I was presented to my former friend, Mr. Forbes. Mr. Drysdale, the surgeon of the village, also breakfasted with us. He was a man of great skill and extensive reading, and had served as an army surgeon in various parts of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes had been just going to sit down to breakfast, when I burst into their little parlour. My wild air, disordered dress, and pale countenance, induced them to think that I was some poor creature disordered in mind; and it was not until Mr. Forbes had carried me up stairs that I was recognized. Previous to this, a servant had been sent for Mr. Drysdale. He took out a lance to bleed me in the temporal artery, when my nose gushed out of blood. This was a favourable symptom, and the bleeding was encouraged. I then received a sedative draught, after which I had slept for nearly eighteen hours.

'But how do you happen to be living in this country?' inquired I. 'Long have I been grieved at the strange neglect with which I have been treated.'—'Could either Mr. Forbes or I,' replied

she, 'have been capable of treating you with neglect, we would deserve the severest reprehension. No, my dear Rosina, such a case is impossible. But many circumstances have combined to separate us, until a strange occurrence, has brought us thus unaccountably together.'

Mrs. Forbes said, 'As soon as the order for my liberation from the convent at Amiens arrived, I was conducted by two police-officers to the French frontier. I joined my dear husband and his mother at Brussels. The very first thing I did was to inform you of my joyful deliverance, and to tender my gratitude for your unwearied exertions on my behalf. We then went to Leydon, where Mr. Forbes has a near relation pursuing his studies in medicine. Here my mother-in-law had a severe paralytic stroke; she lingered a few months, and died. I wrote to you again and again, but never received any answer. By attending closely on my dying friend, my health impaired, and I was ordered into the country; and, as our own house is undergoing alterations, we accepted the offer of this house, which is the property of Mr. John M'Nab, writer to the Signet.'

I remained with my kind friends for a week. Mr. Drysdale, who knew my story, had observed a great bustle amongst Colonel Douglas' servants; but as his residence was ten miles distant from the Tweedside, where I now lived, we felt secure, and I walked out with Mrs. Forbes every evening without fear. I had written to Lady Beckford an account of the reason of my sudden disappearance, the treatment I had experienced, and how my happy escape had been effected.

One evening, Mrs. Forbes entered my room in a state of agitation. 'Are you unwell, my dear?' said I.—'No,' replied she, 'it is only a sick qualm, that is now passing off.' She then attempted to be cheerful. I saw something was wrong; and strove to appear lively, though neither of us were good actors. Mrs. Forbes often cast a hasty glance

through the window. At last she exclaimed, 'Thank God, he is gone!' and then she threw her arms around my neck, and burst into tears. 'What's the matter?' exclaimed I. 'Oh!' replied she, 'that bad man, Douglas, has been below. Alas! how near the lamb has been to the tiger.'

Mr. Forbes entered. 'What an unlucky incident!' said he. 'The colonel knows you are here.'—'Did he intimate his suspicions?' asked Mrs. Forbes.—'No,' replied he, 'he durst not do that. I will permit no man to insult me, or to attempt a violation of my hospitality.' I asked several questions; and I inferred the impossibility of remaining where I was. The colonel possessed great influence; and he must have felt deeply chagrined at being foiled by a young woman. I determined to fly from a neighbourhood full of dangers.

Mr. Forbes with reluctance yielded to my wishes, while his wife wept upon my breast. I only remained calm and unmoved, for my mind had now acquired confidence and loftiness. Soon Mr Forbes and I were mounted on horseback; and at my earnest entreaty, he furnished me with a loaded pistol, for I had vowed to shoot the colonel if he attempted to intercept us. My companion was also well armed. Having taken leave of my dear convent friend, we rode off at a smart canter, and scarcely met a single person until we entered Berwick. The night was very dark, though occasionally illumined with most vivid flashes of lightning. The rain fell in torrents; and, amidst the war of the elements, my horse trembled, and once refused to proceed; but I fearlessly urged him on. I feared not the glare of the lightning, nor the tremendous thunder; but I feared the unbridled passions of men. From these I fled.

At the inn where we halted, Mr. Forbes implored me to take some rest; but the mail coach had just arrived, and I determined to proceed instantly: so, drinking a glass of wine, I stepped into the mail. The roads were inundated, and we proceeded with

difficulty. The violent exertion I had made now caused a re-action, and I grew faint and unwell. I thought I would be compelled to stop, both at Felton and Morpeth: but I persevered, and at last reached Newcastle upon Tyne. Here, after half an hour's rest, and drinking some tea, I was so refreshed and strengthened as to be able to proceed. At Newark I enjoyed a long and sweet sleep.

In going down a very steep declivity, near a little town called Chester-le-street, in the county of Durham, the horses took fright; and as the ford at the bottom was swelled with water, and the bridge very narrow, the coachman, with singular presence of mind, turned the horses' heads to one side, and though the coach was overturned in a ditch, yet our lives were saved. Several countrymen and carriers ran to our assistance, and pulled us out of the coach, where we were lying in the most ridiculous positions.

Being refreshed, I proceeded in a post-chaise to the place of my nativity. Oh! how my heart beat within me when I first saw the humble steeple of our church amongst the trees that adorned the rectory! Every field, every house, every stile that I saw, reminded me of some interesting scene in my early life. Every thing seemed tranquil and stationary; yet what strange vicissitudes had I experienced since I left my native home! I had left my father's roof with all the simplicity and inexperience of uncultivated youth; but I was now returning with my mind richly stored with practical and speculative knowledge. I then exhibited all the infantine charms of a mere pretty girl; but now I possessed the superior and intellectual beauties of a woman, whom all confessed had been singularly favoured by nature. When first exposed to temptation in yonder castle, I was fearful, and depended upon the advice and protection of others; very lately, I had been entrapped into a state of still greater danger, yet I had preserved my tranquillity, and depended upon the resources of my

own mind. I had formed the most desperate resolutions in my own defence, and had evidently inspired one of the boldest and most unprincipled men living with sentiments of caution and apprehension.

CHAPTER XI.

I DROVE through the village, and was much surprised at the strange faces that I saw, and I scarcely knew any of the girls and children ; so great is the change affected in a few years, even in a solitary country place. About half a mile beyond the village, the chaise drew up at a small house, and Peggy flew out to receive me. ‘ Oh ! my dear mistress,’ cried she, ‘ how happy I am to see you safe ! you have been so long a coming, and I have had such bad dreams. But, thank God, you are safe here at last.’

My kind-hearted aunt showed me up stairs into a clean, neat apartment, which had been prepared for my reception. ‘ Where are your brother and sister ?’ said I.—‘ Ah ! mistress, you must not be displeased at their absence. If we had known you would come to-day, they would have waited to welcome you. They are both in the field ; but I can run and fetch them.’—‘ No, Peggy,’ said I, ‘ let no person be disturbed on my account. I saw a castle,’ said I, ‘ as I came along. Pray, who resides there ;’—‘ Why, there is the old viscountess and her daughter Lady Vasey, and some company.’

‘ And have I really,’ thought I, ‘ got near my most implacable enemy ? Am I always to be tormented by persecutors ? and is no place to afford me protection or peace ? However, I resolved to walk out but seldom ; and to remain incog. I had no fear that my parents would recognize me, for I had grown much taller since they had seen me ; while my dress, my name, and other circumstances would prevent any suspicion. I had nothing to fear but the malicious inquisitiveness of the Honourable Miss Lambe, now Lady Vasey. I ordered

two chickens and ham for supper. Peggy, who knew that I seldom tasted supper, asked me if she had heard aright. 'Do as I say, Peggy,' replied I. 'Perhaps I may have company to supper.' In a short time I heard the voices of my father and mother below. I was extremely agitated, and wished to throw myself into their arms. I offered up a fervent prayer for their prosperity, and that I might soon be in a situation to acknowledge my friends and defy my enemies.

'Peggy,' said I, as she entered, 'I shall be happy to see your friends, and desire they would sup with me.'—'Ah! madam,' replied Peggy, 'you are too good: it is not for such poor persons to be so much honoured.'—'Do not dispute my orders,' said I. 'You have served me faithfully, and it is proper that I show you my respect amongst your own friends.' Peggy left the room in a transport of joy. When my parents entered, I felt hurt from the respect with which they approached me; and I blamed myself for such deception. I had certainly acquired a dignified air and carriage, which always strikes those unaccustomed to high company with a sense of inferiority; but I had the art of appearing familiar towards those that required encouragement. I asked particulars respecting their garden, farm, and the village. 'I feel some interest in this part of the country,' said I; 'for I was struck with its beautiful scenery when on a visit to a lady in this neighbourhood.' My mother instantly exclaimed, 'Bless me! that explains the matter; for I was sure I had seen you before, so much did your face strike me on entering the room.'

After supper, I mustered resolution to ask Peggy if the good people had heard from her niece lately. 'She is not worth your ladyship's notice,' said my father. 'If she be alive, she is no honour to us; and if she be dead, the sooner she is forgotten the better.'—'Look ye, husband,' replied my mother, 'nobody shall condemn my daughter unheard. She is a very vir——' I said, 'I think, sir, you are

wrong. Where is a poor girl, even if she erred, to find a protector, when her own father abandons her? Your daughter may be rather unfortunate than guilty. Besides, if you reflect on the malice, envy, and uncharitableness of the world, you ought to be slow in giving credit to stories injurious to your daughter's honour and virtue.'—'You are very good, madam,' said my mother, 'to take my poor girl's part. She was always as gentle as a lamb: yet she was envied; and envy, as you observe, can invent tales. I wish to God that every one had your good sense.' Saying this, she melted into tears; and the meeting of our eyes softened my heart to such a degree that I instantly retired into a small adjoining bed-room, in order to recover myself, and prevent a discovery.

When I had retired, I heard my father say to my mother, 'I wonder how you can be such a fool as to be crying and sobbing before strangers, who know nothing about your daughter.'—'Oh! I hope,' replied my mother, 'that the lady will not be offended. But she resembles my daughter Rosina so much, that I could not restrain my tears when I looked at her.'—'You are right,' said my father, 'I was going to make the same remark, only I thought it might give offence. But this lady has been educated amongst high quality, and is much older and taller, and a vast genteeler than our Rose.'—'Aye,' said my aunt, 'I remember very little about my niece; but I would give an eye out of my head to see her only half so learned, and good, and sweet-tempered as my mistress.' I never thought there was such a good person on the earth. I believe it is owing to a few righteous people like her that wicked London is not swallowed up by an earthquake, like Sodom or Gomorrah. I'm sure she is the daughter of some great lord; for you would not believe what lots of fine folks, in grand carriages, comes to see her, with their livery servants, and all that. Yet she has no pride, and does not care a pinch of snuff about the high-

est duke in the land. Sometimes she will not see them; and if they are not very creditable, she soon packs them off with a flea in their ear. When we were hiding ourselves from the vain pomps and wickedness of the world at Stockwell, where you saw me, a fine lady came in a coach. She was dressed in deep morning, and she and my mistress cried very much. She was a sweet-looking lady, and I believe is my mistress's mother. But I would have found this out, if I had not happened my misfortune on the road to her ladyship's house.'

I do not know how long Peggy would have descanted on my high birth, noble connexions, and good qualities, had I not re-entered the room. I now changed the conversation, and asked my father to give an account of the Honourable Miss Lambe's marriage.

SEQUEL TO THE HISTORY OF THE HONOURABLE
MISS LAMBE.

'After Lord Neville's death, his widow and daughter lived for some time at Paris. We often heard that the young lady was just going to be married to some great personage at court; but it seems that when the extent of her fortune was understood, the love of her admirers cooled.

'When she came from London, several very gay young gentlemen accompanied her and the viscountess. The latter, though past the prime of life, is still amorously inclined. She sings, plays, and dances continually; and is seldom happy but when she is conducting some love intrigue. This makes her to be worse thought of than she deserves; for, she has a good heart, and abominates every thing that is mean or cruel. Some gentlemen paid their court to the mother, and others to the daughter.

'Lord Vasey saw the Honourable Miss Lambe at an election-ball, and was so smitten with her fascinating manners, that he was miserable until he obtained an invitation to the castle. Her wit,

her beauty, and her insinuating air, completed her conquest. She had felt piqued at the occasional success of her mother's playful gallantry; and, she determined to mortify her, through the instrumentality of her new lover. 'My lord,' said she, 'I have always been thwarted by my mother in those little schemes of enjoyment that constitute happiness. She has resolutely opposed every offer made me, because no one who has addressed me could find out her foible, which consists of an insatiable desire of being admired. Now, your lordship must pay her great attention, and let her imagine that you give her the preference. This will afford us the opportunity of seeing each other without restriction.

'Lord Vasey agreed to observe her directions; and everybody concluded that he was really in love with the viscountess. Her ladyship shared in the general mistake. Miss Lambe perceived with malignant joy, by her mother's pensiveness, what was passing in her breast: and she resolved to be revenged for all the severities she had suffered. 'She began by treating his lordship with a haughty coldness. He was perplexed, and could not unravel the mystery. One night, he met Miss Lambe in the gallery; and he implored her to inform him by what accident he had been so unhappy as to incur her displeasure. 'I am not a fool; and if I have changed my conduct, I have had good reasons for doing so. I own I had an esteem for you: and now I feel surprised how you can take the trouble of questioning me, when you have a more agreeable employment upon your hands, and which well deserves all your pains.'

'His lordship could not look upon Miss Lambe's fickleness with indifference. Jealousy also filled his mind; and he recollected the polite attentions bestowed upon Mr. Barnet, an ignorant, proud, dissipated nabob, who had just purchased a large estate near. Though old and shattered in his constitution, yet his immense riches rendered him so

confident, that he believed few ladies could resist the brilliant offers he was qualified to make. This thought gave his lordship much pain, and he resolved to watch his purse-proud rival.

‘Her mother, who had been delighted with the supposed addresses of his lordship, was amazed at the sudden alteration of his conduct. ‘What is the matter with you?’ said she to him one day. ‘Are you unwell? Formerly you were gay, polite, and entertaining: now you are dull, and ill-humoured; and one does not know who you are angry with.’ His lordship sighed. ‘That is well,’ said the viscountess, smiling: ‘this sigh is a preliminary of your confidence in me.’ ‘Ah! madam,’ replied he, ‘my troubles are not easily removed. I am jealous, and you can easily comprehend——’ ‘Jealous!’ cried the viscountess, ‘of whom? Good God! no person enters my doors who can give you the least uneasiness. Do you see any favourite but yourself?’—‘Yes, how can I doubt it?’ replied he. ‘Is not the nabob Barnet the favourite?’—‘He!’ exclaimed her ladyship, ‘what that disgusting, proud fellow! He the favourite! Why, he is almost beyond endurance; and if he can give you any uneasiness, I will forbid him my house.’ At this moment, Miss Lambe entered, and turned pale with vexation, fearing that his lordship was becoming serious in his attentions to another; while the mother, piqued that her daughter should witness her lover’s fervour, bid her retire, and not to presume to watch her conduct. The daughter answered that when persons so amused themselves, they ought to provide against being surprised. The viscountess rose, full of indignation at her daughter’s insolence; and his lordship let a word drop, which in a moment explained the secret, when she sat down silent and mortified. Her daughter was the divinity that his lordship worshipped; but why should he have pretended to make love to her?’

‘His lordship, being surprised at her ladyship’s

silence, asked if he had been so unfortunate as to offend her. The viscountess resolved to terminate the farce in such a manner as would save her pride and delicacy from being wounded. 'No, my lord,' answered she, 'I respect and value you very highly; and you have, with evident fervour and sincerity, displayed your affection for me. I am deeply sensible of your great merit; and, did I only consult my own inclination, should have no hesitation in rewarding it. I am free to marry whom I please; but I can always regulate my feelings. I have a daughter, whom I love as a mother ought to do. Her fortune is ample. As your lordship's means are not very ample. I offer you my daughter. Marry her: she is rich and handsome; and though she may have some trifling faults, yet she has a strong mind, capable of correcting them. You hear the determination which my love for my daughter has dictated. Either marry me without any thing, or take Miss Lambe with all her fortune. To-morrow I shall expect to have your decision.'

'Lord Vasey was delighted at what he had heard. He now saw the way open for retreat, and all his prospects were brightened. Overjoyed at what had occurred, he hastened to his own room. Miss Lambe was coming out of an apartment when he was passing; but he saw her not.

'Miss Lambe was surprised to see him pass without noticing her. This was like wormwood and gall to her proud spirit. She actually cried with vexation. All his lordship's good qualities presented themselves to her; and she lamented that she should, in attempting to mortify her mother, have lost the most amiable lover she ever had. She took up her pen and wrote the following:—

'Ungrateful man, is not thy triumph now complete? Thou hast torn the most affectionate heart that ever throbbed in a human breast. Thou hast been the object of my worship, my sole happiness, the very soul of my life. The illusion has now vanished, and I must leave

thee in the arms of my mother. How indelicate to find a rival in a mother ! But I shall complain no more. I was born to be wretched ; and I shall summon all my energies to support the inexpressible anguish of a first love.'

'This note was neither signed nor addressed to any one, and she conceived it to be too important to entrust its delivery to any one except herself. She therefore folded it up, and went up stairs to his lordship's room. Having tapped at the door, a voice said, 'Come in.' Wishing to retire unseen she opened the door, laid the note upon a table, and retired. 'But, in her agitation, she had gone into the wrong room. When the weather was stormy, Mr. Barnet sometimes slept at the castle. When he read the note, he actually danced with delight. Now, however, he fancied he was beloved, and that his mistress was dying of fear and jealousy. But he resolved to make his charmer happy, as soon as he could compose his thoughts. Imitating Miss Lambe's prudent example, he resolved not to sign his name, lest any accident should discover the note, which ran as follows :—

'My charmer,—I have received the confession of your love with rapture. What a pity it is that we should have lost so much precious time, that might have been pleasantly employed. Be not uneasy about your mother. I wonder how you could be so foolish as to think I had any designs on her antiquated carcase. An old coquet, who has no other merit than that of being mother to the most lovely creature in the world. I have got a better taste than to be taken in with her airs. So you may pluck up your spirits you were born to be happy ; and at the first opportunity, I will deliver, sign, and seal this prophecy upon your lovely lips.'

He said to his servant, 'Tom, give her ladyship that letter.' 'Tom thought that ladyship was meant the viscountess, to whom he delivered the letter. The viscountess felt as any woman would feel under such an insult. She saw that the letter had been delivered to a wrong person in mistake, and that it was in reply to some other communication from her daughter.

“Next morning, Lord Vasey entered the viscountess’s closet with such an air of ease and confidence, that her ladyship felt highly provoked at his deceit. But she suppressed her anger, in order to observe how far the impostor’s impudence would go. She was determined to oppose, as far as she could, her daughter’s marriage with a man capable of so much treachery and dissimulation. “I am deeply impressed,” said his lordship, ‘with feelings of gratitude for all the kind attentions with which your ladyship has honoured me, and to say I have resolved to accept your daughter’s hand, which I will receive from you as a pledge of your esteem and friendship.’

‘Really, my lord, I am quite puzzled how to make a suitable return ; but, in an affair of this consequence, I must let the mother take place of the friend. My lord, I am informed that you insinuate yourself into other people’s houses, in order to carry on low, dirty plots ; that you are ever ready to insult those most cruelly who use you most kindly ; and that the baseness of your conduct, instead of entitling you to the hand and fortune of a lady, merits rather that you should be tossed in a blanket, and hunted by cur-dogs from every respectable house.’

Lord Vasey was amazed. ‘Your ladyship,’ answered he, ‘has a mind to be pleasant ; though, for my part, I cannot much relish the joke. Had my conscience accused me of having acted basely, your remarks would be justified ; but I defy the bitterest enemy——’ ‘Hold ! my lord, and do not add to the blackest ingratitude a duplicity disgusting and unnecessary.’—‘If your ladyship be really serious,’ said Lord Vasey, ‘then I beg to say that you have somehow been grossly deceived. I have a right, however, to demand the names of my calumniators ; and, depend upon it, I will punish the impostors as they deserve.’

‘It is of no use, my lord,’ said she, ‘for you to affect the airs of a man of honour. I have unde

niable proofs—of your secret and base proceedings in my house, and——’ ‘For heaven’s sake,’ said his lordship, ‘let us understand one another. You are a lady whom I very highly respect. Do tell me the nature of the proceedings to which you allude.’ ‘Is it possible,’ cried she, ‘that you should carry your impositions to this length; and talk of your respect for a person on whom you have heaped the most vulgar abuse?’—‘Yes, I do aver that I am incapable of such conduct.’—‘And you imagine,’ said the viscountess, ‘that I do not know of the declaration of love which you received from my daughter last night, and that I have not seen your delectable description of the ‘old coquet?’ Go, my lord, it is shameful for a man of your rank to lie so openly.’

‘Miss Lambe,’ replied his lordship, ‘knows that your story is false. I should certainly have rejoiced to receive from her hands a declaration of love; but I have never been so favoured. If, however, this story has been invented as an excuse for breaking your word with me, it is quite unnecessary.’ Miss Lambe now entered the room.

Then his lordship said, ‘I am really overjoyed, miss, that you have appeared so opportunely. Would you believe it, that your mother is trying to persuade me that I received a declaration of love from you last night, and that I have been intriguing with you for the purpose of holding her up to ridicule and insult? Speak, miss; you can best demonstrate my innocence.’

‘Miss Lambe was surprised to find that her mother had discovered her note to Lord Vasey, which she had delivered with her own hands; and also puzzled at the accusation of his lordship having acted so as to ridicule her. But she thought it would be safest to deny having corresponded with his lordship; for which she was rewarded by her ladyship with a box on the ear. Then turning to Lord Vasey, she ordered him to retire, and never again enter her presence. His lordship, stung with

such injurious treatment, rose and said, 'Yes, your ladyship shall see me no more : but I repeat, before this young lady, that all you have asserted is a clumsy fiction.' Saying this, in a few minutes he and his servants had left the castle.

'As soon as Lord Vasey had withdrawn, the viscountess looked round upon her daughter, who was crying with vexation. 'You are very impudent, miss,' said she, 'to deny what I know to be true.' Saying this, she threw her the letter she had received (as she supposed) from his lordship. 'There, read that, and continue to deny what I have asserted. Go, thou art unworthy of my care; and I should act prudently if I were to disclaim you altogether.' Miss Lambe was astonished when she had glanced over the letter, which she also supposed had been penned by his lordship; and, wicked as she was, she felt mortified, grieved, and ashamed at this discovery. She retired to her own room; and, after the first emotions of shame were past, began to contrive means for regaining his lordship.

Mr. Barnet inquired of the viscountess' servants what had happened; and, hearing that Lord Vasey and his servants had left the castle in consequence of her ladyship's orders, his joy knew no bounds. This and Miss Lambe's confession of love, assured him that his victory was complete.

'Miss Lambe was just sitting down to dinner with her mother, when Mr. Barnet was announced. He entered humming a tune, and took his seat with a freedom quite unusual. At dinner, he was excessively attentive and polite to Miss Lambe, who sat with a look of cold sullenness. Her mother, who knew that Lord Vasey was jealous of him, caressed him extremely. The gentleman was so elated, that the viscountess was diverted at his vanity. She also took a malicious pleasure in leaving him alone with her daughter. Her ladyship entered into an adjoining closet, to listen and amuse herself with her daughter's vexation. When

Mr. Barnet was alone with his lady, he began to show off his talents in the art of pleasing a lady; but his advances were repulsed with the utmost disdain. At last, Barnet exclaimed, 'Plague on't! is this the way you show your love?'—'Love!' replied Miss Lambe, very dryly, 'are you run mad? Who told you that I care a straw about either you or your money-bags?'

'Mr. Barnet was puzzled in his turn. 'You are a strange creature,' answered he. 'At one time you throw yourself into my arms; and the next time I see you, I am abused and ill-treated.' 'I throw myself into your arms!' cried she; 'you are distracted, or you never could have entertained such an extravagant notion.'—'I should think so too, but I am sure it was not a ghost I saw when you yourself entered my room last night, and left this letter upon my table. My answer was also delivered by my servant into your own hands.'

'The sight of her own note to Lord Vasey overwhelmed her with confusion. But she soon recovered herself; and on revolving the whole affair in her mind, she saw that the letter which her mother had received had been delivered to her through the negligence of Barnet's servant. She said, 'I once thought that your assertions did not merit a reply, they are so groundless and impudent. As to the improbable tale of a lady entering alone into a gentleman's chamber with a love-letter, I leave it to be swallowed by those who have more faith than sense. Pray, call your servant, and let us hear his version of the story.' Mr. Barnet rung the bell. 'Send Robert, my footman,' said he to the servant that appeared.

'Robert entered; and Miss Lambe said in an authoritative tone, 'Pray, did you see me in your master's chamber last night?' demanded she.—'No, ma'am,' replied he.—'Now answer me truly, upon your life. Did you, or did you not, deliver me a letter from your master last night?' The poor fellow, trembling and looking askance at his mas-

ter, said, 'No, ma'am, I gave you no letter. 'What!' exclaimed Mr. Barnet, 'did you not deliver my letter as ordered?'—'No, sir,' replied he, 'I gave it to Tom to take.'—'Go about your business,' said Miss Lambe to the servant; 'I will trouble myself no longer about this ridiculous affair.'

'Mr. Barnet sat silent; when the viscountess re-entered and ordered tea. She had now unravelled the mystery, which appeared to her so very diverting, that she several times burst into loud fits of laughter. Barnet, who suspected a plot to ridicule him, resented her mirth, observing she was wanting in good manners to make a jest of a man of his consequence. 'Why,' replied the viscountess, 'when I look upon thy love-sick face, it shakes my 'antiquated carcase' with mirth;' and she redoubled her laughter. Barnet resented this by assuring the viscountess that this was the last time he would ever enter the gates of the castle. Her ladyship, naturally polite, apologized to Mr. Barnet, and said that she knew well the letter she had received in mistake, and in which she was called 'an old coquet,' and a 'poor old woman,' was intended merely as a piece of wagery.

'The viscountess, being now convinced of the injustice of her behaviour to Lord Vasey, acknowledged her fault, and assured him that she would receive him at the castle with increased pleasure. His lordship was overjoyed at this apology and invitation. Accordingly he came the next day. Miss Lambe behaved for a few days with grace and propriety. His lordship's proposals of marriage were accepted, and the nuptials were celebrated with great splendour. Miss Lambe, after marriage, seemed to have changed her very nature; and every body allowed that Lady Vasey was the most sweet-tempered and most generous of women. But her friends were too precipitate in their opinion.

'Lord Vasey took an elegant mansion about a mile distant from the castle. Here he lived very happily for a month; when, one night, Lady Vasey

addressed him thus :—‘ I hate that sour, grey-eyed anatomy, that you call your steward.’—‘ He is a worthy, honest man,’ said he, gravely, ‘ and has served our family faithfully for half a century.’—‘ Don’t talk to me about centuries,’ replied she, peevishly ; ‘ when I say that an object is unpleasant to me, I will permit no one to hold it up to my nose.’—‘ Well, well,’ said his lordship, ‘ old Williams leaves us in the morning. Let the aged patriarch depart in peace.’

‘ Next morning Lady Vasey bid her maid to order the coach. ‘ Do you propose to dine abroad, my dear ?’ asked his lordship.—‘ No,’ replied she, ‘ I intend to proceed to London. I am sick of this dull, moping, country life, and can endure it no longer.’ ‘ Why,’ said he ; ‘ you could never think of adopting so sudden a resolution without consulting your mother.’—‘ And do you imagine,’ cried she haughtily, ‘ that I am still an infant in leading-strings ? I will not be the slave of any one.’ ‘ I have no objection to visit town, if you permit the proper arrangements to be made.’—‘ So I must wait till my dear lord be in a humour to comply ; and if I do not, I may go and be hanged.’

‘ Just then, a lady called in ; when Lady Vasey asked her what she thought of a husband that tyrannized over his wife, and thwarted her even in trifles. The lady guessed that something was amiss, and replied, ‘ that she did not believe any married man was so unreasonable.’ ‘ Well, then,’ cried Lady Vasey, ‘ don’t be any longer in such a mistake ; that gentleman is one of the number. Wishing to visit London, I asked his consent in the civilest manner I could devise ; yet he has the cruelty to refuse me.’

‘ His lordship was thunderstruck, and concluded he had married one of the worst of her sex. He retired without deigning to make a reply, and went directly in great grief, to consult with the viscountess.

‘ The viscountess found her daughter preparing

for her journey; and on remonstrating with her she was told that she had no business to interfere with affairs that did not concern her. 'I have not married,' said she, 'to become a slave. My husband has begun to give himself monstrous airs; but I will teach him to respect the rights of a wife.' Her old nurse happening to blame her conduct, was dismissed her service on the spot. The carriage was soon ready; and Lady Vasey drove off, accompanied by her own maid, and her footman.

'The viscountess sent for his lordship by express, who returned home filled with surprise and chagrin. His mother-in-law was too sensible of the justice of his resentment to make any apology for such behaviour; she pitied him, and advised him to follow, and to use all the reasoning and powers he possessed, in order to bring his wife back to a sense of her duty.

'Near the end of the second stage, Lord Vasey saw his own carriage. His lady discovered that she was pursued, and therefore drove rapidly forward to the inn where she proposed to dine. His lordship also alighted, and advanced towards the dining-room, but was intercepted by the landlord, who asked him what he wanted. 'I am come to dine with my own lady,' answered he, in a passion. 'Must a man undergo an examination before he be permitted to enter a paltry country inn?' 'Sir, replied Boniface, 'you need not give yourself such fierce airs. However paltry my inn may be, it is not intended to accommodate madmen who fancy themselves married to ladies who know nothing about them.'

'Provoked at this impertinence, his lordship lost his temper, and knocked the landlord down. The landlady bawled for help; and in a moment the passage was filled with people, who seized his lordship, and handled him very roughly.

'When the landlord found that his opponent was secured, he became very loud in his threats; and as the curate, and his clerk, respected his strong ale,

they joined in echoing his sentiments. Every one deposed something to prove the insanity of the aggressor; and the more vehemently his lordship defended himself, the more convinced were his judges that he should be prevented from doing further mischief. It was agreed that he should be locked up until next day, when the charge of the assault could be legally preferred.

‘When two countrymen advanced to take hold of Lord Vasey, he swore that he would annihilate the first man that dared to touch him. ‘I am a peer of the realm, and hold an office in his majesty’s household. All the principal gentry in Nottinghamshire know me well; and they also know that the lady up stairs is my lawful spouse. That carriage is mine, and bears my coat of arms.’ A general laugh followed; but the curate said, ‘My good friends, we should rather pity than laugh at a fellow creature deprived of reason, the best gift of God. It is our duty to prevent him from doing any mischief; so you had better close upon him at once, but do not hurt him.’ They took his lordship to the *Cage*, or prison.

‘Lady Vasey having paid the innkeeper very generously, she called her coachman. ‘John, you must put the horses to directly; I think they can go another stage.’ John stood still. ‘What do you wait for, sirrah?’—‘Why, please your ladyship I was going to say—how—as if—our poor master is not going with us.’—‘You impertinent fellow, how dare you make any remarks on my orders?’—‘I don’t want to be saucy; but if you leave your own flesh and blood locked up in that nasty hole, why you may drive yourself, for I ll be d—d if I do.’ She rung for the innkeeper, who procured her a coachman; and she drove forwards on her journey.

‘In the meantime, the discarded servant ran to expostulate with the curate, upon the injustice of his behaviour towards a gentleman of rank and fortune. But the clergyman had conversed with

her ladyship, who had won upon his esteem. The coachman, seeing a York coach passing, mounted the box beside his brother of the whip, and about midnight reached the castle, and communicated to the vicountess the strange adventure.

‘The viscountess was deeply afflicted at this intelligence, and early next morning set out to obtain the release of her son-in-law. She drove to the curate’s house, who was surprised at her visit, and not less ashamed of his own credulity when the blunder was exposed. Lord Vasey was instantly liberated, with a thousand apologies. After thanking the vicountess for her concern, he solemnly declared his firm resolution never to see her daughter more.

‘But how weak are the resolutions of man, under the influence of women! As soon as Lady Vasey found that her husband had pledged himself to discard her, she resolved to use her utmost endeavours to affect a reconciliation. She adopted every possible scheme to ensure success. She begged pardon, humbled herself to the dust, and signified her resolution not to survive her folly, but to hide her shame in the dark tomb. His lordship forgave all freely, and received her again without reproach.

‘They lived on tolerable good terms for some months; when Lady Vasey presented her lord with a son and heir. After this, her conduct became insufferable. He had a brother, who was captain of the Diamond frigate, and had been abroad nearly fifteen years. At Cadiz he married the daughter of a Spanish merchant; after which, being ordered to England, he hastened to embrace his brother, and present his wife to him and his sister-in-law. The meeting was cordial and affecting; but when his lordship turned to present his brother, to his infinite surprise he found that Lady Vasey had left the room. However, making some excuse, he went in search of her ladyship. ‘He immediately returned, and apologized for the ab-

sence of his lady, on account of indisposition and nervousness. His lordship treated his lady with a coldness and reserve. One day, when returning from hunting, he saw a servant pass, 'Where are you going, Peter?' asked his lordship.—'To put a big letter into the post, your honour.'—'A big letter!' said he, 'why, is it from our exciseman?'—'No, it is from your own lady, under submission.' His lordship saw the letter was addressed to the Secretary of State. He broke the seal, and found it contained information against himself, in which he was described as a writer of libels and lampoons against the ministry. He was astonished; nor could he discover her ladyship's motives for so gratuitous a piece of wickedness.

'Having enjoined silence, he returned home, packed up his most valuable papers and cash, and, entering his coach, proceeded direct to London. Here he instantly commenced a suit against his wife, and finally succeeded in obtaining a separation from her; though she has opposed the decree by a counter-plea, alleging cruelty and deprivation of conjugal rights against her husband. The viscountess was obliged to take her back to the castle, where she now lives hated.'

Three days after my arrival, I received a letter from Lady Beckford, inclosing the hundred pound bill I left in my bureau. She regretted the disagreeable adventure to which I had been subjected, lamented the follies of her sister, and begged me to return to town forthwith. I sent Peggy to get smaller notes for my large bill. Then I sent for my father, and said, 'I am told, sir, that you want a horse and cart. Here are twenty pounds to purchase a horse, and ten more to pay for a cart, which I give you on condition that you never mention this out of your own family, or attempt to thank me for it. It is certainly my duty to help an honest, industrious, man, which I am sure you are.'

My father stood speechless, he mustered suffi-

cient presence of mind to begin an acknowledgement. 'Your great goodness is most ——' 'Nay,' said I, interrupting him, 'you are going to break your engagement already. Say no more.—Will it rain to-night, do you suppose?' Thus I diverted him from the subject, and saved myself the pain of hearing compliments and thanks, which I did not merit, from my own father.

The next morning, I said to Peggy, 'You had company down stairs last night. Remember, that on such occasions you are free to take a bottle of my wine.'—Oh! madam,' replied she, 'you make us joyful enough without wine. My poor brother and sister declared that they could not sleep until they had sent for their daughter and her husband, Bob Danby, to share in their happiness.'—'Who is this Robert Danby?' said I.—'He is, madam, my niece's husband; a man very well to do in the world, though rather churly and close-fisted. He never offered to help forward his poor father-in-law; so, I dare say, he rather thought shame last night to find that a stranger had been kinder than he.'

I continued to live here a retired life for a few days. I never went to church; and when I walked out, I was closely veiled. My sister threw herself in my way several times; but I always succeeded in eluding her scrutinizing glances. Indeed I very seldom saw any one except Peggy, and spent most of my time in reading, or in reflections on my dear Lemington.

One morning, while walking in the garden Peggy came to inform me that a man on horseback had arrived with a letter for me. I requested her to send him to me, in the bower. He appeared, wrapped up in a great coat, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a black patch above his eye-brow; and I gave him a half-crown, and bid him refresh himself at the ale-house. I then opened the letter, which inclosed another, in which I read, 'The bearer will tell you the rest.'—'Ah!' exclaimed I, 'he is gone; and

ran after the messenger; when, O heavens! I found my dear Lemington at my feet! Overwhelmed with joy, I threw myself about his neck, and remained speechless until relieved by tears.

The earl was alarmed at my agitation, and placed me gently upon the seat, while he begged pardon for having surprised me. When I had become calmer, I said, 'Then it is not true that they beat your eye out?—but you must have been desperately wounded in your eye-brow. Nor have you lost your right arm; are you now out of danger? Oh! how I have suffered in thinking of your wounds!' The earl looked confused. 'Really, my dear,' said he, 'I know not what you allude to. I have had no fevers, nor have I lost an arm or an eye.'—'Then it is all false,' said I. "Well, now you make me happy indeed."—"But what story is it that you have heard respecting me?"—"Well then, my dear earl, you must know that when I was in that horrid—" After a pausa, I said, 'I had such horrid dreams, from a report I read of your shipwreck, and ill usage by savage men on the coast of America.'—"Oh! I understand you," said he, with a grave smile; 'but the story was false,

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER breakfast I expressed my surprise at the earl having discovered the place of my retreat; on which he related his adventures as follows:—'Having dispatched my business in America, I embarked on board the Liffey sloop of war, and, after a quick passage of only twenty days, landed at Falmouth, and proceeded to London; I then drove direct to the house of the Earl of Glenford, and stayed during the night; and, early next morning, called upon Lady Beckford. When I heard her relation, I was overpowered with alarm. She was firmly convinced that your sudden disappearance was involuntary. She had learned that, just before your disappearance, you had saved a young

female from ruin. Lady Beckford found this person at her own surgeon's, from whom she learned that you were carried down to Colonel Douglas' house in Berwickshire.

'My resolution was instantly formed. I returned to my uncle's, and, after apologizing for my absence during a few days, took post for the north. When entering my chaise at York, to my great surprise I saw Captain Ross, stepping out of the Edinburgh mail. He was delighted with this unexpected meeting; and when he understood the purport of my journey, he expressed his determination to accompany me. I accepted his offer with pleasure, and we proceeded northwards. At Berwick we made every possible inquiry respecting the colonel, but nobody knew where he was. Mad with the cant and nonsense of the wise men of Berwick, we turned our backs upon the place, and rode up the Tweed to the colonel's country residence.

'Here we learned that he had never appeared at his own mansion-house, nor could any one tell where he resided. Seeing a crowd of persons around a farm-house, we rode up, and found that it was a roup, or sale by auction, of the corn, hay, and farming utensils of the late Mr. Kerr, whose daughter you rescued from death in London. We joined the group, and I inquired of the spectators, where the deceased farmer's daughter now lived. 'Why, sir,' said an old man, 'she's in the deil's ain place—that wicked Vanity Fair, ca'd London, whare the Holy Covenant is trampled under foot like an unclean thing. But the place suits sic like cattle.'—'I thought that Miss Kerr was a very virtuous girl,' said I.—'Virtuous!' echoed a woman, 'guid troth, she was not o'erburdened even wi' the carnal quality o' virtue; and it was the pride o' being a *Miss* that ruined her at last.'—'Whisht! Effy,' said a young man, 'dinna judge, lest you be judged. She maun answer for her ain sins. She was a bonnie lassie, an' if she's been misled, the mair's the pity.' Weary of this talk, I asked if

they knew where Colonel Douglas now lived. Auld Tibby at the Ha' can tell ye a' about his honour,' said one. Captain Ross and I turned our horses' heads towards his honour's hall.

'The house appeared deserted. Finding no entry at this place, we pushed open a door which led into a small back-court or yard. After rapping at the back-door for a few minutes, it was cautiously opened by an old woman. 'Well, Tibby,' said I, pushing past her, 'where is his honour, your master?'—'What's your wull, sir?' inquired she.—'We want to see Colonel Douglas,' replied I. 'Oh!' said she, 'you want to see his honour!' 'He's no here, an' that's a' I ken.'—'Tibby,' said Captain Ross, 'you must not trifle with the king's messengers. Here is a letter,' said he, pulling out a sealed packet, 'from the king's most sacred majesty; and it is at the peril of your life you stop the king's business.' Tibby was one of those sly, evasive people, who pretend to be deaf; but she heard every word, and she trembled in every limb. I roared out, 'Speak the truth, woman, or go before the sheriff this very hour.'—'Weel, I was thinking that the colonel wad be about the auld Ha' o' the Haliburtons, by the Blackadder.'—'If your information be false,' said I, 'you shall feel the weight of our vengeance.'—'Gentlemen,' replied she, 'ye are unco ill to please. Didna I mysel leave the Ha' no aboon a month ago? an' am I no like to ken the truth?'—'Then where is the young lady,' asked I, eagerly, 'that accompanied the colonel from London?'—'I always thought that was a secret.'—'You have not answered my question,' rejoined I. —'An' how can I answer for what's duin behin' my back? I left the lady there; but where she may be now, God only knows.'

'We rode smartly on, in search of the place mentioned. On riding up the avenue leading to the house, we met a carriage, in which a gentleman in military uniform was seated. 'That is he,' exclaimed Captain Ross.—'Stop,' cried I to the postillion.

'Drive on,' vociferated the gentleman; and the boy began to flog his horses, on which I knocked him down with my whip. Two men on horseback accompanied the carriage, one of whom exclaimed, pulling out a blunderbus, 'By the powers, if you stop our way, I'll blow your brains out.' I gave him such a blow on the arm as made him to drop his weapon. Then I said to the gentleman inside, 'Your name is Douglas, I presume?'—'It is, sir,' said he.—'And my name is Glenford,' rejoined I. 'Pray, descend.'

'What is the meaning of this interruption?' demanded the colonel. 'I have no affair with you.'—'Yes, but you and I have an account to settle.—'What weapons do you choose?' said the colonel.—'Which you please,' replied I: 'but I wear a sword.'—'So do I,' said he.

'We stepped into an adjoining field. You, Rosina, were my guardian angel. The colonel fought with uncommon skill, and wounded me slightly. At length he fell. As I held my sword to his breast, I demanded where you were. 'I am,' said the colonel, 'a dying man; and the hope of procrastinating life a few hours shall not induce me to make you my confessor.'—'Live, colonel,' said I, 'I desire not your death; but I will not leave this place until I see Miss Hawkins,'—'You are a brave man, my lord,' replied he; 'but, upon my honour, I know not where the lady you mention is. I certainly had designs upon her; but she has escaped without injury.' Captain Ross and the colonel's servants now came up. We raised up the wounded man, and Ross made him a kind of litter with his large travelling cloak, while a servant was sent for a surgeon. We then carried the colonel to his house. We used our utmost efforts to stop the bleeding of his wounds; but in a very short time the surgeon arrived. Before the surgeon left the room, the colonel signed that he wanted to speak to him. 'Doctor, whispered he, 'say not a word. Let me bid the world a silent good night. The

private quarrels of friends are not fit subjects for public gossip.' He then whispered to me, 'My lord, you have acted like a man of honour; Rosina is worthy of you. I freely forgive you, and I beg her pardon. Be happy together. The paths of virtue are the paths of happiness; but I have not been convinced of this truth until it is too late. I tried to speak; but my heart was too full. All my anger was converted into sympathy for the sufferings of a fallen enemy.'

'The surgeon, Captain Ross, and I, left the house together. I entreated the surgeon to tell me whether he considered the colonel to be in danger. He said that the danger was great, but not immediate. On coming to the highway, Captain Ross said we should feel obliged in being directed to the nearest good inn.'

'The surgeon replied that the best was a few miles north, and could not be reached without riding back, and passing a long dreary common. But gentlemen, if you will honour me with your company, I can introduce you into a friend's house, near my own cottage, who will esteem your visit a favour.' Captain Ross accepted the offer cheerfully, and we rode quickly forwards. The colonel had certainly behaved ill; but I had not given him the opportunity of offering any explanation. My friend Ross had interrogated the servants respecting you, and they all averred that you had escaped from the window at night. Whither had you fled? Where might you be wandering? What dangers and privations were you suffering? Thus a thousand painful reflections and fears crowded upon my mind, and produced great mental agony. The surgeon frequently eyed me; and at length he rode up by my side, saying, in a low tone, 'I fear, sir, you are unwell.'—'A little qualm, which will soon pass over,' said I.—'But you are wounded in the body, sir,' observed he, seeing some blood trickling down from my waistcoat: 'why did you not inform me of this when I dressed your brow?'—'It

is only a scratch,' replied I. — 'Well,' said he, 'we are within a mile of our destination, when I hope all things will be put to rights.'

'In the evening we entered a delightful village, on the banks of the Tweed. We alighted at a handsome house, and a gentleman advanced to meet us. 'I have brought—' said our medical attendant.—'Ah!' interrupted the gentleman, 'my lord! my friend! is this really you? What an unexpected happiness! What! and Captain Ross too! now I am doubly blessed.' His sweet beautiful wife stood beside him. Our introduction to St. Agnes—the inestimable Mrs. Forbes—was really affecting. I perceived tears in the eyes of the surgeon, Mr. Drysdale.

I immediately rose, as I felt the blood flowing freely, and left the room, preceded by Mr. Forbes. On entering the bed-chamber, he smiled and said, 'No person has occupied that bed since Rosina left us.'—'Rosina!' exclaimed I; 'has she been here? Where is she now?'—'Oh! she is safe in a retired part of Nottinghamshire.' The surgeon then examined my wound, and assured me that it would be well in a few days.

'Perhaps, Mr. Forbes,' said Mr. Drysdale, 'will permit me to explain the cause of this meeting at present. You must know then, my lord, that when Miss Hawkins, by a most surprising exertion of courage and agility, escaped from the fangs of this monster, she fortunately wandered to this village, and accidentally sought, amongst strangers, the protection of her warmest friends and admirers. Here she remained for a few days; but the colonel at length, through his numerous spies, discovered the place of her retreat, when, in order to be assured of the fact, he made a pretended friendly call upon Mr. Forbes. As soon as Rosina found that her persecutor had suspected the place of her abode, she resolved, with a spirit, courage, and delicacy truly admirable, to quit the hospitable roof of her friends; and, notwithstanding the

prayers and entreaties of us all, she mounted my horse, and, accompanied by Mr. Forbes, rode to Berwick, during a most dreadfully stormy night.

“Next day the colonel and two servants took lodgings at the public house in the village. In the evening, one of his servants, an Irishman, named M'Curdy, slipped into the kitchen, and insinuated himself into the confidence of a young girl, as to discover that the young lady and her master had gone to Berwick on the preceding evening, and that her master had just returned without her. Mr. Forbes saw the fellow leave his house, and soon discovered the information he had obtained. Next morning the same servant called upon Mr. Forbes, with a note from his master; when he was most unceremoniously kicked out of doors.’

‘Here we remained some days, partaking of the cheerful hospitality of our inestimable friends. My slight wounds quickly healed; but, on the third Mr. Drysdale informed us that the colonel was worse, that he had settled all his worldly affairs, and was perfectly resigned to his fate. He had refused any other medical assistance, and had written several letters to his friends, to be delivered after his death. When I left, he was still alive; but there remained no hopes of his recovery.

‘Captain Ross and I now took leave of our friends, and posted southwards, so as to suit our own convenience. My friend has gone to London. I ought to add that, before my departure, Mrs. Forbes received your interesting letter; and we were all much diverted at the account of your journey, and your reception amongst your friends.

I have given the earl's narrative without noticing the interruptions and emotions that broke forth in various parts. I looked upon his lordship with augmented esteem and affection. I thought he had become firmer and stronger, while his last adventure on my behalf, gave him a manliness of aspect, which is always pleasing to the eyes of women. He had fought and bled in my defence, and was

therefore doubly entitled to become my natural and legal protector.

After dinner, I expressed my apprehensions lest he had endangered himself by travelling so far before his wound was perfectly easy ; but he reassured me that his recovery was nearly completed, and that the delightful pleasure of again beholding me would accelerate the operations of nature. Thus we again resumed the language of love and tenderness. I know not how long we might have indulged in the luxury of a virtuous affection, had not prudence whispered the propriety of terminating the visit. His lordship wished to prolong it ; but I was inexorable, and, calling Peggy, bade her order my brother's horse to be got ready. He smiled, and whispered, 'That is an excellent device. Under this impression, I may repeat my visits without suspicion.' I received his tender and ardent embrace, and bade him good night. When he rode off, I followed him with my eyes as long as he was visible. I was satisfied that my lover's passion was sincere, ardent, and immovable.

My reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Peggy. 'I'm sorry, madam,' said she, 'that we could not accommodate your relative properly. It's a pity he had to go back to the inn.'—'He will think nothing of that, Peggy,' replied I.—'Sure,' she observed, 'he's a noble-looking gentleman. I could have sworn he was your brother, for he is your very picture ; only he is a man, and a little older than you.—Your mother must have had a fine-looking family of children ?' she added, with a significant look.

Next day the earl walked to our house ; and as the day was fine, we strolled into a little wood, round the skirts of which ran a crystal stream. The birds warbled most delightfully on the boughs ; while we walked, hand in hand, enjoying that species of exquisite pleasure which cannot be described. Sometimes we sat under the shadowy branches of a tree, and during one of our walks, I

accidentally discovered that the two hundred pound Bank of England notes, which I had received, enclosed in an anonymous letter at Stockwell, were sent by Captain Ross, at the request of my dear Lemington. This relieved my mind from much anxiety; but the earl could not prevail upon me to accept of another present in cash.

On the morning of next day I saw him riding up to the house. I hurried to receive him, and instantly saw that grief and disappointment were depicted in his looks. 'My dear Rosina,' said he, 'I have just received an unwelcome summons to town. It has been brought express by one of the Earl of Glenford's servants. How his lordship has discovered that I am here, I know not. There must be treachery somewhere. Ross, I know, would not violate my injunctions.'—'This is really strange,' observed I; 'but pray who has issued the summons?'—'It is the under-secretary of state,' replied he.—'Yes,' exclaimed I, 'my happiness was too great to last. Some fearful blow is, I fear, impending. You are again to be torn from me; and my heart can never bear another violent and long separation.'—'No, my angel,' said Lemington, with his most enchanting smile, 'I now defy the malice of fortune. I have done my duty to my king and country most zealously; but I certainly owe something to myself—and to you.

I accepted these assurances of his love, and we parted in silence and in tears. The earl also was very deeply affected. As he mounted his horse, I heard my mother say, 'This is like brother and sister indeed. See how fond they are of each other!' I could have laughed at this, if my heart had not been so overwhelmed with grief. 'Ah!' said I to myself, 'when shall I see this dear man again? Peggy strove, but without effect, to divert me, and at night I could not sleep.

Peggy, in order to comfort me, said, 'The best of brothers are fond of teasing their sisters. I dare say, madam, your brother loves you very much,

and would not have been so cruel as to hide the secret from you if he could have foreseen your sufferings.'—'The secret, Peggy!' exclaimed I, 'what secret do you mean?'—'Why the secret that his honour told me.'—'He tell you a secret!'—'Then, madam, your brother did tell me a secret; which I would not have mentioned, if my word had not been doubted. When he was waiting yesterday morning until you were dressed, he called me to him, and said, in the sweetest manner possible, 'Peggy,' said he, 'you are a good servant, and I'll never forget you;' slipping a paper into my hand, which contained five guineas. He then said, in his funny way you know, 'Your friends have been kind to my sister; and I hope you will make her cheerful, and keep her from moping. Give your brother that,' said he, jerking a purse into my lap, with twenty golden guineas, and then whispered, '*I will see you soon*; but be silent, or——' Just then, you opened the door and I ran off. 'But where is the *secret*?' asked I.—'Now, mistress,' said Peggy, 'you have a mind to joke with a poor body. Did not your brother as good as say that he would be back directly?'—'Poh!' said I. Yet the story pleased me. I was glad that he had noticed my parents in such a delicate way, and that they partook in my wishes for his speedy return.

In the evening, my mother asked permission to bear me company. I requested her to walk up stairs. After some trifling conversation, I asked her if any more company had arrived at the castle. 'No, madam,' replied she, 'there are no strangers now at the castle; and Lady Vasey has gone to London with her servants, to defend herself in the courts against her husband, who is determined to obtain a divorce. The night before she set off, she sent a servant for my husband; but he excused himself, as he learned from the servant that it was merely to ask questions respecting you.

'Your neighbours,' said I, 'have behaved very politely. They have not made impertinent inqui-

ries respecting me.'—'Why, yes, excepting our old landlord,' replied she; 'he has been rather troublesome. He is a Scotchman, and his name is Fleming.'—'Fleming!' exclaimed I, 'why, I never heard of any gentleman of property of that name in this shire.'—'If you please, madam,' said my mother, 'I will tell you how he came here; and perhaps the story will divert you.'

'This Mr. Fleming came from Scotland a very poor man; but he soon learned the art of collecting heaps of money. He married one Miss Honeyman, a play-actress, who, even after marriage, indulged in all kinds of extravagance and vice. He sought a divorce. But he came to this village, to inquire after the girl he at first intended to marry, and whether it was possible he could still obtain her. His inquiries did not prove satisfactory. Hearing that his estate was for sale, he purchased it. Shortly after, he came down with Mrs. Fleming, a reconciliation having taken place.

'It was Mr. Fleming who prevailed upon my husband to take this little farm. My son-in-law, Robert Danby, is also one of his tenants. Under various pretexts, he often visited my son's farmhouse, and talked on a variety of subjects. But his impatience hurried him on too rapidly; and when my daughter found that he wished her to prove unfaithful to her husband, she positively declared that, if ever he renewed his solicitations, she would complain to her husband. Fleming could not believe that she was sincere. He thought she only wanted to raise her price, and to teach him to choose better opportunities. He resolved to renew his suit in another manner; but still, for fear of Danby, he promised not to molest her again.

'Next week, Danby and his man set off to Nottingham, with two waggon loads of bark. This journey usually occupied three days. On the evening of the first day, a countryman came in Danby's name, desiring her to repair immediately to a farmhouse, eight miles distant, where he lay very ill, in

consequence of a fall from the shafts of his waggon ; as he wished her to go to Nottingham, to receive the cash owing him. My daughter was grieved at this bad news, but she set off with the messengers without delay.

Fleming disguised himself as a husbandman, and told the landlady, a half-witted woman, that his wife's conduct had been very suspicious ; and that he was resolved to put her virtue to the trial, by pretending to go a journey, and now sending for her in the name of her gallant. I will receive her up stairs in the dark, lest, knowing me, she should cry out for fear of being beat. The landlady laughed heartily at the stratagem, and said that neither she nor her maid would either meddle or make. Fleming was quite elated, and ordered up stairs into the only chamber in the house his hostess' rum-bottle, where he drank freely, to raise his spirits.

'In the meantime, Danby had sold his bark to a tanner, and having procured a good price, he returned pleased, and stopped at this public house, for refreshment. He was scarcely seated, when his wife entered, and threw herself about his neck. 'Ah ! my dear Robert,' she cried, 'how do you find yourself ? You ought not to sit drinking here after such a fall.'

'Danby stared in wonder. 'Faith ! wife,' what brought you hither ? What do you mean by a fall ? — 'Why, do you imagine that I only dreamt of your fall from the waggon, and that you were much bruised, and have been bled ? John Nixon here —' But on turning around, Nixon, Fleming's messenger, had fled. Robert instantly suspected a snake in the grass. 'We will unravel this plot,' said he ; 'and fear not but we will protect you.'

'In a few minutes, the landlady and her maid, entered. The maid, seeing a strange woman sitting alone, slipped up stairs, and awakened Mr. Fleming, who was asleep in an arm-chair. 'There is a woman below,' said she ; 'perhaps the one you

expected.'—'Did she come on horseback, with another man?' inquired he.—The maid answered in the affirmative.—'Is she pretty?'—'Yes, I think she is tolerable,' said the maid.—'Bid her walk up,' said he, 'it is my wife.'

'The girl then whispered in my daughter's ear, 'He is up stairs. The door is at the right hand.' On entering the room, Fleming caught her in his arms, and whispered, 'It is your lover—your landlord Fleming—a stratagem of love—am well supplied with yellow boys, and ——' My daughter said nothing, but kept struggling to extricate herself; when her husband and his man entered with a light, each armed with a good cudgel. Danby knew his landlord in his disguise; but this he concealed, and belaboured him most unmercifully. 'So, you country lout,' he exclaimed, 'this is the way you keep the commandments! This is your aping of great folk! But I'll take the conceit out of you.' Fleming roared out lustily, and begged for mercy on his knees; but nothing availed him until Danby's wrath was satisfied.

This story amused me much; and I could not help admiring the delicacy with which my mother had alluded to Fleming's attempt to marry me. From respect to her daughter, she avoided even naming her; though many poor mothers would have been proud to have their daughters so highly distinguished.

While sitting at breakfast next morning, I was roused by the sound of a coach and the prancing of horses. It stopped at the door. 'Heavens!' exclaimed I, 'what can this mean?' My doubts were soon cleared up, by the appearance of the Earl of Glenford's valet. He presented me with a note which I opened with trembling hands, and read as follows:—

'My charming Rosina,—hasten to town; but come alone. Come and consummate the happiness of your unchangeable admirer.'

This note was in the hand-writing of Lemington;

but why had he not written his proper signature, and sent his own valet and carriage? 'Was the Earl of Lemington at your master's house when you left?' inquired I.—'Yes, madam,' replied the messenger, 'and he saw me set off.' I was satisfied.

'Ah! my sweet lady,' said my mother, 'are we going to lose you?'—'Only for a very short time, I hope,' said I, embracing her: 'be as happy as I wish you.' I then shook hands with my father, whose very soul was moved with my endearing behaviour, and jumped into the vehicle. On turning my head, I saw a well-dressed man on horseback, who uncovered, and bowing, delivered to me a small sealed packet. I was just about asking him from whence he had come, when he galloped off; and, at the same moment, the carriage drove forwards with rapidity.

When we had passed my native place, I opened the packet. It contained a letter from Andrew Hume, writer, Kelso. The writer informed me that the late Honourable Colonel Douglas, by will, had directed the executors to sell his unentailed estates, with all his furniture, goods, and chattels, to pay his debts. He directs certain legacies; first, five thousand pounds stock, in the five per cents, to be transferred to Miss Ann Kerr; secondly, his prints, pictures, jewels, music, and musical instruments, he bequeaths to Miss Rosina Hawkins, and which he earnestly entreats her to accept as an atonement for his injuries: thirdly, his sword and double-barrelled rifle he gives to the Earl of Lemington, as a token of his esteem.

I could not help sighing for the fate of this singular man. He possessed talents of the first order; but then his habits had been very early corrupted, though his judgment remained strong and unimpaired. His will evinced much good feeling, mixed up with some portion of humour, or rather levity.

We travelled with surprising expedition, as a servant rode before to order relays of horses. Through the day, my thoughts were confused, my

mind was tortured with the fear of some approaching calamity. In driving through London, we found one street nearly blocked up with carriages, in consequence of a fashionable rout given by a banker's rich widow. Our postillions drove foul of a coach, and overturned it. The screams of the ladies in the coach soon attracted a crowd; while their coachman and footman were cudgelling our poor postillions without mercy. Pale and trembling, I got out of the coach myself, as my attendant was seeking for a hackney coach. I saw the ladies raised from the overturned carriage; and, to my great surprise, one of them was Lady Vasey. I instantly let my veil fall, to hide my face from her curious glance: but it was too late. 'What!' she cried aloud, 'has that impudent hussey overturned my coach? A poor, abandoned, country puss, to be guilty of such insolence! Here, watch,' she said, 'I give you that woman in charge.' The guardian of the night advanced to take hold of me, while I was ready to sink with terror. 'Hold!' exclaimed a gentleman, darting forwards before the watchman, 'that is a lady of respectability. I will not suffer her to be insulted.' It was the Duke of Beaufort, and I gave him a look of thanks. 'Watchman,' exclaimed Lady Vasey, 'I insist upon you doing your duty. Is a wretch who maliciously overturns the carriage of a person of distinction, to escape with impunity?'—'I repeat,' said his grace, 'that this is a lady of respectability, and I will protect her.'—'Ah! ha! ha!' cried Lady Vasey, 'A lady of distinction truly! A woodman's daughter—a servant to my late father—unless she is in keeping, which I do not doubt.' 'It is very unbecoming,' said the duke, 'for a person to seek revenge in falsehoods and calumny. The lady is not to blame if her awkward postillions have overturned a coach. Nobody is hurt—but this lady is handsome, and that is sufficient to excite the malice of certain people.'

The crowd laughed at this conclusion. His grace

then begged I would do him the honour of walking to his carriage. Lady Vasey, fearful of losing her prey, slipped a piece of money into the watchman's hand. Then he followed us, saying, 'Sir, I cannot permit that lady to depart. She must go before the constable of the night;' and he seized my arm roughly. His grace pushed him off, and, as he was lifting his staff to strike, knocked him down. The man instantly sounded his rattle, and a number of watchmen ran forward: but I was soon lifted into the coach; and the driver galloped off.

CHAPTER XIII.

I ALIGHTED from the coach at the Earl of Glenford's house, after returning the Duke of Beaufort my thanks for his polite attentions. Two servants in livery ushered me into the saloon, where Mr. Frazer waited to conduct me to the apartment designed for me. Frazer took this opportunity to ask my pardon for his former impertinence. The apartment was profusely magnificent: the gilding, the sconces, and elegant pictures, shone brilliantly on all sides. Yet I sat down under great depression of spirits. Lemington—where was my beloved Lemington? Why was he not ready to receive me? Was he ill? Why have I been whirled up to town so rapidly, and no one appears to offer an explanation? And this bad, impudent, cunning man, Frazer, too: is not his presence ominous of evil?

In a short time, the house-steward appeared, and respectfully requested to know if I would have supper served up. 'I want nothing,' said I; 'and the greatest service you can do me is to permit me to retire to rest.' As soon as he had withdrawn, two servants entered and spread the cloth, others brought in various dishes, while two stationed themselves in attendance. I was amused at such excess of ceremony; and in order to close the scene ate a little, and then signified that I had done. Every thing was removed as if by magic;

and I was conducted to my bed-chamber. Here I found two women waiting near my toilet, in order to assist in undressing me. One of them advanced an easy chair the minute I appeared: the other stood ready to attend me.

Being much fatigued, I suffered my attendants to undress me, and the waiting-maids performed their duty in respectful silence. When in bed, instead of going to sleep, I tossed about, revolving in my mind what had happened. At length, sleep stole upon me; but it was too disturbed to last long. I slept only at different intervals.

The two waiting-maids whom I had dismissed the night before entered the chamber and begged leave to dress me, as his lordship desired the favour of seeing me as soon as possible. This request revived my spirits.

In a short time, a servant, genteelly dressed and powdered, announced that he would conduct me to his lordship's apartment. But judge of my disappointment, when, instead of the Earl of Lemington, full of health, youth, and love, I beheld the old Earl of Glenford. But I concealed my vexation, and paid my respects to his lordship. He received me with all that frankness and affability which he knew so well how to assume. 'My lovely friend,' said he, 'I rejoice to see you under my roof. You have been most cruelly deceived, unjustly persecuted, and outrageously calumniated. Now, I hope your sufferings will end, and you will be as happy as your merits deserve. You have sustained the blows of misfortune with exemplary fortitude; and I flatter myself that you will bear this last one with noble resignation.' Then he gave me the following letter, and withdrew.

'Miss Hawkins,

'The delirium of passion, the fascinations of beauty, and the dreams of imagination, are dissipated. I am myself again. I have disturbed the tranquillity of my mind—endangered my life—and despised the lofty pretensions of my honourable house, in order to enjoy your favour.

Reflection has opened my eyes to the folly of such sacrifices ; and I now bid you an eternal adieu. Captain Ross approves of my resolution, and accompanies me into Scotland, on a visit to a lady, whose birth, education, and family, might entitle her to the hand of a prince. Look not too high, Rosina, lest you fall. Should you ever be in pecuniary distress, you are free to apply to

‘ LEMINGTON.’

This letter rendered me insensible. I did not weep—I did not faint—but I felt as if stupefied. I stared about me, endeavouring to recollect where I was. I even touched my arm, to assure myself that I was alive and awake. The re-entrance of Lord Glenford at length aroused me from this stupor.

‘ My regard for you,’ he said, ‘ was too intense to suffer you to be left under the impression of being abandoned by the world. Here you are lady of all, and I am your humble admirer. I offer you my hand and my fortune this very day : as for my heart, it has been yours from the first hour I saw you.’ In an indescribable agony of mind, I exclaimed, ‘ Spare me, my lord ; and only suffer me to retire.’ He touched a spring in the table, and a servant instantly appeared. ‘ Conduct this lady to her chamber,’ said his lordship.

Tears now flowed, and I felt my head growing clearer. Still I could not unravel this cruel mystery. The letter was in the well-known hand of the Earl of Lemington. Heavens ! could it be that he was unfaithful ? A suspicion crossed my mind, that the unpolished manners and mean occupations of my parents had disgusted him. The money he had given before his departure was perhaps intended as a farewell offering.

A respectable-looking woman after appeared, saying that Doctor Wardle had sent her to see his prescriptions administered. ‘ And pray who may you be ?’ asked I. The woman answered, ‘ I am chief nurse in his lordship’s family ; a situation I have held above twenty years.’—‘ I hope you will hold it for twenty more,’ said I : ‘ but really, good

woman, you can do me no service.'—'His lordship's orders must be obeyed,' she replied.—'True,' said I, recollecting myself.

The many polite messages I received from his lordship—the attendance of the physician, the apothecary, and the nurse—the audiences I had to give to the steward—the numerous train of servants that flitted about me—and the inquiries of my maids—all contributed to divert my mind from the reflections that were perpetually recurring.

I retired early to rest, when I gave full scope to my tears. 'Great God! what have I done,' said I, to merit this complication of suffering? Am I then separated for ever from the only being whom I ever loved? Am I to be sacrificed to this old man?—No,' thought I, 'if Lemington has deserted me, I shall not surrender the consolation of living free, and loving him while this heart beats in my bosom.'

After spending another night of torment, I arose; when my maids entered to dress me. I was now more calm, having resolved to fly from the earl's that very day, to bid Lady Beckford farewell, and then to return to my father's house.

Casting my eyes on the pictures in my apartment, I asked, 'What lovely child's picture is that?'—'The Earl of Lemington's,' replied the maid, 'and the next to it is his mother, Lord Glenford's sister.' 'Whose portrait is that above?'—'It is our first lady,' was the answer. 'How!' said I, 'has Lord Glenford been twice married?'—'No, miss,' said the maid; 'but as we look upon you as our second, we may be allowed the expression.' I was struck to the heart, and wished myself a thousand leagues distant.

After being dressed, I was conducted to the breakfast-room, a splend apartment. The company, consisting of Earl Glenford, his lordship's banker, his solicitor, his land-steward, his chaplain, and his physician, rose when I entered; and his lordship politely handed me to the head of the table.

After breakfast his lordship invited us to walk into his gardens. The banker, whom I had seen at Sir William Beckford's, offered me his arm. Here we spent above an hour, looking at the aviary, conservatory, and other parts of this beautiful place. Thus the day was spent in a continual succession of amusements. The breakfast was elegant; but the dinner exceeded in magnificence all that I had ever witnessed. An excellent band of music played, in an anti-room, some of our finest national airs. Two servants preceded me to my apartments, when I desired to be left alone. I was beginning to collect my scattered thoughts, when a servant entered, to inquire if I would favour his lordship with a few minutes conversation.

I found his lordship alone, walking up and down in his apartment. He kindly conducted me to a seat. 'Now, my charming Rosina,' said he, 'I hope your mind has recovered its wonted tone. You are too beautiful ever to be safe without a protector, and never could you find one more disposed than myself to render you happy.'—'Your lordship,' I replied, 'is always too complimentary; yet I entertain a grateful sense of your kindness.'—'Talk not thus, my adorable angel,' replied his lordship: 'I love you to distraction. O give me your pity.' Saying which, he snatched my hand, and pressed it to his lips. 'My lord,' said I, angrily, 'this childishness is unbecoming the dignity of your character.' 'Then know that the marriage settlement is already drawn out. I have settled your jointure at ten thousand pounds, jewels to the amount of twenty thousand, with a house elegantly furnished.

'My lord,' said I, 'I am unworthy of such a honour. I will never marry, but will lead a life of humble industry under my father's protection.'—'So, so,' said he, 'you are quite willing to become Lady Lemington, but too humble to be Lady Glenford. Now, why should I inspire you with disgust?'—'Pardon me, my lord,' I replied, 'I feel

nothing but respect for your lordship.'—'Then I desire no more,' said he. 'We will immediately sign the marriage deeds.'

I said, in a firm voice, 'My lord, cease this useless talk. My heart and my hand shall never be separated. Nothing shall ever induce me to commit such a legal prostitution.'—'I give you twenty-four hours to choose between the alternative of being Lady Glenford, or of spending your days in perpetual imprisonment.'—'My lord, I despise your impotent threats. I live in a land of liberty, where feudal tyranny has ceased to exist.' Then I walked out of the room. On passing the head of the grand stair-case, I paused; when one of the servants said, 'This way, if you please.' This convinced me that I was a prisoner, and I proceeded to my chamber.

I went to bed with my mind wonderfully composed, and which I could only attribute to my resolution of adhering at all hazards, to the plan of bidding a lasting farewell to all those scenes of danger and of grandeur. As I had slept little in the two preceding nights, I enjoyed repose for eight hours. Through the following day, I was attended with the usual respect; but no conversation passed between me and the servants. In the evening, I was summoned to appear before his lordship. He was seated at a table which was covered with parchments. 'Now, miss,' said he, smiling, 'you will find that I do all things with punctuality and determination. I hope you are now prepared to make a wise election. These are the marriage settlements, and my attorney and chaplain are in attendance.'—'My lord,' said I, 'when I calmly form an important resolution, no inducement can break it.' 'Then you persist in rejecting a coronet, &c. You are mad.' He said nothing more, but walked out.

I was considering how to escape, when a servant entered, saying that his lordship permitted me to depart. 'Very well,' said I, 'pray call a hackney

coach.—‘There is one in waiting,’ replied the servant.—I saw another servant with my small travelling trunk.

When I came to the door of the coach, I desired the coachman to drive me to Lady Beckford’s. I soon noticed we were going in a wrong direction, and said so to the man that sat beside me. ‘All’s right, madam,’ replied he.—‘It is not so,’ answered I, ‘and I will not be fooled. At the same time I rose to speak to the coachman. ‘Do, my dear lady, be quiet,’ said the man.—‘Do you mean, sir, to employ violence in executing your commission?’ said I.—‘No, madam, not if it can be avoided.’ I resigned myself to my fate. ‘Can this be a bailiff,’ thought I, ‘whom his lordship has directed to carry me to prison, under the pretext that I owe him a debt?’

I now saw a patrol pass on horseback; and I resolved to claim the protection of the next we met by cries of murder. But the coach suddenly turned down a narrow avenue, and drew up in front of a genteel looking house. The coachman rang the bell violently; and two men and a woman appeared. I was led into the house, when the outer door was hastily locked. The woman showed me into a room, and, shutting the door, walked off without speaking. The men were awkward, clumsy, impudent-like fellows. Even the woman had a certain sinister look, which, to me, was very revolting. My alarm was great; my suspense became insupportable; and I therefore rang the bell to demand an explanation. But no one appeared. At length a woman entered with a candle, and said, ‘Your room is ready—follow me.’

She led me along a gallery, at the end of which she opened a door, which she desired me to enter. I was struck with the sight of a barrier of iron bars, and at the strange noises I heard. ‘Pray, my good woman, is this an inn?’ said I.—‘You will find yourself very comfortable here,’ replied she.—‘You are a fine lady, no doubt; but you will

find my master's pride and authority equal to yours.'—'Your master!' exclaimed I. 'Who is he? Pray send him here: I wish to speak with him.'—'Now, my pretty lady,' said she, coaxingly, 'you shall have a coronet and a fine coach; but you must go to bed quietly.'

It was of no use to converse with this impudent fool; so I allowed myself to be undressed and put to bed. When the woman withdrew, I heard her lock my chamber door. 'I am surely a prisoner,' thought I. Just then, one of the sweetest, most plaintive voices struck upon my ear. I listened with breathless attention. It was super-humanly touching, when the singer was interrupted by a loud, wild laugh, and loud screams and the clanking of chains. A heart-sickening conviction burst upon my mind; and I exclaimed, 'Good God! can this be a mad-house?' 'And this is the way,' thought I, 'in which he intends to execute his threat of subjecting me to perpetual imprisonment.' Nothing had ever tended to horrify and depress my spirits so much as the present calamity. I beat my breast, tossed about the bed-clothes, and threw myself into every variety of attitude.

As soon as day broke, I rose and dressed, for I had not closed my eyes. I found my window was secured by iron bars; and that the woman had taken away my pockets, containing my scissors, penknife, money, and other little articles. Happily I found a jug of water in the corner of my apartment, with which I bathed my burning temples and forehead.

About nine o'clock, my female keeper entered with my breakfast, with consisted of thin gruel, in which a little coarse bread had been crumbled. 'So this is a lunatic asylum, I suppose?' said I.—'There is not a more respectable retreat in England,' replied the woman.—'But you receive every one that is dragged into your house, however illegally.'—'Quite a mistake, miss; no person can be admitted without the order be signed by a magis-

trate. But it is contrary to our rules for me to hold a conversation with any patient ; so pray ask no more questions.’—‘ Very well,’ said I, only send me paper, pens, and ink.—‘ Impossible,’ replied the woman ; ‘ such indulgences are never granted.’

All this day I sat revolving in my mind the various misfortunes I had suffered, and the still more dreadful sufferings with which I was threatened. I remained in solitude the next day also, and tasted nothing but a few spoonfuls of gruel in the morning and evening. The dinner brought me was so coarse, ill-cooked, and nasty, that I refused to touch it. On the morning of the third day, an ill-looking fellow, carrying a whip, which I had just heard cruelly applied to a poor creature in an adjoining room, opened the door, saying, ‘ You have sat long enough there counting your fingers. Come, rouse up, and go into the garden.’ I rose very quickly, and walked out before him. He led me down stairs, and, opening a door, showed me into a garden which was laid out beautifully, and every thing appeared in most excellent order. The day was remarkably fine, and the birds were sporting and singing very delightfully.

I was permitted to visit the garden for two hours every day, which rendered my confinement less irksome. One day, an elegant, pale-looking young lady came tripping up the walk, and said, ‘ My dear, I am happy to see you divert your mind by an occupation so healthy and interesting. Paradise itself was only a garden. But come, I will do myself the honour of showing you the beauties of our elysium. She then took my arm, and led me into every part of the garden, pointing out the most curious plants and flowers, and giving me their several histories in a lively and scientific manner. I could not but admire the extensive information which my new friend displayed on this subject, and was wondering how such a well-educated lady could be concerned in such an establishment, when she stopped short, and whispered ab-

ruptly, 'Do you understand the language of flowers?'—'No, I have not learned it.'

On the eighth day of my confinement, a tall, thin, well-dressed gentleman entered my room. After observing me with a keen eye, he asked how I felt. 'Before I answer your question,' said I, 'may I be permitted to know who honours me with this visit?'—'I am the surgeon to this house,' he answered; when he felt my pulse, examined my tongue, and asked a few questions common to physicians. My male and female keepers being present, motives of delicacy induced me to reply in French, which he understood. I then descanted in language which, for fluency, correctness, and eloquence, even surprised myself, on the illegal outrage committed on my liberty by the Earl of Glenford; the refusal to show me the order for my committal, or to allow me materials for writing.

The surgeon declared that he knew nothing of my case, except what he saw entered in the house-books; but that I had been legally removed, on the affidavit of a Mr. Frazer. He assured me that I was under the protection of men of honour and humanity.

About an hour after the departure of the surgeon, a young girl entered, and led me down stairs into a neat little parlour which overlooked the garden. A door near the window opened into a light closet, which held a bed and a small toilet. 'These are Surgeon Mackintosh's apartments,' said the girl, 'which he requests you to occupy; and whenever you please to ring the bell, I will attend you.' This was a happy change. 'I shall yet see my native village,' I exclaimed: 'I shall yet sit upon the seat which Lemington always occupied in my father's house; and I shall yet mix my tears with the brook, on the margin of which he whispered into my ears the delicious tales of love.'

Here I remained a fortnight longer being visited by the friendly surgeon once every three days. One day he observed that difficulties had prevented my

liberation; but he hoped to surmount them shortly. Two days after this interview, the head keeper announced that an order for my discharge had arrived, and that a chaise was waiting for me. He then carried my trunk out of the room, and begged that I would forgive any offence he might have given me. I merely nodded, for I disliked this man for his harshness towards those under his care; and I hastened to leave this dreadful place. When I came to the door, I said to the post-boy, 'To what place are you requested to drive?'—'To Lady Beckford's country house at Uxbridge,' said he. I said no more, but went into the chaise, which drove off.

A gentleman on horseback, muffled up in a great coat, with a servant well mounted, joined the chaise just as we set off. They rode before the chaise, and the gentleman's horse reared and wheeled around. I thus got a glance of the rider's face, and saw it was Sir Henry Cleveland. 'Just heavens!' ejaculated I, while a cold tremor pervaded my whole frame, 'am I to be again sacrificed to lust and perfidy?'

About a mile further, my attention was arrested by two horsemen advancing in full gallop. On approaching, one of them spoke, and struck Sir Henry a violent blow across the shoulders. I started—looked again—and, good God! it was Lemington! I instantly shrunk into a corner of the chaise, and threw a shawl over my face. I heard the cries of Sir Henry, and the blows repeated with rapidity and violence. 'I think we have made a capture here,' said Captain Ross, laughing, 'for the chaise-driver has fled in terror.'

By some means my shawl fell off. 'Rosina!' exclaimed Lemington, 'is it possible? Can I be so happy? Is this really my dear, lost Rosina?' and he threw himself off horseback. My heart, I thought, would have burst—tears of love and offended pride filled my eyes—but my utterance was choked. I sunk down in a state of insensibility.

When I recovered, I found myself supported in the arms of Lemington; while Captain Ross was giving me cold water to drink. 'Be composed, my love,' said Lemington, soothingly, while the tear stood in his eye, 'I am here to protect you, and to revenge your wrongs.'—'Lemington,' said I, 'you have very cruelly lacerated an affectionate heart. But I complain not: I wish only to retire to my original obscurity. Rosina would rather die than entail dishonour on your lordship.'—'My dearest, my own Rosina,' replied he, taking my hand, 'why torture me with this language? Do you mean to kill me? When so unexpectedly blessed in meeting you, am I to be plunged into despair by unmeaning reproaches.'

I now handed him the letter, which I had received from Lord Glenford. While he was reading it, I was terrified at the variation of his countenance. His friend Ross supported him, while he struck his forehead with great violence. 'Rosina, my poor lovely martyr, Rosina,' said he, 'where do you come from?'—'From the mad-house,' replied I.—'From the mad-house!' he shouted, with a wild, alarming, hysteric laugh, 'yes, that shall be my rest—my home. The whole race of men are devils.' I was now alarmed; and took Lemington by the hand, and said, 'My lord, we will quit this place.'—'Villains have been practising,' said Ross; 'but this is the day of vengeance and triumph. Come, my lord, drink,' continued he, offering the bottle of water to his friend, who seized it with a quick grasp, and throwing it frantically on the ground, broke it into a thousand pieces. On reaching the chaise, Ross asked where I wished to drive to. 'I supposed that the chaise was carrying me to Lady Beckford's mansion at Uxbridge.' 'This is not the road, but I will see you there in safety. Do be kind to his lordship.' He needed scarcely to have begged this as a favour, for my dear Lemington's agony of mind had quite overcome all feelings of pride and resentment, and

I felt overjoyed when I saw him seated beside me. The driver, who had just returned, was sadly frightened by what he had witnessed, obeyed the captain's order, and galloped along with great spirit.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Earl asked, 'Who gave you this accursed forgery?' meaning the letter.—'It is a forgery, then,' thought I, 'and my lover is true. 'I will tell you all,' said I. The chaise now drew up in front of Lady Beckford's. I was soon in her ladyship's arms, who shed tears of joy while she clasped me to her breast. Then she politely invited the gentleman to dinner; an offer which was gladly accepted.

What has detained you so long, my dear?' said Lady Beckford. 'I ordered my carriage to go in quest of you.'—'Why, I left my unpleasant abode within five minutes after the chaise arrived; but the odd guardian your ladyship chose for me, and these gentlemen, had a little *fracas* on the road.'—'I am sorry for that,' said Lady Beckford; 'for he is a gentleman whom I highly esteem for his humanity and professional skill.'—'Your ladyship,' said I, 'has acquired a new insight into Sir Henry's character.'—'Sir Henry—who?'—'Why, Sir Henry Cleveland was my guardian when I left the asylum.'—'Sir Henry, child!—then where was Surgeon Mackintosh, who went to conduct you to Uxbridge?'—'I know not,' said I. 'That is very odd indeed,' exclaimed Lady Beckford, musing.—'We met Sir Harry,' observed Captain Ross, 'leading this fair captive in a direction quite opposite to Uxbridge; and certainly my friend Lemington paid him off a debt of gratitude with high interest.'

'Who, my dear Rosina, sent you to a lunatic asylum?' inquired the Earl. 'I would not listen to certain dictates, so Lord Glenford confined me.'—'And he gave you this letter?' said he. 'Yes,' replied I, 'his lordship was curious to know the

strength of my philosophy.' He shrugged up his shoulders, and said nothing; but I feared he was contemplating measures which might involve us both in trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes now entered. Our meeting was affectionate. Mr. Forbes had been but a few days in town; and these he had spent in fruitless endeavours to find me out. He had called at my father's, and had thus been the first to discover that I was lost. The Earl of Lemington and Captain Ross arrived a day later. Dinner was now announced, during which Captain Ross exercised all his wit and drollery to dissipate his friend's melancholy.

In the evening Mr. Mackintosh entered, and was both surprised and delighted to see Mrs. Forbes, who was his distant relation. He saluted the company, and me in particular, with great politeness, but could scarcely be prevailed upon to sit down. 'You are wanting in gallantry,' said Lady Beckford: 'I thought it would have been an agreeable task to have escorted this lady hither.'—'Your ladyship speaks truly,' replied he; 'and you know that the moment I received the concurrence of my partner, I hastened to inform you of the circumstances. I was just going off, when Mrs. Page informed me that I was wanted at a nobleman's house in town. I therefore wrote an order for the lady's enlargement, and proceeded to town.'—'which order,' observed Lemington, 'was delivered to Sir Henry Cleveland.'—'My lord,' replied the surgeon, 'I have stated all that I know on the subject.' Saying this, he rose and left the room.

A servant immediately entered, and requested his lordship's and my attendance in an adjoining room. We obeyed. 'I have brought a special message to you both,' said the surgeon. The Earl of Glenford is dangerously ill. At present he is arranging his affairs; after which he earnestly desires to see you both, to obtain your forgiveness, and to impart his blessing. The physicians will

send an express for you at the proper time and you must not approach the patient without due notice and preparation.' Lemington was agitated by conflicting feelings; but he allowed Lady Beckford to be sent for. When her ladyship heard what had occurred, she said she would return to her town's house immediately, where we would be ready in case of a sudden call.

We were soon conveyed to London. We all supped together; but the illness of Lord Glenford cast a damp over our enjoyments. At an early hour I retired to my old chamber, unconscious of the great events that would occur within twenty-four hours.

Next morning, on entering the breakfast-room, I asked the earl of Lemington if he had heard from his uncle. 'Villars,' replied he, 'has been twice at his house this morning. He says that his lordship is much weaker, but is now enjoying a quiet slumber. Ah! Rosina,' said he, 'I now freely forgive him every thing as far as I am concerned, for he has always been as a father to me. Nay, I could almost forgive him for the injuries he has inflicted upon you; but that is too much.'—'No, my dear lord,' said I, 'he has my forgiveness, and my best prayers for his recovery. I shall be miserable until I can express my feelings to him on this subject.'—'You are an angel sent to bless me,' replied my Lemington, while he fervently pressed my hand.

I was pleased to find that Lemington's feelings of rage were mellowed down into those of tenderness and sympathy. We walked two hours in the garden; and I again enjoyed those pure, rapturous, inexpressible feelings of pleasure, which I thought were fled for ever. I felt assured that he would never again leave me to the mercy of accident. A little after noon, the Earl of Glenford's carriage came with the long-looked-for message, summoning us to attend his lordship's death-bed. On the road, Lemington appeared pale and dejected. He said nothing, but occasionally squeezed my hand.

'Ah!' thought I, 'what an affectionate husband his lordship will make—so tender—so feeling—yet so spirited.' When we alighted, the old steward conducted us along the apartments in a very solemn manner. On arriving at the door of his lordship's apartment, we saw his physician standing, as if in waiting. 'How is my uncle?' inquired Lemington fearfully. The doctor said nothing, but shook his head, and we passed on.

The bed-chamber was so darkened, that I could distinguish nothing but two wax candles, whose feeble glimmering was obscured by a large green shade. Lemington kneeled down by the bedside, and sobbed out, 'Uncle, you must live.'—'Ah! my dear boy,' said a feeble voice, 'I have much to answer for. Did Rosina refuse to come?'—'No, uncle: how could you entertain such a thought? Rosina is here.'—'As an angel of mercy, I hope,' said Glenford, in broken accents.—'Oh! my dear lord,' said I, kneeling down beside Lemington, 'do not despair; do not yield to the enemy. Encourage hope; and we will nurse you day and night, until smiling health returns.'—'Admirable!' replied his lordship: 'you distress me—I cannot bear this—retire for a minute. The doctor, who had entered, signed for us to leave the apartment. We did so, and were shown into an adjoining room. 'His lordship,' said the physician, 'has something of infinite importance to communicate; and, in about half an hour, his strength may enable him to go through the trying scene.'

We sat here in anxious suspense for nearly a whole hour. I was racked with impatience, and grieved to observe the distress which my dear lord was evidently suffering. At length the door opened; and who should walk in but the dying Earl of Glenford himself, who was magnificently dressed, and exhibited in his countenance all the freshness and cheerfulness of good health and elated spirits. We both started, and I looked at Lemington for explanation and protection. The old nobleman

approached me, and, taking my hand, sat down by my side, and addressed me in the following words:—

‘It is high time, dear Rosina, to put an end to your manifold troubles, and crown your exemplary virtue with joy. You certainly merit a fortune superior to that which you are on the point of enjoying. I am now fully convinced of your good qualities, or I would never have decided in your favour. My connexions in life have been very extensive; but the result of my experience has been such as not to give me a very high opinion of mankind: nor did I ever believe a woman existed, who possessed these elevated sentiments which you have evinced.

‘My dear boy, Lemington, was at a tender age placed under my care. I have always protected his interests, watched over his conduct, and directed his footsteps. No father could be more anxious to promote the happiness of an only and beloved son. In return, he inspired me with the proudest hopes, and induced me to anticipate with delight the fame and honour he would entail upon our ancient house.

‘It was, therefore, with feelings of alarm and mortification that I learned he had conceived a strong and sincere passion for a poor country girl. My displeasure was very considerably augmented by a correspondence which the Honourable Miss Lambe opened with me on the subject. Her cunning was only to be equalled by her malice; and she contrived to impress my mind with a strong prejudice against you. I required little inducement to join in many of the plots laid against you, and will hereafter amuse you with an account of the chagrin which our disappointments occasioned us. My accidental introduction to you dissipated many of the unfounded suspicions I had attached to your character. I now resolved to examine and try you; while, by procuring Lemington’s appointment to two foreign missions, I put his love and constancy to the test.

'I was well informed,' continued his lordship, 'of the purport of Lemington's late journey to the north, which I would have prevented or retarded, had I not wished to see you extricated from the fangs of the most desperate profligate in the kingdom. I rejoiced at your happy deliverance; but, as I found that you and Lemington were snugly nestled together in the country, I caused one of my friends in the ministry to summon him to town, in order that I might execute the last scheme with which I intended to try the strength of your mind and your virtue. As soon as your lover arrived, I sent him to Scotland, to procure the return of Captain Ross to Parliament, for a burgh in which I possess considerable interest, and I must beg leave to say, in the midst of this love business, I have felt gratified in procuring this honour for an able, worthy, and independent man,

'That poor, grovelling wretch, Frazer, had been tempted, by the prospect of immense gains, to risk his whole property in a slave trading speculation at Liverpool, which, failing, reduced him to his pristine poverty. He therefore came crawling to me; and the first job I gave him was to forge that letter, in which Lemington renounced you for ever. The effects of this letter was heightened by all the glare of splendour, and the various lures most likely to make an impression upon a woman's heart; had you consented to accept my hand, it would have been ultimately refused; and I know that my spirited nephew would agree to my scheme of returning you to your friends, with a handsome pension for life. You, however, continued firm and resolute; and I perceived that your love was interwoven with your very existence. The sending you to a lunatic asylum was intended to be the last act in the drama. The physician of the establishment was privy to the plot; but his absence and subsequent illness prevented me from paying you the visit I intended.

'The sudden return of Lemington and Ross, the

incessant inquiries of Mr. Forbes, and the warm remonstrances of Mr. Mackintosh, convinced me that your retreat could not remain long a secret. My last plot having in some measure miscarried, I feared the impetuous temper of Lemington; and, in order to disarm his wrath, found it necessary to be sick.—‘Ah! my dear uncle,’ cried Lemington, ‘have you not then been really sick? Was your dangerous illness only a pretext?’

‘Only a pretext,’ resumed this artful courtier, ‘for smoothing the way towards an explanation, and for obtaining an additional proof of your duty and affection. This was easily managed; my physician, the house-steward, and two servants, being acquainted with the secret. Now I am completely convinced that you were formed for each other. My nephew’s character I have studied over since he began to reason: and, as for you, Rosina, you are, I am convinced, pure and unspotted; while your generosity and humanity are not inferior to your love and fidelity. You have proved yourself, through a long series of trials and sufferings, to be well entitled to a coronet.—Approach, my own Lemington,’ said he, rising and again taking me by the hand: ‘I give you Rosina; and I do assure you she is a gift which princes might covet.’

We both kneeled at his feet. I was so overjoyed, that it is impossible to describe the state I was in. The old earl himself dropped a tear as he blessed us. My heart was full, and I durst not open my mouth to express my acknowledgements; but my lover replied to the earl’s delightful harangue, with that feeling, manliness, and propriety, which his correct taste dictated.’

‘Preparations,’ said the Earl of Glenford, ‘are now making for your marriage, which I purpose to have celebrated in this house to-morrow. After dinner we will sign the marriage settlements. I know that you are too modest and generous, Rosina, to propose any stipulations: while your lover is too fond of soaring in the clouds to mind earthly

things. The task, of course, devolved upon me; and, as Lemington will enjoy my estates, I have an additional right to interfere. The parchments which you saw, Rosina, and which frightened you so much, are those very ones which I know you will sign with pleasure to-night.' Then, rising up, he bowed, and, saying that he would have the pleasure of our company at dinner, walked out of the apartment.

My lover was affected, and I could only weep in silence upon his bosom. He, however, soon recovered himself, wiped the tears of joy from his eyes, and began to talk sportingly. I understood this delicate hint, and immediately set about adjusting my dress and looks, so as to appear in company with propriety. But, in the mean time, I snatched a moment to write a hasty note to Lady Beckford, informing her that Lord Glenford was well, that I was overwhelmed with the surprising things I had just heard, and that my happiness would be consummated on the morrow. My painful experience however, gave me some slight apprehensions of the future; for I added, beneath the note, 'The Earl of Lemington is here, and I am quite safe.' I showed him this appended remark, at which he laughed and shook his head.

We found at the dinner table all the gentlemen belonging to the earl's household, and who had dined with me before. The company was very cheerful and entertaining; but my chief delight consisted in observing the satisfaction depicted in the countenance of my dear Lemington. Some time after dinner, the solicitor, the banker, Lord Glenford, Lemington, and myself, retired into a private apartment, when the marriage settlements were read and signed. After this business was finished, the old earl whispered in my ear, 'There are strangers waiting to congratulate you;' and my old acquaintance Villars having just entered, he was ordered to show me the apartment where the strangers were waiting. Villars obeyed with

so much pleasure and alacrity, that I followed him with confidence.

The moment that I had entered the apartment, Villars shut the door; and, on looking round, beheld my father and mother. They both rose in seeming alarm; when I flew forwards, fell at their feet, and exclaimed, 'Oh! my dear mother and father, pardon your daughter. She has caused you grief and uneasiness too long; but she has been governed by circumstances. Her many sufferings are now past, and she can with pride claim you as her parents.' I leave the reader to imagine their surprise and transport. Just then, my aunt Peggy entered: when I threw myself around her neck, and owned myself to be her niece. The honest creature stared at me with a look of strange incredulity, blended with a rapture which she could scarcely repress, but when I told them of the happiness for which I was destined on the following day, they cried for joy. My mother pressed my cheek to hers, ejaculating, 'God be praised! Now I will die happy.' Then again, 'Did I not always tell you, John, that our Rosina was a virtuous girl? and that Providence would some time restore her to us with honour?' My father said nothing; but, I dare say, he very sincerely repented the harsh things he had uttered respecting me.

I now repeated, as briefly as I could, the various reasons that had prevented me from discovering myself sooner, and the accidents to which I owed the change of my name. Still my aunt could scarce persuade herself I was her niece. She asked me several questions, as if to assure herself, and at last ventured to inquire who the gentleman was that I called my brother. At this instant the Earl of Lemington opened the door; and, having overheard the question, he answered, 'I was the lady's brother in Nottinghamshire, aunt Peggy; but here in town I am her husband elect.' He then saluted my father and mother, and we chatted away an hour very agreeably. My father said, on inquiring

how he happened to come to London, that a special messenger, with a post-chaise, had brought a letter in Mrs. Boyd's name, requesting their immediate attendance in London; and that the impatience of Peggy, and the urgency of the messenger, scarcely permitted him time to dress, and instruct Mrs. Danby how to conduct affairs in his absence. They had been brought direct to this grand house, and had just finished a fine refreshment, when I entered.

At bed-time, I desired that Peggy might be permitted to attend me, as I knew it would gratify my affectionate relative. My aunt was immediately brought into my superb chamber. 'Well, Peggy,' said I, 'now that we are alone, how have they behaved to you in this house?'—'Mercy on us! mistress,' said she, for she always retained my original title, 'I am all in amazement. We dined in the steward's room, and were treated as if we were real nobility. To be sure, they take me for somebody; for at supper, the servants, who were dressed like gentlemen, waited upon me, calling me Miss Peggy, forsooth. I know all this is on your account, for you were made to bless us all; but I don't enjoy it the less. I never received so many civilities in my life, and methinks I am in paradise. As for your mother, poor body, she does nothing but cry for joy. But I told her it was very sinful to be too much pleased; for we were only mortals, and must all die.'

'Very sound divinity, indeed, Peggy,' said I, with a heavy sigh: for I was now in renewed dread of some unforeseen event, that might blast all my hopes. But I was at this time mistaken. There is a season for every thing, and ill-fortune itself will at last be weary of persecuting us.

Peggy appeared apprehensive that she had said something improper; so she added, with an inquiring look, 'But it would be very naughty not to be grateful for good things.'—'True,' said I. 'Do you know where you are to sleep?'—'Yes, truly,'

she replied, 'and I am proud of it. Do you imagine there is anything wanting here? After supper, did not the old nurse come and show me the bride's apartments, and the chamber allotted to her maid? 'Do but look,' said she, making me pass into an adjoining closet, 'at this damask camp-bed. Do you think I shan't sleep well? Mercy on us!' cried she, touching the bed, 'is it not a sin to spoil all this? What nice sheets! Why, our curate never had such a fine surplice. I have lived in genteel families; but I never saw such finery as here. Well, really, I do not think the queen is better accommodated.' Thus would my aunt's expressions of admiration have continued I know not how long, had I not cut them short by hastening to bed.

Next morning, when my waiting-maids entered to dress me, I was obliged to use some skill in soothing Peggy, who imagined that this was an infringement upon her prerogative. After being dressed, my parents were introduced by Lemington, to congratulate me on the arrival of the happy day; and never, I must confess, did I feel a more tranquil and proud elevation of mind.

On entering the breakfast-room, Lady Beckford caught me in her arms, exclaiming, 'Oh! my dear friend—my daughter—how I rejoice at your good fortune! But you deserve it all.' Then turning, she continued, 'Give me leave to introduce you to an esteemed friend;' when Miss Ann Kerr took me by the hand. I now found that she still lived under my surgeon's protection, and enjoyed the countenance and advice of Lady Beckford. Captain Ross, and the Irish officer, Dermot O'Dogherty, now entered; and I received their congratulations with pleasure. They were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, whose presence completed my happiness. When the Earl of Glenford appeared, I immediately advanced, kissed his hand, and thanked him, with tears of gratitude, for his delicate and friendly attentions. 'If I have atoned in any de-

gree,' he replied, 'for my former offences, I am satisfied. But I have not performed any works of supererogation.'

After breakfast, two clergymen appeared, dressed in their canonicals. The first that entered I saluted with high satisfaction, and expressed the pleasure I experienced in seeing him on such an occasion. It was the friendly and intelligent clergyman of Lambeth. I looked on the other: I thought I had seen him before—my knees trembled—Good God! is it possible?—Can this be Captain Lambe? At this moment, Lemington stepped forward, and announced him, 'The Very Reverend Doctor Ward, Dean of Salisbury.'—'Then I am wrong,' thought I; when the reverend gentleman added, 'And the ex-libertine the Honourable Captain Lambe.' On my expressing astonishment at this mystery, he explained that after taking holy orders, he agreed to break the entail in favour of his nephew and sister; that he had lived for some time in retirement, during which he had married the daughter of a country rector; and that, shortly after, a friend died, and, leaving him his sole heir, he had changed his name. This circumstance, he added, had drawn him again into the world; and he had become one of his majesty's chaplains, and Dean of Salisbury. He concluded by saying, that the present was one of the happiest days of his life; as he was chosen to sanction, by the rites of religion, an union, at once desirable, compatible, and calculated to ensure lasting happiness.

After adjusting some minor matters of etiquette, I was led, surrounded by my friends and relatives, into his lordship's small domestic chapel. Doctor Ward performed the service, and my worthy Lambeth friend assisted. I discharged my part of the ceremony with sedateness and gravity, and received the trembling hand of that dear man in whom my happiness was centered. The renewed congratulations of the company were most endearing and interesting; and I exclaimed, in the fulness of my

joy, 'Virtue, my friends, has its reward, even in this life.'

But in the midst of my happiness, I was not unmindful of the interests of others. I begged of Lord Glenford that he would, for my sake, as a bride-favour, pardon the transgressions of Mr. Frazer, who had been again turned off. I urged this more especially, as his deceit and suppleness had, on some occasions, been made instrumental in promoting his lordship's views. Lord Glenford replied, that certainly Mr. Frazer should never again reside in his house; but, as a bride-favour, he would grant him a life-annuity; on which he might subsist comfortably.

I then turned to Lady Beckford, and said, 'Now, my dear madam, let us have no heavy hearts to-day; but let all within our sphere rejoice. I beg that you would recall Mrs. Page; and I will join with you in teaching her, that female discretion and solid happiness are inseparable.'—'Well, my dear,' replied she, 'as Mrs. Page has committed her greatest offences against your ladyship, at your request she is pardoned.' This being the first time I had been styled 'your ladyship,' the title struck strangely upon my ear: I blushed, and was so confounded as scarcely to be able to return a proper acknowledgement to my worthy patroness for her kindness.

The poor widow near the Seven Dials, and all my other poor pensioners, were remembered on this happy day; and I derived the purest satisfaction from the reflection, that I had caused many hearts to dance with joy. My dear Lemington joined me in acts of benevolence and virtue; and the eccentric and warm-hearted Irishman amused us with his expressions of joy, on my husband assuring him that he should return to his regiment with the rank of captain. But what gave me the greatest pleasure, was the introduction of Lieutenant Patterson, who had been wounded by Colonel Douglas. He was a noble-looking youth, and had been attended

by Mr. Mackintosh, the surgeon, by whom, at the request of Captain Ross, he was invited to join our party. Poor Miss Kerr was ready to sink into the earth at his unexpected appearance; and he himself was evidently confused and distressed: but on introducing him to Miss Kerr as my esteemed friend, he took and kissed her hand with considerable emotion. Before an hour was passed, I enjoyed the pleasure of perceiving that they sat together quite at ease.

After performing many acts of charity and mercy, our whole party sat down to a most magnificent dinner, over which good humour presided. It was arranged that the young earl and I should set out for Lady Beckford's country house immediately after supper; but his lordship's impatience shortened the time; and we set off for Uxbridge before supper, leaving the Earl of Glenford and his merry companions to amuse themselves in their own way.

We remained above a week in this delightful and rural retreat; after which, we returned to town, and received at our own house, the visits and compliments of many of the nobility and gentry. Amongst others, my sister and her husband, Robert Danby, came to wish us joy. I was entertained by his sheepish and rustic manner, but received him with all the respect due to a first lover, and a brother-in-law. When I asked him if he would go to the steward's room, drink a bottle of wine with Villars, and forgive him for the drubbing he had got when attempting to carry me off by force, 'Odsblood!' said Robert, 'but your ladyship must say nothing about our young pranks. To be sure, I made rather free; though I always suspected that you were made of too fine flesh and blood for me. So, mind you, we'll drop the subject if you please; and I'll drink two bottles with your Mr. Villars, if he chooses.'—'Make yourself comfortable, Robert,' said I, 'and I will be pleased. But you were right in thinking that I was too fine for you; for I had early received impressions which would have made

me a less useful wife, to a man in your station, than my merry, contented, industrious sister.'

My sister observed towards me so much reserve and respect, always calling me Lady Lemington, that I found considerable difficulty in inspiring her with confidence. However, at last I prevailed, and we spent many hours in a free and friendly conversation. When I related to her all my sufferings and disappointments, she candidly confessed that she could never have supported them; and that rather than experience such painful circumstances, she would choose to be Mrs. Danby, and leave the pursuit of a coronet to others. But great as my sufferings had been, I thought them as nothing when compared with the inestimable prize I had obtained.

Lord Glenford took a fancy to Robert Danby, whose practical skill he knew well how to appreciate; and his lordship constituted him steward of his estates in Cheshire and Wales, a situation quite congenial to his views and pursuits. My father was presented by my dear husband with a small estate in Cambridgeshire, which he purchased for the purpose. It was worth about three hundred pounds per annum; and as he cultivated it himself, he was thus usefully employed, and had the pleasure both of living well, and of augmenting his own fortune.

Within a month's time, I had the high pleasure of seeing Miss Kerr and Lieutenant Patterson joined together in holy wedlock; and shortly after Lord Glenford obtained the promotion of this active, spirited, and skilful officer. Mrs. Patterson and I lived long on terms of intimacy; but though she had a fond and worthy husband, yet her seduction by Colonel Douglas, and the subsequent death of her father, had made such an impression upon her mind as was never erased. She indulged much in melancholy solitude, and very seldom smiled. Having no children, or active employment during the long periods of her husband's absence, she turned

her attention to religious subjects. From being devout, she became superstitious; her strong powers of mind were gradually weakened; and she fell the innocent prey of pretenders to superior sanctity. Both her husband and I laboured, though ineffectually, to restore her spirits and self esteem. Thus, with all the means of happiness in her power, she converted this world into the vale and shadow of death, and lived a striking example of the ruinous effects of a single error in the conduct of a young woman.

The misfortunes, disgrace, and poverty, in which Sir Henry Cleveland was involved, in consequence of his unprincipled conduct, at length produced repentance, and the desire of amendment. The generous Captain O'Dogherty and my husband exerted themselves in his behalf, and procured him some legacies which had been conditionally bequeathed him. He took home his lawful wife, and retired to the neighbourhood of Keswick in Cumberland, where he lived in retirement, superintending the education of his children, and enjoying the sports of the field. The Irish captain's wife joined a company of strolling players, and, under some assumed name, was lost amidst the votaries of poverty and dissipation.

The generous and warm-hearted Captain Ross was obliged to spend much of his time in Scotland, the misconduct and peculations of his steward having materially injured his property. Here he was loved, nay, almost adored. His tenantry was contented and happy, and he was justly held up as the pattern of a good landlord. He disapproved of the system of enormous large farms and gentlemen tenants, and restored many to the lands which had been cultivated by their great-grandfathers, and from which they had been cruelly ejected. He rebuilt most of the cottages and farm-houses according to the modern plans of comfort and convenience, and used all his influence to promote cleanliness, sobriety, and industry. At last he received

an order to join his regiment in Ireland, which was commanded to embark for North America. He immediately came to London. His ideas of the duties and honour of a soldier, and his dislike to the service he was required to perform, caused a violent conflict in his mind. After a painful struggle, he decided upon going, and bade us a tender and mournful farewell. 'I shall meet you both in heaven!' he sobbed out, as he rushed from us, in an agony of mind which it was distressing to witness. Alas! his presentiment was but too truly verified. While cheering on his grenadiers to the attack at Bunker's Hill, a bullet pierced him through the heart, and he fell dead to the ground.

Shortly after my marriage, I was presented at court, where I was graciously received. His majesty honoured me with his particular notice, and complimented me in a manner very unusual to his plain blunt habits. I could not help contrasting my feeling on this occasion with those I had experienced when I first obtained a transient glimpse of his majesty. In the first case, I was transported with the childish rapture consequent on seeing some grand, incomprehensible, and strange object; now, I approached the king with all the firmness and confidence of a rational being, in order to testify my respect for the first magistrate of a great and enlightened people. What a nobleness of sentiment and expansion of views are bestowed upon us by the knowledge of science and philosophy!

Within a year after my happy union with the best of men, I presented him with a son and heir. Lord Glenford was excessively rejoiced at the event; but he did not live long to witness the expanding faculties of our little son, being very suddenly carried off by the gout in his stomach. We lamented his loss as an honest and affectionate relative; though his virtues were shaded by those vices too common in fashionable life. After his decease, my husband was raised to the dignity of Marquis; and, with a considerable addition of for-

tune, I obtained my present title of Marchioness of Lemington.

At the end of two years, I had a second son ; shortly after which the marquis was appointed ambassador to the court of Vienna. Here we lived for some years, exercising the duties of hospitality in a strange land, and occasionally engaged in the festivities of one of the most formal and dignified courts in Europe. However, my husband's duties to his country, and the superintending the early education of our children, with those soothing endearments which sweeten the marriage state, enabled him to pass his time very pleasantly. Perhaps our domestic happiness was augmented by the circumstance of living in a strange land, which rendered us more dependent on each other.

We occupied a most delightful residence in a suburb of the capital, called Rossau. The majestic waters of the Danube rolled in front of our palace : and all the surrounding district was covered with fine gardens and pleasure-houses. I think I never saw a place that united more of the beauties of nature with the curiosities of art. The city of Vienna itself is one of the most lively and magnificent capitals in Europe. The population is composed of Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Spaniards, Dutch, Swiss, Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Jews. The intercourse of this motley assemblage is conducted with much form and politeness, and their discourse is overloaded with titles and compliments ; yet, in their real character, they are honest and frank. The women are generally very handsome, mild in their manners, and circumspect in their deportment. They, like many other people on the continent, dress little girls like women, with high powdered heads and hoop petticoats. The use of rouge is general, but moderate ; and their dress is remarkably splendid. Most of the Austrian ladies excel in music, but not in mental accomplishments ; their reading being restricted, through the influence of the priests, to holy legends. Yet they

surpass the men in solid knowledge; for the nobility, with few exceptions, are remarkably ignorant, conceited, and haughty. Though strangers to scientific knowledge, they are well acquainted with the history of ghosts and familiar spirits.

Our boys were sent to England to be educated, and in a few years afterwards we intended to return ourselves; but my husband having a pulmonary complaint, his physician dissuaded him from encountering the cold and moisture of a British climate. We the more readily complied with this advice, as Lady Beckford, with whom we had kept up a constant correspondence, and several other of our friends, had paid the debt of nature.

On retiring from the court of Vienna, we received the most flattering testimonies of the emperor's esteem, and left some families belonging to different nations with considerable regret. From thence we proceeded to Milan, in the north of Italy; near to which we purchased a most delightful palace, and formed an establishment suitable to our rank. My aunt Peggy, refusing to leave me, had accompanied us to Vienna, where she lived happily and died tranquilly.

My sister, Mrs. Danby, had a fine intelligent girl, whom I took with me into Germany, and adopted as my own daughter. She was, during many years, a lively and interesting companion to me; and at length I had the supreme pleasure of seeing her united to one of the most worthy and learned men in Italy, the Baron Carillo, of Milan. He had been attached to the household of the Emperor Joseph, where he first saw my young relative and namesake, Miss Rosina Danby; but when we removed to Milan, all-powerful love compelled him to follow our footsteps. He abandoned the paths of ambition, left the splendours of a court, and lived in retirement, enjoying the society of his wife, his friends, and his books. Our families were inseparable, and we amused ourselves in studying botany

chemistry, and electricity: while reading, music, private theatricals, and occasional excursions to the adjacent states, rendered our lives varied and interesting.

In the year 1788, we visited the ancient and classic land of Greece; also Malta, and the various other islands in the eastern parts of the Mediterranean; and remained a few months in the important and curious city of Constantinople, a place where the disciples of Mahomet exhibit a singularity of costume and manner highly interesting to the inhabitants of western Europe. After sailing down the coast of Syria, and touching at St. John d'Acre, we proceeded to Alexandria in Egypt, and next to Tripoli. From this last place we sailed to Sicily, where we saw the famous mountain Etna; and having refreshed ourselves at Palermo, returned to Leghorn, where we sold our yacht, dismissed the crew, and returned to Milan, highly gratified with the various objects we had seen, the drawings we had executed, and the amusing journal which had been produced by the joint efforts of our little party, and which my niece, the Baroness Carillo, intends to correct and offer to the world.

In spite of all the efforts of the most eminent physicians, the symptoms of consumption continued to gain ground, and, in 1791, my dear Lemington fell asleep, after we had spent together twenty-five years of the most exquisite happiness ever enjoyed in the married state. After this I returned to England, to see my eldest son, whose military ardour could not be restrained. He was bold, impetuous, generous, and imaginative; and having formed a friendship with a youth of congenial sentiments, destined for the East India service, he determined to accompany him. My second son was a fine, active, spirited youth; and he died gloriously in the sacred cause of humanity. Being on a visit to a friend in Ireland, a small party agreed to an excursion in a pleasure-boat upon Lake Strangford. The two young gentlemen who undertook the manage-

ment of the boat were positive and headstrong, and, having drank too freely, were deaf to all the remonstrances of my son. They persisted in carrying too much sail, until at last a gust of wind overturned the frail vessel. One of the youths caught my son with a deadly grasp, and would have sunk him; but, after a severe struggle, he disengaged himself, and laid the seemingly lifeless corpse of a lady that accompanied him across one arm, while he held her child in his teeth, and with the other arm manfully buffeted the waves. Thus he contended with the angry waters until he had nearly reached the shore, when some countrymen rushed in and eased him of his load; but nature being exhausted, he himself sunk and rose no more. The lady was restored to the arms of her husband, and her little son is now become one of the brightest ornaments of his country. My son's courage and humanity were applauded in all the journals of Europe; and the honour and utility of his last act consoled me in a great measure for his early death.

I lived for some time in London, and occasionally, during the summer months, visited some of my friends who resided in the hospitable land of Ireland. Thus, while war raged upon the continent, with all its attendant horrors, I passed my time at ease, in the midst of polished society. Here I would close my eventful memoirs; but the partiality of a mother irresistibly inclines me to insert the following letter from my son, written some time after his arrival in Hindostan.

' Calcutta, October 10—.

' My dear mother,

' I embrace the opportunity of writing to my dear parent. On landing at Madras, every thing strikes with astonishment. The buildings, persons, dress, manners of the natives, and the face of the country, appeared to me a new region. The slender and graceful forms of the Hindoos indicate the timidity of their dispositions. Upon my arrival in India, warlike preparations against Tippoo Saib were making; and I had scarcely time to recover from the effects of a long voyage, when I was ordered

upon a dangerous mission. At the head of fifty men, of which only seven were Europeans, I marched to surprise and occupy a small fort, that commanded a narrow pass. It was in the midst of the rainy season. I put off my clothes, and except a pair of thin cotton drawers, marched naked with a parasol. From day-break in the morning to night, we marched through narrow passes and over rugged mountains, in the midst of constant rains, with thunder and lightning; sometimes obliged to cross rivers up to the chin in water, and sometimes swimming. Our only rest during the day was two hours after noon, when the heat of the sun was insupportable.

'At length we approached the fort, when I halted my followers in a wood, at about three miles distance, where we remained all the night in the midst of a most terrific storm. Before day-light I marched forward, at the head of twenty-one Sepoys. The fort was built of mud, upon the edge of a precipice, and only assailable at one point. We darted forward, jumped into the ditch, ascended the entrenchments, tore up the palisades, and were in an instant in contact with the enemy, who fled in a panic. In a minute the fort was carried; but, in the darkness of the morning and the confusion of the assault some escaped. When the prisoners were collected, there were ninety-seven, exclusive of forty that had fled. Neither the provisions which I found, nor the strength of my party, justified the retention of so many prisoners on the borders of a hostile country.

'Before General Harris moved forward, a body of Mahratta horse, in the service of Tippoo Saib, appeared before the fort, and ordered me to surrender. Though I had but sixteen men, I resolved to hold out to the last. But on the next day, I perceived that an officer of skill and consequence had joined this party, and that a body of infantry was preparing to invest the place regularly. I was forced to surrender, and became a prisoner before the campaign had commenced.

'I was sent off to Seringapatam. After riding a whole day without a saddle, we halted in a small village, which, however, contained one good house, built with brick and mud. Our Indian landlord directed his servants to furnish us with mats, and we were plentifully supplied with rice. During our repast, female curiosity tempted the daughter of our venerable host to enter our apartment. She looked upon me with the sorrowful smile of a feeling heart. She was, I thought, the most enchanting creature that I had ever beheld; and, though apparently only about fourteen years of age, possessed the form, grace,

and mild dignity of a woman ; for, in this country, the human species arrive much sooner at perfection than in Europe. She soon returned with a rich mat, which she spread upon the bedstead, signing that I was to repose there.

‘Fatigued with a long day’s journey, I stretched myself upon the humble bed common in India, and fell asleep. I was roused by screams. I instantly sprung up, seized my sabre, and rushed out. But, how shall I describe the horrid sight that burst upon my eyes. The sweet angel, on whose countenance beamed beneficence and love, lying dead, a prey to the most beastly violators. I cut around me with a kind of supernatural fury. Every opponent fell under my arm. In the midst of blood, and the groans of the dying, I supported the innocent victim. When she opened her beauteous eyes, she faintly articulated, ‘My father !’

‘I carried her to the bed on which I had lain, and went in search of the old man, whom I found tied to a wooden pillar. I cut his bands, and led him to his daughter. The meeting was too affecting to be described ; but when emotions of joy had subsided, the aged Indian said, ‘We are not safe. My son, let us fly for our lives.’

‘We quickly left the village, which was on fire and the inhabitants dispersed. The aged Indian and I supported his daughter, and went to the mountains, where we came to a cave. When we had crept into this snug retreat, the Indian said to me, ‘Stranger, my name is Maduro : I am son to the Prince of Canara ; but I have been the victim of sorrow. The disciples of Mahomet, under Hyder, massacred my wife and children before my eyes ; but their leader was merciful, and saved my Ada and myself. Thy Christian countrymen now covet this fine country ; and the evils it is destined to suffer are partly anticipated by groups of robbers, from the hands of one has thy single arm just delivered us.’

‘‘If you have been assaulted by brigands only,’ said I, ‘why not go to Seringapatam, and solicit justice from the Sultan?’ ‘Alas! my son,’ replied Maduro, ‘thou knowest not India. Behold the smoke that now arises from all the cities, towns, and villages ; see the groups of fugitives flying across the plains. Before the sun goeth down, every thing will either be removed or destroyed.’ And this was really the case ; the whole country through which the British would advance being converted into a desert, and all the corn, rice, maize, &c., carried off.

‘I forgot to tell you that I had received a sabre-wound in the head. Our fair companion was my doctress ; and

while her delicate fingers were moving round my head, I felt the sweetest sensations. But Ada's charms could not dissipate the *ennui* I felt in a dreary den; and, on the third night, I determined to explore the mountain, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Madura and of Ada. Armed with a musket, I issued forth, promising to return before day-break. I wandered about, sometimes listening to the growl of bears or the cry of jackalls, and at other times dashing on, as if I had some important purpose in view. At length, I prepared to return; but I had lost all remembrance of my route. The sun rose, but I still found myself at a loss; when, on turning an angle, a party of armed men appeared on horseback, one of whom levelled his piece, and spoke in a language which I did not understand. Resistance or flight was equally impossible, so I surrendered.

'Being mounted on horseback, I was carried forwards by the party, who were well-disciplined men. This gave me assurance; and, had it not been for Ada, I would not have regretted my recapture. After travelling three days, we reached the capital of the Mysore. I was carried before the Sultan. 'Englishman,' said he, 'you were imprudent in surprising my fort with such inadequate means.'—'The brave,' replied I, 'think only of executing their orders, and leave prudence to the consideration of the commanders.'—'That is well spoken, Christian,' said he; 'and thou art a valiant man, as thy contest with the reprobates doth testify.' He added, in a low tone, 'I will think of thee.' I had heard much of the cruelty of Tippoo Saib to his prisoners; but his countenance reassured me. An officer showed me into the chamber which I was to occupy. A French artillery officer entered my room, and shook my hand with great cordiality. I found that he was my fellow traveller from Milan to Paris, when I was last upon the continent. He had served under Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy, and, on peace being made with Austria, was sent by the Directory on a mission to Tippoo Saib. This brave man, who was covered with wounds, showed me much kindness.

'Seringapatam was surrounded by a ring fence, thirty feet in breadth, which, with its vast fortifications, seemed to render it impregnable. This idea of security the sultan wished to impress upon the minds of the populace; and, to show his strength, a review of his troops took place five miles from the capital. Through the good offices of my French friend, I was favoured with the sight of the magnificent Asiatic march of the troops exhibited on their return.

'A troop of French dragoons and another of hussars headed the procession, preceded by fifty couriers, mounted on dromedaries. Next marched two elephants, bearing the royal standard, representing the sun, and the moon and stars. Another elephant followed, carrying the grand Tomtom, which communicates the sultan's orders by its tremendous sound. Four other elephants followed, carrying the royal band. Then two elephants of war marched abreast, each carrying a tower. In each tower were six warriors, clothed in armour, and armed with enormously large blunderbusses. The elephants were followed by two troops of Abyssinian horse; the riders being armed with polished lances, with large plumes of red and black ostrich feathers on their helmets. A body of infantry followed, almost naked, with silk scarfs, carrying long lances ornamented with feathers and small bells. Next, a company of men carrying small red flags, with flames of silver; and followed by a troop of nobility magnificently mounted. There were twelve grooms, each leading one of the sultan's horses; with a troop of running footmen, each carrying a black staff, headed with gold. After these came the officers of the household, with gold chains depending on their breasts. Tippoo Saib was magnificently mounted, and showed great dexterity in the management of his horse. His eye was very penetrating. The young princes followed, elated with the splendour of the spectacle. Four hundred footmen, clothed in scarlet, with silver collars, and armed with lances, marched on each side of the royal household. Next came a numerous body of irregular cavalry, and a train of field-pieces, attended by a body of clever-looking gunners, under the command of Europeans. About five thousand Sepoys, with muskets and bayonets, followed; and the procession was closed by the Tiger Grenadiers.

'My appearing at large on such an occasion offended the sultan; for, in the evening, I was thrust into a cell, and a sentinel was placed over me. Here, for several weeks, I endured all the miseries arising from vermin, heat, and scanty provisions. From the anger of my jailors, I inferred that the British troops had invested the city. One day, perceiving the small window of my cell to be darkened, I looked up, and beheld a lady dressed in white. She beckoned me to approach. I obeyed and received from her hands a small basket of fruit: but, O heavens! how great was my surprise to recognize the beautiful Ada! She put her finger on her lip to restrain my transports, and instantly disappeared.

'One day, at noon, I suddenly heard the roar of cannon and the continued roll of musketry indicated an attack. My spirits were roused ; I listened to the din of war with breathless interest. The tempest seemed to roll nearer and nearer. Opening the door, I saw a body of Grenadiers rushing towards the great gate of the palace ; I heard the hurrah of English soldiery, and saw their bayonets and helmets approaching. I sprung forwards like lightning, and, with a shout of joy, joined the party in advance. I proclaimed my name when the pike of a Highland sergeant was at my breast, but I escaped with a mere scratch.

'I picked up a musket, and ran forwards with the enraged soldiery, who were greedy for plunder. Parties of the enemy still held out, but were unable to withstand the fury of our attacks. Seeing the gate of a respectable-like house standing open, curiosity tempted me to enter. I arrived just in time to strike aside a bayonet aimed at the breast of a gentleman, beside whom a lady was kneeling. 'Countrymen,' cried I, 'retire ; you are too brave to commit murder.' The three soldiers ran out, muttering curses against me. On looking at the persons I had saved, I saw Ada and her father prostrate before me. I spoke not, but stationing myself at the door, defended it at the peril of my life. At one time, I and your old friend, Major O'Dogherty, who is still in the service, successfully resisted six Sepoys, who wished to plunder the house.

'When order was restored, I went to head quarters, and was soon equipped and placed according to my rank. Maduro informed me that his faithful banker had preserved his coral, ivory, diamonds, and gold ingots, until his return to Seringapatam.

'I expected to be sent to Calcutta, with despatches to the governor-general ; but General Harris thought proper to entrust me with special business at Bombay. I was obliged to quit this place with papers of importance, and to cross the country to Bengal. I effected this long and perilous journey without accident, and, on my arrival here, was highly complimented on my activity and zeal. I had not been a week in Calcutta, when, riding out with some officers, I espied the venerable Maduro. I was instantly on foot to salute him, and accepted his invitation to accompany him home. Ada had long waited for me ; she now received me with tears, nor was I less affected. Perhaps, my dear mother, you may blame my weakness ; but Ada is indeed no ordinary being.'

The rest of the letter relates to private affairs ; but I

may add that my son married the Princess Ada, with whom he received a fortune of thirty lacs of repees, equal to three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds sterling. By his influence, he also obtained the restoration of Maduro to his former rank, with part of his paternal property ; and he now rules, with the assistance and advice of his son-in-law, one of the richest districts in Canara.

On the late pacification of Europe, both my health and my inclination induced me to return to the serene and balmy climate of Italy, where I have employed my leisure hours in penning these memoirs, which I intend to leave to the youth of my sex *generally*, but more *especially* to country maidens, who, like myself in youth, may possess beauty, but be deficient in experience. My life will teach such, that, however vice may seem to prosper for a time, it will at last be found that *virtue and happiness are inseparable*.



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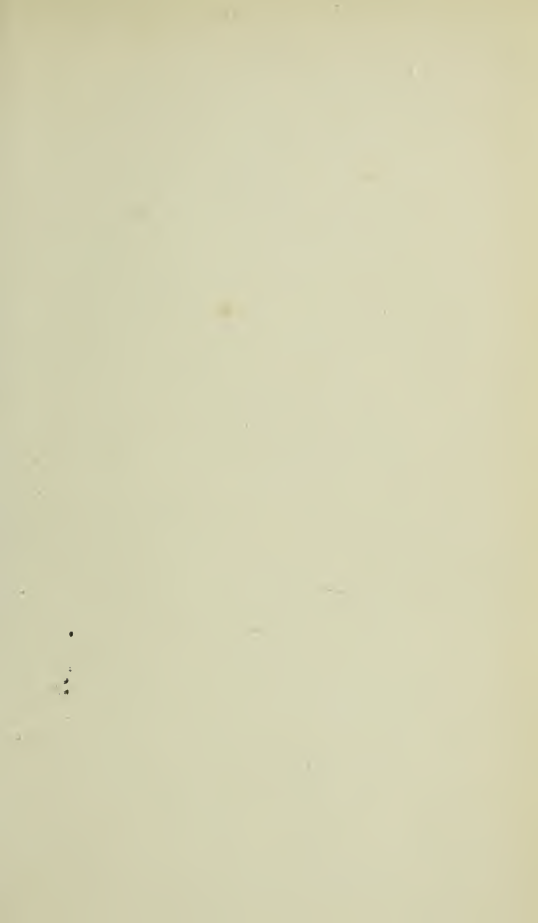
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